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THE EDINBURGH REVIEW,

JANUARY, 1900.

No. CCCXCI.

ART. I.—1. *The Conciliation Act, 1896.*

2. *Fifth and Final Report of the Royal Commission on Labour, June 1894.*

3. *Second Report of the Board of Trade of Proceedings under the Conciliation (Trade Disputes) Act, 1896, July 11, 1899.*

4. *Industrial Democracy.* By SIDNEY and BEATRICE WEBB, London, 1897.

THE decided and gratifying advance in the prosperity of the trade of the United Kingdom which has characterised the last twelve months has done much to contribute to peace in the relations between capital and labour. For the moment, at least, less than usual is heard of the disputes which in less prosperous times have hindered trade, and, by the introduction of an unreal antagonism between employers and employed, have dealt an enduring if not, perhaps, a permanent blow to the true interests of both. Even, however, if the present prosperity lasts, and certainly if events should unhappily tend to check it, there is sure sooner or later to occur a recrudescence of disputes. But the present moment, when industrial contentment is widely prevalent, is not inopportune for considering some of the causes which contribute to quarrels—whether anything can be done to mitigate the effect of these causes, and whether any extension is possible of the methods available for the determination of differences when they actually arise.

In doing this it is necessary to recognise and admit the position which trade unionism occupies in the country. The time is past when the right of wage-earners to combine for their protection could be called in question. The practices adopted by many of the modern trade unions are undoubtedly capable of much improvement, and we propose

to refer to some of these which we think open to adverse comment. But the State could no more put down trades unions, or interfere with the right of workmen to combine, than it could interfere with the freedom of the press or of speech. Nor would it be desirable in the interests of employers that trade unions should cease to exist or that there should be no combination among workmen. A trade union, in the opinion of many of the wisest employers, helps to promote satisfactory business relations, provided that it be properly managed. If, in the opinion of the general public, trade unions fail to occupy as high a position as their advocates deem them to deserve, it is because in many instances bad management has been displayed, and methods have been adopted which have been rightly censured. But a wisely conducted trade union is a useful factor in the promotion of a proper understanding between managers of great business establishments and those who work for them, and in the prevention of the many personal troubles incidental to the employment of a large number of individuals, every one of whom is a law unto himself.

We have already had occasion* to refer to the volume on 'Industrial Democracy' which we have included in the list of works referred to in this article; in it a careful effort is made to explain the views and the policy of trade unions by two persons who ought to know something about them, and who have every reason to regard them with favour. But we venture to doubt whether the objects and methods attributed to trade unions by Sidney and Beatrice Webb are portrayed by those two writers in terms which will commend itself to the majority of their readers. We should be sorry for the true friends of trade unions if it were so. Through the whole of the work there runs a disposition to regard trade unions as belligerents continually seeking to alter the conditions of their employment under guise of improving the condition of a class, and leaving no stone unturned in the promotion of discontent and unrest. Take, for instance, what is said about sick and burial clubs set up in connection with large business establishments.† 'At first sight,' say the writers, 'nothing seems more kindly and humane on the part of the employer, and less open to objection from the workman's standpoint than such clubs —to which there is frequently a substantial contribution

* *Edinburgh Review*, April 1898.

† *Industrial Democracy*, vol. ii. p. 550, &c.

‘from the firm.’ Hostility to such an arrangement appears, we are told, ‘ungrateful.’ ‘But to anyone who has ever understood the assumptions on which the whole trade-union movement is based the wage-earners’ objection will be clear enough.’ The separate interest thus created cuts off trade unionists from their fellow-workmen in other establishments. ‘It renders men indisposed to pay again to the trade union,’ and ‘holds out to them a strong and growing inducement to remain where they are, and thus accept employers’ terms. . . . Any general adoption of employers’ benefit societies would, in fact, go far to render trade unionism impossible.’

Much the same thing is said of profit sharing. Separate arrangements with particular workmen ‘destroy community of interest.’ The men employed by a ‘specially benevolent firm with a really generous profit-sharing scheme will not be disposed to join heartily with the rest in any movement for higher wages.’ In other words, the wisest and most benevolent efforts of employers to help their workmen, to improve their condition, to make them contented, and to diminish the consequences of sickness or the expenses connected with death, are to be resisted and banned, lest the individuality of the workman should be kept unimpaired, and the slavish sacrifice of his own interests inculcated by the union made to appear in its real colours. If individual freedom means anything, or has any value, the option of workmen to accept advantageous terms, to profit by the benevolence which softens the rigour of industrial life and gives workmen a direct interest in the success of the business at which he works, should be encouraged, not tabooed. The opposite policy can only tend to reduce men to the position of mechanical units, to curtail their judgement, to oust their discretion, and to set up a tyranny far more irksome than any which can be brought about by a despotic foreman or a narrow-minded employer. We have always thought that the charge brought against trade unions of reducing men to slavery, annihilating their free will, and destroying not only all contentment but all disposition to be ambitious of progress and advancement, was greatly exaggerated. But the chapter from which we have made the above extracts does little to disprove it.

Again, let us see what the policy leads to. The strong objection, we are told, of trade unionists to any blurring of the line between the capitalist and the wage-earner might seem at first sight to point to the desirability of concen-

trating each trade in the hands of one great employer. But such concentration may, we learn, be carried too far. When in any trade the establishments are all sufficiently large to make it easy for the workmen to combine, the trade union fights at the greatest strategic advantage. How? When the employers combine also and meet organisation with organisation in a friendly discussion calculated to promote the best interests of both? When terms can be talked over and arranged under amicable conditions of equality? Not at all, but 'when it is confronted by a number of employers varying considerably in their pecuniary resources and opportunities for profit-making. Thus, in any coal or cotton strike the circumstances of the employers differ so greatly that there is a strong tendency for some of them to split off from the rest.' We might stop here to point out the clear proof which Colonel Dyer and his colleagues gave of the utter futility of this advice. But that is not our present object. What we desire to emphasise is the intention avowed by Mr. and Mrs. Webb on behalf of trade unions to fight at the greatest strategic advantage by disintegrating their opponents. There is to be no measuring of swords before a duel, no seconds to see fair play, no umpires to keep a ring. The employers are to be taken in detail. Competition in wages is to be sternly checked. Competition in profit-making to be cunningly encouraged. Where this cannot be managed the law is to step in. Against the unlimited resources of railway companies, we are told, and the absolute unity of will enjoyed by these modern industrial leviathans, the accumulated fund of the richest trade and the clamour of even one or two hundred thousand obstinate and embittered workmen are as arrows against ironclads. We are not told why the workmen should be obstinate, or who it is that embitters them. No charge of oppression or even of lack of interest is brought against the 'Leviathan' railway companies. But of their strong combination, ill-will is held up as the natural outcome, and the law is to step in to fix a scale of prices and a code of conditions without any regard to the fluctuating circumstances of the market, or the changes in supply and demand.

So too when the State is the employer. Here the trade unions, we read, are powerless. 'A long strike will bankrupt dozens of employers, and seriously reduce the dividends of the wealthiest trust. But if all the workmen in the Admiralty dockyards stayed out for a year, neither the civil servant manager nor the citizen proprietor would find

‘his daily income even fractionally diminished.’* The present generation of the higher civil service—‘our real ‘rulers,’ we learn, ‘in points of administrative detail’—are for the most part invincibly ignorant both of industrial organisation and modern economics, and so they continue to render futile the avowed intention of ministry after ministry to make the government ‘a model employer’ by abandonment of competition wages. It is not necessary to dwell long on the hopeless ‘ignorance of economics’ here displayed, to point out that it is not the civil service manager who is the employer of the men in the Admiralty dockyards, but the taxpayer; that every taxpayer, even if he belong to a trade union, does find his income diminished if the Admiralty dockyards are carried on at a loss; or that it is sounder ‘modern’ as well as ancient economics to pay a market rate of wages fixed with regard to competition and combination alike than to adopt a ‘standard’ fixed at the mere arbitrament of an irresponsible and not impartial society. There might be much interest in such a task. But it is foreign to our present purpose. What is important is to recognise in this elaborate exposition of motives the naïve admission that trade unions fight at the greatest advantage, make many men bankrupt, and ruin trusts when workmen are combined and employers are not. There is no pause to consider whether it is for the advantage of trade that business firms should be bankrupt or companies ruined, or whether the sufferings of the wives and children of workmen during a long period of enforced idleness is not a wholly disproportionate price to pay for the attainment of limited concessions. All that is considered is the ‘strategic advantage,’ and the opportunity which it confers, not for peaceful progress, but for ‘embittered and obstinate’ war.

Mr. and Mrs. Webb appear to deplore that Parliament is not really prepared to insist on the conditions of government employment being brought into conformity with trade-union regulations. If their view of those regulations and the policy which dictates them is correct, there is no need for astonishment.

The lesson of all this is obvious. A prolific cause of trade disputes admittedly exists when the employers in a trade are not organised, do not act together, allow divergence of interest to prevail, and are consequently weak in resisting a combination of workmen. Associations therefore of em-

* Vol. ii. p. 551.

ployers must be encouraged. Combination must be met by combination. And this not with a view of crushing trade unionism, or driving men out of trade unions, but with the object of confining those bodies to their proper functions and limiting them to proper methods. For the wisest efforts of associations of employers will be directed to fixing rates of wages and conditions of employment fair to all parties interested, to improving in every legitimate way the circumstances of wage-earners, developing their prosperity, cultivating their moral and intellectual welfare, and at the same time sternly discountenancing the subordination of individual discretion to the dictates of paid organisers, and the slavish subjection of free labour to class despotism. In many trades this is becoming understood. The outcome of the disputes in the coal trade and the strike in the engineering trade has been to impress on employers the expediency of acting together. And they will do well if they are not seduced by the present burst of prosperity from the policy of forming associations not merely to guard, but to advance their interests as a body.

Trade unions are, like all other organised bodies of men, learning by experience. But like all organisations, and especially those which have no corporate existence, but are at any time dissoluble by the will of the majority, they learn slowly. Many of them still adhere to their belief in two fallacies—the first, that wages regulate prices; and the second, that artificial limitation of output is for the advantage of wage-earners. The first is a good example of the falsehood which has a modicum of truth. Wages affect prices but do not regulate them. In a falling market the value of labour as of other commodities must fall, for the simple reason that there is lessened employment in the production of the article affected. In a rising market the value of labour rises for a similar reason. There is more demand for it. Thus an obstinate refusal to work at a price which employers can afford to pay will not benefit those who refuse, even if means can be lastingly adopted for preventing other men from taking the employment which they reject. The simple result of such a refusal will be the closing of the factories, or mines, or whatever may be the sphere of labour concerned, and a more or less permanent loss of opportunity.

The second fallacy is as full of mischief and even more insidious. There are many trade unions—not, perhaps, the wisest of them—who seek to limit the amount of work done

by their members, not by the capacity of the individual, but by an arbitrary rule. Not long ago a bricklayer out of work applied for a job to a large employer of labour who was building a house. The application was granted and the man taken on by the contractor. He showed gratitude by assiduity. But in a few days the contractor was informed that the new hand must be peremptorily dismissed, because he was laying more bricks per diem than the rules of the union allowed. Of this short-sighted tyranny instances without number could be found. It cannot fail to defeat its own object, because that object is not to raise the level of work, but to reduce it to mediocrity: not to encourage the developement of skill, but to check it. Or the fallacy displays itself in another form. In many unions the employment of women and girls, of boys and old men, is stubbornly resisted. The same spirit prevails which in earlier days led to the smashing of labour-saving machinery. It is due to the fancy that whatever tends to cheapen production tends to lower wages. The belief has been almost rooted out so far as machinery is concerned. But even now in England there is a residuum of opposition to new appliances, which to some extent impedes their introduction. Machines which a boy or girl can efficiently manage must be consigned to a man in full earnings, or the union will know the reason why.

Or other methods are adopted. ‘The work* done by machines is belittled—the men working their machines exercise all their ingenuity in making the machines as expensive as hand-labour. The man working a machine takes care not to allow a machine to beat a shopmate working by hand on the same job.’ In America there is less of this foolishness, and the working men no longer resist the proposition, even where they do not wholly understand it, that whatever saves labour is for the ultimate advantage of the labourer. The consequence is that an inventive nation is rapidly pushing invention, and that not only the British manufacturer is damnified, but also the workman he employs.

In America, for instance, the use of machines for coal-cutting is welcomed by the men as relieving them of the

* The Shoe and Leather Record, February 19, 1892, cited by the Webbs, vol. i. p. 398. The latter admit that ‘so far, at any rate, as times of strained relations are concerned, there is no reason to question the accuracy of this statement.’

most severe part of their labour. Such machines, therefore, are generally used. In this country the men, without making positive objection to machines, by carelessness or lack of zeal make their employment a failure. In one instance a large employer of labour, who paid his men the same price for cutting the coal with machines as they were paid for cutting the coal without it, was obliged to abandon an attempt, made at great cost and with much patience, to make the machines popular and save his men trouble. This is one factor in the difference of price here and the United States.

As we have said, however, the opposition to machinery is disappearing. It has done an enormous amount of harm, but its influence for evil is no longer great. Not so with the introduction of female and boy labour, or the considerate kindness which leads employers to keep on old hands no longer capable of a full day's work. The intensity of the resentment, say the Webbs, 'with which the average 'working-man regards the idea of women entering his trade 'equals that displayed by the medical practitioner of the 'last generation.*' Not only is this because the proper place for females is their home, but because women, having a lower standard of comfort than men, content to accept less wages, and far less apt to quarrel with imaginary grievances, 'are the most dangerous enemies of the artisan's 'standard of life.† Consequently many trade unions still oppose to their utmost capacity the introduction of female labour. Happily their influence in this direction, as in their opposition to the introduction of boy labour, is not prohibitive. Wherever, say the Webbs, 'any‡ considerable number of employers have resolutely sought to bring 'women into any trade within their capacity, the trades 'unions have utterly failed to prevent them.' And 'whilst 'any legal restriction on the number of boys to be employed in a particular industry can scarcely fail to be 'inequitable, any general restriction on the number of boys 'to be employed in all trades whatsoever is plainly impossible.§ Against such form of competition many unions continue to struggle. But their struggle must be in vain. Against them the laws of economy contend. And the whole power of family influence and home arguments being for once on the side of the laws of economy, their effect cannot be lastingly delayed.

* Vol. ii. p. 496.

† Vol. ii. p. 497.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 498.

§ Vol. ii. p. 488.

We have dwelt on some of the tenets of trade unions which appear to us to lead to unnecessary trade quarrels. We might spend time and space in criticism of many others. But we pass over such theories as those which affect demarcation, or in other words the attempt to absolutely prohibit a carpenter, employed in ship-building or ship-mending, from putting in a bolt or mending a valve, a plasterer from planing a door or driving a nail. Theories which lead to embittered quarrels between engineers and brass-workers, boiler-makers and chippers, joiners and cabinet-makers; which may throw the whole of a large piece of work out of gear because in some trivial detail one trade has overlapped another; and put an end to a large and remunerative contract because of some childish objection to allow a workman belonging to one trade to do in emergency an inch or two of work claimed by another. We pass over also the equally childish petulance which has led some trade unionists to sulkily refuse to work on material not produced in their own district, and which in one notable instance led to the abandonment by a large shipbuilding firm of the construction of extensive new offices because the cabinet-makers refused to work at cabinets purchased in a neighbouring town. We must, however, refer to one more tendency of the employed before we consider how far the employers adopt attitudes conducive to disputes.

In certain unions and in some well-known cases grave evil has followed from the tendency of the more turbulent members of unions to refuse to abide by an arrangement to which their leaders with their assent have agreed, or an award made by an arbitrator of their own choosing. Employers say, and say with partial though not we believe with universal justification, that they have no assurance that a bargain, however elaborately made, will be followed. Unless some sanction can be found for agreements and some easy method discovered for punishing the breach of them, conciliators and arbitrators work at a disadvantage. The leaders of unions hesitate at the expulsion of members, and expulsion, though sometimes necessary, is at best a clumsy expedient. We propose presently to consider a method by which repudiation of an agreement or an award may be penalised, without any attempt at such impossible compulsion as would seek to force employers to keep open workshops against their will, or workmen to continue to accept distasteful conditions.

But for a moment we pass to the attitude of employers. And here we have happily less to criticise. Employers have

in the past suffered from inability or unwillingness to combine. The owner of a large mine, the proprietor of a large manufactory, or the manager of a great joint-stock business establishment naturally thinks he knows his own business, and understands how best his own interests can be safeguarded; and such men have been reluctant to act with others or abandon one iota of their individual discretion. Such events, however, as the great engineer strike, the coal dispute of 1894, and that which recently affected the South Wales coalfield, have done much to convince wealthy and powerful employers that organisation is necessary if they are effectually to meet combinations of their workmen. And inasmuch as the feeling has grown that combinations of workmen not only cannot be prevented or crushed out of existence, but if properly managed are not without much mutual benefit to employers and employed, the desirability of combination of employers is becoming more and more generally recognised. One factor, then, in the creation of quarrels is being steadily removed.

There are still some employers who think that trade unions can be effectively tabooed. We will meet, such men say, our own workmen. We will have nothing to say to any of their representatives not in our employ. This amounts to a refusal of advocacy which cannot be defended and maintained. The very employers who attempt to maintain it will engage a solicitor or a manager to aid in the conduct of a negotiation, while they refuse to allow free selection of a spokesman to their men. The position of such employers cannot fail to be an isolated one. A big railway company may maintain it for some length of time, but even in such a case it is not impregnable. An individual employer cannot expect to do so. If he refuses to recognise unions as a factor in negotiation he places himself in a dangerous position, in which the 'strategic advantage' to which we have previously referred is with his workmen, not with himself.

Combinations, however, though they may make collective bargains which have strong moral sanction, are, as the law stands at present, debarred from making agreements for the enforcement of which they can institute legal proceedings. The Trades Unions Act of 1871 seems to be clear upon this point, and consequently the Royal Commission on Labour reported * that 'it does not appear that such collective 'agreements can be otherwise than morally binding.' The

* Fifth and final Report, par. 149.

sense of fair-play inherent in Englishmen gives strength to such agreements as a rule. But, as we have pointed out, there have been cases in which the more turbulent members of trades unions have repudiated bargains authoritatively made. Exceptional though these cases have been, they have done something to swell the reluctance with which employers have approached the proposal for a collective agreement. In order to remove the difficulty, it has been suggested that trade associations should be allowed and encouraged to make themselves bodies corporate by registration, and should put themselves into a position of being sueable and able to sue. This course was recommended in an able and powerfully argued memorandum * appended to the report by the Duke of Devonshire, Sir David Dale, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Courtney, and four other Commissioners. In it the advantages which would accrue to workmen and employers alike were clearly pointed out. The acquisition of legal personality by a trade body would facilitate reference to arbitration and the making of bargains or awards. For a breach of an award, or even, though this is more doubtful, of an undertaking to go to arbitration, a body might be sued for damages, and the prospect of this would render less likely resort to a strike or a lock-out. 'If a strike or a lock-out did take place, although it is true that any damages which could be recovered would probably not . . . be sufficient compensation, yet an action at law would render more visible the breach of contract, and serve to guide public opinion.' For instance, an employer might insist on a reduction of wages contrary to a collective agreement. Then, instead of starting a strike, with all its attendant losses and sorrows, the workmen might sue the employer or his association for damages. Or, in the alternative, workmen insisting on a rise of wages contrary to an award, might be sued through their association, instead of being locked out. Tersely summing up their recommendation, these Commissioners say: 'It might be anticipated that if by the method of collective agreements a more concrete guarantee were given to arbitration, it would be more frequently resorted to by those who have a *bonâ fide* preference for it over more violent methods of settling differences.'

The objections to this suggestion are set out in another appendix to the report signed by Messrs. William Abraham, Michael Austin, James Maudsley, and Tom Mann.† The

* Appendix Report, p. 115.

† Report, p. 146.

proposal, these gentlemen say, is open to the gravest objection.

‘To expose the large amalgamated societies of the country, with their accumulated funds, sometimes reaching a quarter of a million, to be sued for damages by any employer in any part of the country or by any discontented member or non-unionist, for the action of some branch secretary or delegate, would be a great injustice. . . . The present freedom of trade unions from any interference by the courts of law . . . was, after a long struggle, conceded in 1871, and finally became law in 1876. Any attempt to revoke this hardly-won charter of trade-union freedom would provoke the most embittered resistance from the whole body of trade unionists, and be undesirable from every point of view.’

The idea of freedom here inculcated, freedom in which the funds of trade unions may be employed to produce agreements either among the members of the unions or with other bodies, but must not be made available to compensate for breaches of such agreements, is on a par with the ideas of freedom held by those who would allow A., B., and C. full liberty to refuse certain conditions of labour, but would break the heads of D., E., and F. if they display unwillingness to accept them. The wiser leaders of trade unions are growing out of such one-sided notions of freedom, and the prudent suggestion of the Duke of Devonshire and his colleagues is becoming more and more recognised as a safe and sure method of promoting arbitration as an alternative to strikes and lock-outs.

Pending legislation on the subject—and the House of Commons nowadays works its legislative machinery very slowly—something may be done by voluntary arrangements to secure more than a moral sanction for collective bargains or awards based upon them. An interesting experiment in this direction was made under the collective agreement made in 1895 between the respective associations of employers and workmen in the boot and shoe trade. Under this agreement, commonly known as ‘The Settlement,’ local boards of conciliation and arbitration were set up for the purpose of settling disputes or questions between employers and employed in the trade, with umpires to come in in case of difference. In order to secure due adherence to these awards each association deposited with two trustees, Sir Courtenay Boyle, Secretary of the Board of Trade, and Sir Thomas Wright, a solicitor of high position in Leicester, the sum of 1,000*l*. An indenture was executed vesting this sum upon certain trusts in the trustees. In any case

where a breach of a decision of a local board is alleged, complaint is made to the umpire (at present Lord James of Hereford), who is empowered to decide whether any provision of the settlement, or of an award or decision made under it by a local board, has been broken and, if so, to determine that the whole or any portion of the 1,000*l.* deposited by the side responsible for the breach shall be forfeited to the other. In the event of such forfeiture a sum equal to the amount so forfeited is at once to be replaced by the association mulcted. The arrangement was made for a period of two years, but is renewable. Under it forfeitures have already taken place. The forfeits have been paid, and the amount willingly and promptly made good to the fund. The consequence is that breaches of local awards made by boards carefully constituted under the settlement, and thoroughly qualified to deal with disputes involving highly intricate and technical questions of the custom of the trade, have been punished by a moderate pecuniary fine. All the friction and soreness necessarily following continued breach of contract have been avoided, judgement has been pronounced by a competent and selected authority, and public opinion both in the trade and out of it has been provided with a trustworthy guide. The method seems simple, and under ordinary circumstances is so. It depends of course to a large extent on the goodwill with which the main agreement or settlement is regarded. But the prospects of a duration of that bargain are enhanced by the fact that it is provided with a simple, easily applied, and not unduly severe sanction.

The experiment seems to be one worth following. In many trades there are associations on each side able to make a deposit as a guarantee of a bargain. Bargains made with such a guarantee would tend to become more lasting than those made without such surety. But a voluntary submission to forfeiture, though a useful expedient pending the establishment of trade associations as corporate entities, cannot have general avail for the enforcement of collective agreements. If trade unions adhere to the policy of collective bargaining, and we believe there is every probability of their so doing, in their own as well as in other interests they will sooner or later be obliged to adopt the position of suing and sueable bodies.

Before we pass from this branch of the subject it may be desirable to point out one not universally recognised danger which such a change of the law would diminish.

If trade associations were registrable the memorandum of association, or whatever the document might be called which provided for the allocation and appropriation of the subscribed funds, would probably be legalised, and moneys subscribed for one purpose could not be liable to appropriation for another. As things are, when a new union is started, or even where a union is in its teens, there is risk of a distinct cleavage between the interests of the younger and those of the older subscribers. The latter have more regard to the beneficiary application of the funds than the former. Young subscribers not looking forward to early sickness or death are apt to ask themselves what good they get from the fund, and to follow this up by the more concrete question, if a strike were to occur should we not have a thoroughly enjoyable holiday at the expense of the common fund? There have been many instances, not perhaps in the great trade combinations, but in those which are more local, where the real motive of a strike has been the feeling of the younger men that they can have 'a play' without cost to their own pockets or suffering in their own persons. If the older men object, they too often find themselves in a minority, or on the unpopular side. The consequence is a wholly unnecessary cessation of work, which benefits no one, and tends to the settlement of no trade principle. A strict allocation of subscribed funds would probably do much to check the operation of so undesirable a motive.

The causes then leading to strikes and lock-outs would be diminished by the following expedients: the developement of organisations among employers, and the assumption by trade associations of a legal personality. To these may be added the education of leaders of trade unions in economical laws, and a study of the effect of these laws on the trade disputes of other countries, and, notably, of the United States. The operation of the first is progressing. For the legislation necessary to the second we may have to wait for some time, and as regards the third the progress of learning must be slow. But as it would seem that the tendency to search for some more peaceful and less costly method of determining disputes than a strike is growing; it remains to consider what can be done either to prevent an outbreak of imminent war or to shorten its duration when hostilities have actually commenced.

The constitutional circumstances of this country are such that more reliance must necessarily be placed on voluntary action than on State interference. In such a matter the

State may facilitate, persuade, encourage; but it cannot attempt to dictate. It may establish means of conciliation and arbitration, but cannot order that they shall be used. Efforts to interfere with individual or corporate liberty of action, or that freedom of contract which is essential to sound commerce, have failed in the past, and must inevitably fail in the future. Attempts have been made to fix the price of labour or the condition of work by direct ordinance. They have never succeeded, and never will succeed. Freedom of contract is as much a condition of liberty as freedom of speech; but on the other hand the State would fail in its duty if it did nothing to facilitate methods of settlement of labour disputes either by the establishment of accessible tribunals or the encouragement of voluntary boards of conciliation. It may properly do much to perfect the machinery of settlement, though its power to insist on the use thereof is limited.

A recognition of this principle led to the passing of the Conciliation Act of 1896. And though neither time nor opportunity has been sufficient yet to give full experience of its working, the material exists for considering its effect. Tentative in its scope, and avowedly experimental in its objects, it would seem to have been tentatively and experimentally administered. For in no one instance has its full power been brought into play, and what has been attempted has apparently been attempted with extreme caution.

The Act provides for the keeping of a register of conciliation boards (clause 1), and for the encouragement of conciliation boards (clause 4). But not only is registration not made compulsory, but the inducements to registration are not made strong. Consequently the advantages of registration are not so clear as to make the register exhaustive. In the second report of the Board of Trade made under the Act it was stated that in July 1899 the number of registered boards was nineteen. This would seem as though many firmly established conciliation boards, doing good work and making no secret of their existence, were not at pains to register, though perfectly ready to furnish information as to their operations. Even the clause (clause 4) providing for the encouragement of conciliation boards is worded with extreme caution. The Board of Trade may—if it appears that in any district or trade adequate means do not exist of having disputes submitted to an arbitration board—appoint a person or persons to ‘confer . . . as to the expediency of ‘establishing a conciliation board for the district or trade.’

The legislature in so far setting its approval to the establishment of conciliation boards has thus strictly limited the powers of the State Department to persuasion, and has carefully abstained from holding out even the semblance of a lure. Nevertheless the influence of conciliation boards has been such that in 1897 fifty-one boards were known to have settled cases.* Whether reliance can be placed on conciliation boards as a permanent means of settlement remains to be seen. But, inasmuch as the boards for the coal trade of Northumberland and Durham, which between them control the wages of about 120,000 miners, ceased for a time, at any rate, to operate in 1896, and another able and energetic board—the London Labour Conciliation and Arbitration Board—held only three meetings of the board and five of the executive committee in 1898, it would appear as though there was some limit to the period of usefulness of such bodies when operating alone.

The Conciliation Act further provides that the State Department may, when a difference exists or is apprehended, exercise all or any of the following powers. They may inquire into the causes and circumstances of the difference; they may take steps for the purpose of enabling the parties to the difference to meet together by themselves or their representatives under the presidency of a chairman mutually agreed upon, or nominated by the Board of Trade or some other body with a view to amicable settlement; they may, on the application of both parties to the difference, appoint an arbitrator; or—and herein is the strongest enactment of the legislature—they may, on the application of either employers or workmen interested, appoint a person or persons to act as conciliator or board of conciliation. And by a further sub-section it is provided that any person so appointed to act as conciliator is to communicate with the parties, endeavour to bring about a settlement of the difference, and report his proceedings to the Board of Trade. By this clause the legislature does several important things. It provides a machinery for ascertaining the facts of any existing or apprehended dispute—a useful step, when it is remembered how issues in any dispute with regard to which feeling runs at all high are apt to be blurred by unintentional misrepresentation, allegations coloured by sentiment, or statements of facts or figures imperfectly sifted or hastily compiled, and a step deliberately taken with the

* Report on Strikes and Lock-outs, C. 9012, 1898, p. lxxv.

purpose of furnishing, should it become necessary, a trustworthy guide for parliamentary or public opinion. It also entrusts a State Department with the duty of endeavouring to persuade the parties to meet together under an agreed or nominated chairman, and it provides a simple machinery by which, when both parties so desire it, they can obtain with the least expenditure of time or money the appointment of an impartially chosen arbitrator. But it does more. It enables the Board of Trade, on the application of either party, to appoint a conciliator who is to endeavour to produce a settlement, and is directed to make a report.

Now let us see how these provisions can work, and how, as a matter of fact, they do work. Of the thirty cases in which, during the period covered by the second report of the Board of Trade, application was made under the Act to that Board, in five the application was refused, the circumstances not being such as to point to a probability of successful action; in two there was failure, one being the huge dispute in the South Wales and Monmouthshire coal trade; and in three settlement was effected by the parties pending the negotiations. Of the remaining twenty-two, four were settled by the appointment of a conciliator, in one of which the conciliator was subsequently requested by both parties to act as arbitrator; eight more were settled by the direct negotiation of the Board of Trade; and ten by the appointment of arbitrators, in nine of them gentlemen of high standing and impartial position being selected by the Board of Trade.

In estimating this record, the following points have to be borne in mind. The value of the direct action of a State Department is affected by two important factors. Its officers are limited in number, their personal qualifications are ascertainable without much difficulty, and whatever their action may be, the effect of that action in any case is not forgotten when a further opportunity for its exercise arises. In the second place, the department is under the direction of a political chief, and a party debate may at any moment arise in Parliament with regard to his administration. It is open to doubt, therefore, whether a statesman in active political life, or officers under his direct control, are qualified to discharge for a continuity the quasi-judicial functions of an arbitrator, or even those less judicial, but strictly impartial, functions necessary to successful conciliation. Lord Rosebery succeeded admirably on a well-known occasion. More recently, in France, M. Waldeck-Rousseau

has ably conducted to a successful issue an important and difficult arbitration. Lord James of Hereford has more than once acted as arbitrator and as umpire. But the difficulties in the way of any statesman who takes a prominent part in the politics of the day are so great as to make it undesirable for him to repeatedly serve in either of the capacities referred to, even could he find the necessary time.

A State Department cannot therefore hope for much from continued action of its own; and the repeated recurrence of the entry 'an official of the Board of Trade arranged a 'conference between the parties at which an agreement was 'arrived at,' while it affords the evidence of much tactful action and conciliatory resource in cases where parties were ready to avail themselves thereof, can hardly encourage the anticipation that in immediate official action is to be sought the most efficient machinery for terminating or mitigating trade disputes. In minor disputes indeed or those in which feeling does not run very high, it may be of use to the parties to have easily accessible the services of officers of a State Department fully acquainted with the difficulties connected with labour questions, and ready to render impartial and judicious aid in the settlement of differences arising therefrom. If it becomes known that the suggestive powers of such officers will be exercised without bias and with the resourcefulness begotten of experience, the disposition to make use of them may grow, and disputants may take more and more advantage of a ready method for helping them to help themselves to peace. But this machinery is not likely to be serviceable in the large disputes where both sides are highly organised or where large numbers or wide districts are affected. In such cases a State Department can scarcely do much good by its own servants. If it attempts to act at all, it can only hope to do so successfully by the appointment of some outside person of high position and undoubted authority. Up to the present, experience of this method has not been such as to enable any true estimate to be formed of its value. It might happen that a large dispute lasted so long, became so embittered, and caused such widespread misery and loss, that the public demand for an authoritative expression of opinion as to the rights of the case would be irresistible. In this event the appointment of an eminent and judicially minded individual who would, in the event of his failing to persuade the disputants to settle, bring the pressure of public opinion to bear by a careful report, might have useful influence. The experiment, however, could only

be tried in the last resort; the fact that the report would be made by a person appointed by a member of the Government would be certain to let loose party criticism on its value; and there is nothing whatever to show that a debate in the House of Commons on such an issue has any tendency to lead to a settlement.

It would seem, therefore, that for influencing the course of great disputes, if any such should unhappily arise, the action of a State Department should be supplemented. And for this object there is a great deal to be said for the establishment of a central board representing the whole body of employers and employed who should act as a court of appeal, or of reference, from the judgements of local conciliation boards. We are well aware that the difficulties in the way of the constitution of such a body are very great. But they are not necessarily insuperable. The ramifications of trade methods are undoubtedly enormous. And at first sight it may be thought that there can be no community of interest sufficient to make either a body of employers on the one hand, or workmen on the other, work together. The details, for example, of a dispute in the cotton trade would differ so materially from the details in the engineering trade, the coal trade, or the boot trade, that there would be risk of failure in the attempt of a general body to deal usefully with any particular quarrel. But we do not think that dread of such risk should prevail. Details may and do vary. But there are principles of universal effect. Local conciliation boards may well deal with details. A general board might exercise a powerful influence in the application of principles; and it would undoubtedly command more confidence than a State Department, however ably officered.

An obstacle to the creation of such a board probably may be traced to the reluctance which many able and energetic employers even now feel to recognise trade unions or to negotiate with their leaders. As we have endeavoured to show, such reluctance cannot be permanently maintained. Trade-unionism is a factor which it is impossible to ignore. Employers would act far more wisely by turning its influence into proper channels than by efforts to crush it which must be futile.

The establishment of collective bargaining is an accomplished fact. It behoves employers to do their utmost to produce from it good results rather than evil. Much of the small ignorance and local jealousy which tend to embitter trade disputes would be removed if there were a comprehen-

sive organisation of employers on the one side and employed on the other. There already exists the nucleus of such a body on each side. With prudence and care there might be produced a valuable developement of the Association of Employers and the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress.

Of course there is a danger that a strong combination of employers may be tempted to abuse its strength. And it is a danger of which capitalists would do well to beware. The great combines or trusts which have recently grown up on the other side of the Atlantic have not been wholly free from the imputation of misusing their powers. The influence of Capital in the promotion of industrial peace would be seriously weakened if it were to show signs of tyrannical action. With us the best employers continue to show regard to the welfare and happiness of their workmen. It would be an unmitigated evil if the tendency to do this were checked by any extension of the principle of combination.

We cannot conclude without reference to one aspect of the question of which our statesmen have shown a tendency to fight shy. Freedom to refuse work and to promote, as far as combined action can do so, the establishment of favourable conditions has been successfully and rightly claimed by the working men of this country. But with the same breath they have refused to admit that freedom of others to accept work which is a corollary of their own claim. Not only moral persuasion of extreme kind, but actual physical violence, is still displayed against men who are ready to work on terms which strikers have rejected. And the action of the State in supporting the rights as citizens of men who are opprobriously and unreasonably called 'scabs' and 'blacklegs' has been half-hearted and unenergetic. It is otherwise in the United States, where liberty is as much cherished as in Great Britain. Unless freedom of labour involves freedom to work at will as well as freedom to be idle at will, the operation of economical laws is unduly checked. The State, in our opinion, fails in its duty if it refuses or neglects to afford the necessary protection against illegal exercise of force to men and women desirous of accepting employment on terms satisfactory to themselves, if distasteful to others. And dread of temporary unpopularity ought not to influence those who direct the action of the State in this respect.

- The present position of the relations between Labour and

Capital are by no means unsatisfactory, if comprehensively regarded. There is a growing tendency to rely on industrial diplomacy rather than on industrial war. Great as has been the mischief done by the hardly-fought conflicts of the past, we are far from thinking that they have been wholly without advantageous effect. They have cleared the ground from many ill growths. They have enforced the recognition of mutual obligations as well as of mutual rights. It behoves not only statesmen but all who are concerned in our commercial prosperity to foster the inclination of peaceful settlement of differences, and to perfect the machinery available for its promotion. When the evils of war are terribly apparent, and the state of trade conduces to industrial peace, an opportunity exists which should not be lost.

- ART. II.—1. *Society of Psychical Research: Report of Proceedings.* June 1889–December 1892.
2. *William Lilly: History of his Life and Times.* A.D. 1602–1681. From original MS. London: 1715. Reprinted, London: 1822.
3. *Simon Forman: Autobiography and Diary.* A.D. 1572–1602. Edited by J. HALLIWELL. London: 1849.
4. *John Dee: a True Relation of his Action with Spirits.* 1583–1607. Edited by MERIC CASAUBON.
5. *John Dee: Private Diary.* Edited by HALLIWELL. 1842.

AMONGST the literary phenomena of the last decade of the nineteenth century a group of publications, broadly classified as the literature of occultism, while they appeal to the sympathy of a limited audience, undoubtedly command a wider interest viewed in their relation to past phases of thought and practice. Whatever may chance to be the mind of the reader with regard to facts narrated, or theories propounded, in the Reports of the Society of Psychical Research, in the ‘Studies in Psychical Research’ of Mr. Podmore, or again in the record of supernatural experiences of which Lord Bute appears as joint editor,* such volumes afford explicit evidence of the revival amongst men of intelligence, culture, and good faith of beliefs and practices we have been accustomed to associate, perhaps too arbitrarily, with superstitions of past ages or with ignorance and imposture in the present. Nor can we wholly ignore those kindred, though widely differing, tendencies of thought and practice indicated by M. J. K. Huysmans’s prefatory study to the ponderous and unhealthy volume, ‘Le Satanisme et la ‘Magie,’ of M. Jules Bois. If we are meant to accept M. Huysmans’s statements, it would appear that the cult of the supernatural, either under the form of a deliberate, formalised, and concerted attempt to hold intercourse with ‘l’au-delà du mal,’ or under the pretext of an inquiry into ‘les forces ignorées de la nature,’ is more widely spread amongst men of other nationalities than would seem credible. In the eyes of M. Huysmans, M. Jules Bois is indeed a combatant, his foe ‘la magie noire,’ nor are we allowed lightly to imagine that the office is a sinecure. For, again in M. Huysmans’s estimation, the study of such developments is of serious utility, ‘ne fût-ce que pour connaître les périls

* The Alleged Haunting of B—— House. London: 1899.

‘auxquels les gens épris de la magie s’exposent. . . . J’en ‘connais qui ont tout essayé.’ And whether or not we admit the proffered testimony, whether or not we can accept the actuality of the facts advanced concerning the promulgation of such opinions, the belief implied in the mere assertion that they exist is sufficient to justify incredulity.

But if some recrudescence of the grosser aspects of supernaturalism in the melodramatic form of black masses and diabolic evocations may possibly be found in other countries, the Proceedings of the Psychical Society in England evidence after another fashion an intellectual revival of a spirit of curiosity, if not of faith, regarding such matters as divination by dreams, by crystal-gazing, by hazel rods, and other like methods for the abnormal acquisition of knowledge. Under the auspices of men of scholarship and science investigations have been carried on in the heart of London civilisation dealing with the possibilities of the intercommunion of spirits, of the intercourse of the living with the dead, and with all the various phases of phenomena popularly ascribed to spiritualistic or occult influences. Nor is it an unimportant, though easily exaggerated, incident in the history of thought that such investigations are eagerly initiated and patiently pursued amidst modern conditions of existence, of opinion, and of science which, at this epoch of the world’s education, might have seemed prohibitory.

Yet, looking backwards, we may well take it to represent but a fainter manifestation of that thirst and passion for the unattainable in knowledge which, on this little sphere of earth where physical energies and practical sense dominate the events of daily life, has, notwithstanding hindrance and obstruction, asserted its empire with recurrent tenacity over the minds and imaginations of mankind. To that craving after the unknowable the religions of elder days responded with their doctrines of divine revelations. They did more than respond. They went so far as to accredit faith with the security of experience. But if they allayed human curiosity in one direction, they stimulated it in another. An epigrammatic critic defined the result. ‘Magic and witchcraft,’ he said, ‘are instincts of religion, ‘first inverted, then polluted and impregnated with germs ‘of corrupt vitality,’ and M. Huysmans echoes the sentiment, if not its wording, when he epitomises the doctrines of one phase of supernaturalism as ‘le christianisme retourné, ‘le catholicisme à rebours.’

In the secular world of intellect, where cruder embodiments of necromancy were subordinated to magic in its more occult semblance, the inversion gave birth to the Ishmaels of science and reason, the alchemist and the astrologer. From the period of the Renaissance, when, according to Maury,* the resuscitation of platonic or neoplatonic philosophy brought with it 'le vieil héritage de l'alchimie égyptienne,' and the ancient beliefs in the elemental spirits of air, and fire, and water re-wrote themselves in the degenerate receipts of mediæval magic—the successors of the soothsayer and diviner meet us at every page of history. Clad in motley garb they confront us in many an unexpected place. Keen-visaged old men of dignified aspect, with flowing robes and long pointed beards—the philosophers and prelates of the fraternity; younger professors, with the vigilant and unscrupulous countenance befitting men who trade on the credulity of their fellows, mental jugglers whose gains in Alexandria were of old taxed as 'the tribute of fools;' † they were affiliated from all ranks and classes, from men of learning and from men of ignorance. ‡ In the fourteenth century Cecens Asculanus, philosopher, astrologer, mathematician, physician to Pope John XXII., was committed to the flames for his dealings with spirits. § Raymond Lully was charged with similar offences. || Jerome Cardan, 'founder of the higher algebra,' ¶ is reported to have starved himself to death to fulfil his own predictions. ** Tycho Brahe was as much renowned for his skill in casting horoscopes as for his astronomical studies. Matius Galeotti is less familiar to most as the heterodox philosopher than as astrologer to Louis XI., whom Cattho, prelate and physician, served in a like capacity. Pontiffs did not escape suspicion. Sylvester II. and Gregory VII. are included with Orpheus, Democritus, Pythagoras, and others in the list of great men defended against the charge of 'magic' by Naudé. ††

* *La Magie et l'Astrologie.* Alfred Maury, Paris, 1860.

† Grey's Notes to 'Hudibras.'

‡ Burton ('Anatomy of Melancholy') states magic was publicly professed at Salamanca, though censured by the Universities of Oxford and Paris. This, however, Naudé denies—'ce qui toujours n'est pas si vraysemblable que l'on y doive ajoûter plus de foy qu'il n'est raisonnable.'

§ Mosheim, 'Ecc. Hist.' vol. iii.

|| Ibid.

¶ Hallam, 'History of Literature,' vol. i. ch. ix.

** Bayle's Dict., art. 'Cardan,' and H. Morley's 'Life of Cardan.'

†† Naudé. 'Grands Hommes accusés de Magie.'

The catalogue, indeed, can be indefinitely prolonged. And age by age, while the callous charlatan prospered, nobler victims of a more exalted ambition were led to dooms no less tragic than that of Browning's Paracelsus, dying the supreme sage and the supreme impostor, with half-crazed brain, in his hospital cell at Salzburg.

Further, from whatever point of view we regard such pretensions to occult knowledge, it is difficult to exaggerate their sway over the minds of men at periods when a belief in magical powers was a common creed. And time, as time moved onwards, did little to undermine it. 'Nero' and Heliogabalus, Maxentius and Julianus Apostata, were 'never so much addicted to magick as some of our modern 'princes and popes are now adays,' wrote Burton. Nor were the converts of reformed religions more emancipated from such beliefs than the adherents of older faiths; the theurgic brotherhood flourished equally in Catholic France and Protestant England. Edward VI. had his nativity cast by Cardan (whose visit Burnet records); the date of Elizabeth's coronation was fixed after consulting the planets; Charles I. was a client of William Lilly; Cromwell befriended the prophet of the almanacs.

Indeed, so far as England was concerned, the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were the especial age when magic, in all its branches, was paramount as a social, domestic, and political influence.* And to pass from the general history of its growth to the particular history of its votaries is to possess ourselves of a graphic picture of the modes of life and thought belonging to the occultism of their day. The lives of its three best-known practitioners, William Lilly, Simon Forman, and John Dee, extend over the greater part of two centuries, and include the reigns of Elizabeth, James I., Charles I., the periods of the Commonwealth and Restoration. Moreover, their diaries typify, as we trace a retrograde path from the more recent to the more remote, three broad classes into which the adepts of such sciences are apt to resolve themselves. In Lilly we find the charlatan who barely assumes belief in the supernatural agencies he professes to control. In Forman we divine the half-believing initiate who supplements his individual incapacity to obtain the results to which he is pledged with tricks of jugglery. Finally, in Dr. Dee is manifest a sincere and unquestioning devotee, the dupe of deceptions which

* History of Sorcery and Witchcraft. T. Wright,

both in his own day and in ours have successfully imposed on stronger natures and more justly balanced intellects.

Lilly is possibly best known to modern readers as the Sidrophel of Butler's satire, where Hudibras,

. . . with various doubts possest,
To win the lady goes in quest
Of Sidrophel the Rosi-Crucian,
To know the Destinies Resolution.
With whom being met, they both drop logick
About the science Astrologick;
Till falling from dispute to fight,
The conj'r's worsted by the knight.*

But the Lilly of real life was concerned with matters more momentous.

'Lilly was a prominent and, in the opinion of many of his contemporaries, a very important personage in the most eventful period of English history . . . a principal actor in the farcical scenes which diversified the bloody tragedy of civil war. While the king and parliament were striving for mastery in the field, he was deciding their destinies in the closet. His "Almanacks" were spelled over in the tavern and quoted in the senate, they nerved the arm of the soldier and rounded the periods of the orator.' †

Born in 1602, the son of a farmer, he came to London in 1620 in the capacity of serving-man to a retired household servant. He tells his own story in his autobiography, ‡ written fifty-seven years after Forman's death, with whose widow he had in early life been well acquainted. 'My work 'was,' he says, 'to go before my master to church; make 'clean his shoes; sweep the street; fetch water in a tub 'from the Thames.' In 1627 his master died and Lilly married the widow. From the very first we see the man as he was—shrewd, coarse-grained, and commonplace. A skilled observer of men and events, valuing in each only what he could utilise to his own advantage, his comparative respectability of moral conduct is more than counterbalanced by the entire absence of any single one of those nobler qualities which alone serve to reconcile man to humanity.

His marriage having set him in fairly affluent circumstances, he addicted himself to the study and practice of astrology. Adapting with admirable foresight his political

* Canto iii.

† Retrospective Review, vol. ii. p. 51.

‡ 'The most important narrative of a private life in strictly autobiographical form produced in the seventeenth century.' ('Age of Dryden,' by Richard Garnett, LL.D.).

principles to the exigencies of the hour, he reaped his harvest of gains from clients of both camps. 'The Roundhead stalked in at one door while the Cavalier hurried out at the other.' At first more loyalist than puritan, he was soon 'engaged body and soul' in the cause of the Parliament. He feasts with General Fairfax, holds conference with godly Hugh Peters, is patronised by Mr. Speaker Lenthall, and befriended by Cromwell. He receives, none the less, twenty gold pieces from Madam Whorewood on the 'White King's' behalf, which fee was followed by the donation of a pension of 50*l.* from the Council of State, 'for very great considerations,' while the Restoration finds him able to interpret his former prophecies in conformity with the sentiments befitting a faithful advocate of the Stewart monarchy.

Yet the skill which enabled Lilly to steer safely through the troubled political waters of this nether sphere apparently failed him in his dealings with the firmament above.* He was the author of twenty or more 'prophetical almanacks,' which, having read them all, Dr. James Young pronounced 'always the whole breadth of heaven wide from the truth. . . . It's hard,' Young adds, 'that a man shooting at Rovers so many years should never hit the mark.' Notwithstanding this fallibility of planetary interpretation, his clients' inveterate faith seems to have remained unshaken. 'Twice his proceedings were made the subject of parliamentary inquiry by the contemporaries of Hampden and Falkland, of Milton and Clarendon.' And whether Lilly be regarded as knave or fool, his dupes included the most eminent men of learning, character, and position of his day.

His own attitude of mind towards occult practices betrays a curious mixture of credulity and scepticism. 'I was curious to discover whether there was any verity in the art or not,' he says, and his memoirs provide us with nearly thirty graphically realistic sketches of the characters and exploits—astrologic and other—of the diviners and speculators of his acquaintance, although 'astrology in this

* Judicial astrology, as practised in England, appears to have belonged rather to the school which regarded the movement of the stars, not according to the theory of the ancients as the *cause*, but merely as the *signs* of terrestrial events. *Vide* the distinction drawn by Origen, quoted by Beausobre, vol. ii. liv. vii. ch. i. See also his suggested derivation of the science from the doctrine of 'le Destin Astrologique'—i.e. the government of the earth by those secondary intelligences localised in the planetary circles.

‘time (1633) was very rare in London, few possessing it ‘that understood anything thereof.’ His portraits are truly of an ill-favoured and sordid race. Glancing through his gallery of astrologers one would not imagine the sight conducive to faith, albeit Lilly leaves us in doubt as to the final convictions to which his investigations led. There is Lilly’s own teacher, drunken Master Evans of Gunpowder Alley, ‘an excellent wise man . . . a master of arts, and in ‘sacred orders,’ forced, however, by orders less sacred, but more binding, to fly from his cure of souls by reason ‘of ‘certain offences committed by him in those parts where he ‘had lately lived. Of middle stature, broad forehead, beetle-browed, thick shoulders, flat nosed, downlooked . . . addicted ‘to fraud, quarrelsome and abusive, seldom without a black ‘eye, well versed in the nature of spirits,’ who, it seems, when Master Evans, clad in his surplice, read the litany of the Common Prayer Book daily, and lived (awhile) orderly, came obediently to his call! There is ‘one Alexander ‘Hart—a comely old man—he elected young gentlemen fit ‘times to play at dice.’ He also received twenty pounds from a ‘rustical fellow’ who desired to hold conference with spirits, which ‘rustical’ inquirer, no spirit appearing, indicted Master Hart for a cheat, and save for the befriending of John Taylour, the Water Poet, Master Hart would have been set in the pillory; after which event, for this and other reasons—as Evans before had fled from the parish committed to his charge—so Master Hart fled presently into Holland.

There is John a Windor, the speculator, a scrivener by trade, so much given to ill-living ‘that at times the Dæmons ‘(the *tres angelos* of his invocation) would not appear; he ‘would then suffumigate; sometimes to vex the spirits he ‘would curse them and fumigate with contraries.’ So page after page the sordid catalogue of imposture is continued. William Breddon, Vicar of Thornton, ‘the most ‘polite person for nativities, but given over to tobacco and ‘drink.’ Arthur Gauntlet, of Gray’s Inn Lane, professing physic; Captain Bubb, condemned to the pillory for gross fraud; Jeffry Neve, Master Hodges, William Poole, and Master Mortlack are all ‘ignorant pretenders or men of dissolute lives’—few escape reprehension. Of John Booker, however, summoned in Lilly’s company to encourage the Parliament soldiers at the siege of Colchester with predictions of success, Lilly speaks better things, as perhaps he was in duty bound. Booker was, he tells us, ‘well respected

‘ of the most eminent citizens of London, and a very honest ‘ man ’ (a statement the opposite engraving belies); ‘ he ‘ abhorred deceit, had a curious fancy in judging of thefts; ‘ and was successful in resolving love questions.’ Moreover, to cite one other exception, there was Nicholas Fiske, whose claims to honesty seem to have been even greater than Booker’s, as Lilly asserts of him ‘ that he was ever diffident ‘ of his own judgements, and *died poor*.’

But amongst all the vulgar herd depicted, one portrait stands out from its fellows. The portrait of a worn, dangerous face, not without beauty of its own, the face of a man of violent passions and melancholy moods, with eyes at once vigilant and thoughtful under the long curve of their drooping lids, with strong and deeply lined brows, a square forehead, and a hidden mouth—the portrait of Simon Forman, the unprincipled, mercenary adventurer, of trained brain, keen imagination, and scandalous life, who attained an infamous notoriety as the accomplice of Frances Howard in her intrigues with Rochester.

Forman’s brief autobiography, written in 1600, which covers the first forty-eight years of his life, affords a sharp contrast to Lilly’s reminiscences of men and manners. It is emphatically and narrowly personal and egoistical, the outline remembrances of a turbulent, ambitious, emotional nature, endowed with an imaginative temperament and an insatiable greed of knowledge, first thwarted and then degraded in the struggle for existence of his penniless youth and spendthrift manhood.

Simon was born of a family (Lilly’s statements concerning his birth seem erroneous) of whom his diary affirms ‘ that in ‘ ancient books ther ar three things noted . . . that is ‘ that there was never any proud, covetouse, nor a traitor.’ From six years old until he reached his tenth year Simon dreamt dreams and saw visions. He was loved by none save his father, and doubtless the small miseries of childhood—the schoolmaster who ‘ kept him in great feare,’ and that other, ‘ who was a very furiose man,’ fell heavily on the heart of the unloved and visionary lad. Moreover,

‘ about the yeare of our Lord God, 1563, . . . the father of the said Simon died; for he had kept a great Christmas, and on the day before new yer’s eve he walked abroad with one of his men. And ther came a dove, and lighted before him, and always rane before him, and many tymes they offered to catch yt, and yt would rise up and fall down againe, and so they followed yt till it ran into a neighbour’s wodbine. And the same night—about midnight—after the dancing

and sport was almoste ended, he, going into his chamber, *one, as he thought, struck him*, and he toke his bed, and died just 24 hours after.'

After that grim death thus briefly chronicled Simon 'lerned to sowe and to make hose; also he learned the 'knowledge of alle wares and drugs and how to buy and 'selle.' But the blows were many, and being the youngest apprentice of four, 'everyone did triumphe over him.' So he tells the story of his sunless boyhood, and tells, too, of A. Y. (Ann Yonge) the little girl, the rich neighbour's daughter, that 'loved him wonderful well,' but whom he 'loved not but in kindness.' For Simon's heart was other-where. At the Priory of St. Jilles, by hook or by crook, he became a free scholar. If his master gave him leave to play that was death to him. He would say, 'Play, play, here is nothing but play; I shall never be a good scholar.' Nevertheless, in spite of 'play,' Simon's education progressed, and he became in his turn tutor, schoolmaster, and teacher, visiting Oxford and the Low Countries, and taking his degree at Cambridge. In 1579 he 'toke the Parsonage in 'Fisherton.' But this venture miscarried, and sixty weeks of imprisonment followed. On his release Simon set out for London, 'pore and bare, with little money, and the acquaint- 'anceship of a cosoning quen who called herself his sister.' At this time 'spirits became subject unto him, and he did 'proficie the truth of many things.' He supported him- self with the practice of physie and carpentry, and also 'cam [again] acquainted with Ann Yonge,' to, we may well believe, her loss, for 'love on her syde lasted long.' A narrative of brawls, slanders, debts, arrests, and imprison- ment fills the ensuing pages. Simon 'got litell and spent 'moch,' he says, 'and the world went very hard.' But times mended withal. In the course of years his credit grew. He began to practise the Philosopher's Stone, and new writ his book of magic. Then, too, began his stormy connexion with Avis Allen, and henceforward, until her death, his diary is threaded with records of quarrels and reconciliations. 'Avis was sore angrie;' 'Avis would in no 'wise be frendes to me;' 'Avis would come no more to 'me;' 'Avis went from me in a furie.' So sentence after sentence records their repeated estrangement. But 'Deo 'gracias'—one might question God's concern in the matter—they were ever 'frendes again.' Written almost in the single-line entries of an account book, the loves, hates, desertions, and griefs of his lifetime are presented to us—

skeleton leaves, lifeless, colourless, textureless, of long dead passions. A single sentence—six short words—tells us that on June 13, 1597, Avis Allen died; another, two years later, makes known to us as briefly that Ann Yonge was likewise dead; and with these two meagre entries the woman who loved him and the woman he had loved pass out of our cognisance, and Simon weds Ann Baker, a sixteen-year-old wife, of good connexion and of a fair face, who in the later days of her widowhood was well acquainted with Lilly, and known no less well by reputation to Anthony Weldon, ‘a pretty wench and a faithless wife.’* Besides a wife, Simon, too, acquires other possessions appertaining to respectability—a house in Lambeth (‘the ‘conjurer of Lambeth,’ Lord Bacon calls him), and a purple velvet gown, and he sits for his portrait, perhaps the very one of which Lilly preserves the engraving, and figures in dramatic records as a spectator of ‘Macbeth,’ and ‘A Winter’s Tale,’ performed at the Globe in 1611, the year of his death.

Such was the man to whom beautiful Frances Howard—the White Devil of England—resorted when she sought, by means of enchanted pictures, waxen images, and magic incantations, to ensnare the heart of the gay, pleasure-loving, but not wholly ignoble favourite, Robert Carr, then Lord Rochester, afterwards Earl of Somerset. And if Lilly created his position in history by his own astute and vigorous effort, Simon Forman owes his posthumous notoriety in no small part to the fortuitous concurrence of circumstances which associated his name with the trial of the Somersets for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. It is, indeed, rather with the circumstances than with the man that the abiding interest of his career lies, in so far as it presents the most forcible illustration extant of the importance attaching to occult arts in the England of his day as practised by those professors of obscure lives and scandalous reputation who play the chief parts in Lilly’s memoirs.

The outlines of that most evil of court dramas are well known. Wedded as a child to Lord Essex, Frances Howard’s nominal husband was still absent from England when his wife, having reached the years of early womanhood, her fame already tarnished in the foul atmosphere of James’s court, solicited Forman’s aid. Frances loved Rochester—after the fashion of her day and kind it would seem she

* Weldon, ‘Court of James.’

loved him truly enough—Forman, by his occult practices, must further her desires. The help of the conjurer would appear to have been unnecessary, for at the very same time Rochester was invoking the assistance of his friend and scribe, Sir Thomas Overbury, in the composition of love-letters beseeching her favour. Overbury's letters or Forman's spells speedily led to a fully developed intrigue, and soon the lovers were keeping trysts at Forman's Lambeth home, though 'Forman, foreseeing much trouble to come,' possibly too late regretting his intervention, 'would lock himself from them in his study a whole day's space.'

On the return of Essex, Frances, companioned by 'her sweet sister,' Anne Turner, the neglected mistress of Sir Arthur Mainwaring, one of Prince Henry's attendants in former years,* again entreated Forman's interposition. Rochester loves, Essex must cease to love her. But whether he loves or no, Essex claims his wife. Her letter of appeal during her detention in her husband's house, addressed to her 'sweet father,' and preserved in the record of State Trials,† is not without a sincere accent of genuine passion, as she prays Forman to work her deliverance from 'this vile place for God's sake,' and openly avows her loyalty to Rochester and as openly her unfaith to Essex. The king's shameless connivance in her divorce, her marriage with Carr, Overbury's rash protest against it and consequent quarrel with both husband and wife—then created Duke and Duchess of Somerset—form a series of the most scandalous social incidents of the reign; till, with Overbury's imprisonment, and subsequent death, in the Tower, the first act of the drama closes; and the scene only re-opens, when, in 1615, the two Somersets, Mistress Anne Turner, Helwisse, lieutenant of the Tower, Franklin, an apothecary, and Weston, an underkeeper, were charged—Lord Bacon being Attorney-General and Sir Edward Coke Chief Justice—with the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury.

Simon Forman was dead. He had died suddenly four years previously on the day of his own foreshowing. 'The Sunday night before, his wife and he being at supper in their garden-house, she, being pleasant, told him she had been informed he could resolve whether man or wife shall die first. "Shall I bury you or no?" she asked. "I shall die," said he, "ere Thursday night." Then, with a touch

* Prince Henry was accredited one of Frances Howard's lovers; allusions during her trial refer to his supposed poisoning.

† Corbett's 'State Trials,' 13 James I., 1615.

‘of sinister menace, he added, “Bury me deep or I shall fright you all.”’*

However deep, nevertheless, Simon lay buried, his works were yet above ground to give evidence against the accused criminals. Westminster Hall has seldom surely seen a stranger spectacle than when ‘there was showed in court ‘certain pictures made in lead . . . a black scarf also full ‘of white crosses, and other enchanted papers,’ belonging to the dead confidant of Frances Howard’s intrigues.

‘At the showing of these there was heard a crack from the scaffolds, which caused great fear, tumult, and confusion amongst the spectators and throughout the hall, everyone fearing hurt, as if the Devil had been present and grown angry to have his workmanship shewed by such as were not his own scholars. This terror continued about a quarter of an hour. After silence proclaimed the rest of the tricks were likewise shewed.’

The examination of Anne Forman followed. There was produced a record of Forman’s signifying ‘what ladies ‘loved what lords in the court.’ But the Lord Chief Justice would not suffer it to be read. Again Weldon supplies his commentary: ‘for the first leaf my lord Coke ‘lighted on he found his own wife’s name.’† So the trial ran. Yet when all was said and done, as far as Forman was concerned, the evidence adduced did little save to bring Forman a posthumous notoriety and the unfortunate Somersets into greater popular odium—which was possibly Coke’s‡ intention. ‘That there was a little picture of a young man ‘in white wax left with Forman the conjurer,’ Bacon allowed, in his letter of account and advice to the king, ‘was nothing to Somerset, and a loose conjecture.’§ But the lords and ladies who paid as much as 50*l.* apiece to indulge the coarse and vulgar curiosity which still crowds the scene of a sensational trial were probably of a different opinion. The result of the trial verified Forman’s prediction of ‘much trouble’ to come of Frances Howard’s love. Weston, Helwisse, Franklin, and Anne Turner were hanged, the Somersets condemned to death, and George Villiers reigned at court in Robert Carr’s stead.

As Lilly’s memoirs and Forman’s life may thus exemplify the parts played by professional adepts in occultism during

* Lilly’s ‘Memoirs.’

† Anthony Weldon, ‘Court of James.’

‡ Coke’s interests, it is said, lay with Villiers, the new favourite, who had married, or was about to marry, his daughter.

§ Spedding’s ‘Life of Bacon,’ vol. v. p. 289.

the times of the Stewarts, it remains for Dr. John Dee, the greatest mathematician of Elizabeth's reign, to place us face to face with the very heart of occult science, not with Forman's waxen effigies or Lilly's almanacs of planetary prophecies, but with spirits made visible and audible to mortal sense. Moreover, let the case stand as it may with the good faith of others, Master John Dee's diary bears stamped upon it the testimony of a sincere, if amazing, faith—a faith truly as miraculous as any marvel the diary professes to register. It is a monument of a credulity so unbounded as to be in itself almost incredible, and, in virtue of this credulity, it represents faithfully, in the most minute detail, a feature of intellectual life and thought which may well escape notice in annals of wider import. Further, the picture is drawn by the man who was at once the victim and the exponent of the mental attitude shared by all the ignorant and many of the wise amongst his contemporaries.

The episodes of John Dee's life have been epitomised by Mr. Thomas Wright in his *History of Sorcery and Witchcraft*, and by Mr. I. D'Israeli in his '*Amenities of Literature*.' Born of Welsh parentage in the year 1527 (the eighteenth of Henry VIII.'s reign), he was educated partly at Oxford—where he took his degree—and partly at the famous University of Louvain. Presumably he regarded mathematics as his principal study, and in later years was fond of styling himself 'a foresworn old mathematician.' But he was also esteemed, as Lilly, writing sixty years after his death, records, of great judgement in the Latin and Greek tongues, a perfect astronomer, and a serious geometrician, the author of books and treatises to the number of sixty printed and unprinted works. He wrote the preface to the first English translation of Euclid, and was the originator of a project for the maintenance of a royal navy. And in his old age, when other sciences had superseded these simpler branches of erudition, he still evinced a lingering pride in these attainments of his unilluminated earthly learning.

During the reign of Queen Mary he was in close communication with the Princess Elizabeth—her tutor, it may be, in more lore than the books of the schoolroom sanctioned—and he himself was imprisoned on a charge of sorcery. When Mary's death emancipated Elizabeth from her seclusion at Hatton, Master John Dee was summoned to interrogate the stars on her behalf and declare what conjunction of the planets would be propitious for the

celebration of the coronation. Nor was this the only service of the kind required at his hands. A waxen image, with a pin piercing its breast, found in the confines of her good city of London, threatened mischief to her person, and since the reformed religion admitted of no priestly exorcist, the astrologer, armed with his abstruse knowledge, must dissipate the malign influence with counter spells, and Dee, 'by godley means,' was requisitioned to set her Majesty and the Privy Council at rest.* For queens—even such master-maids as Elizabeth—were but women. For them, as for others, the terrors of the supernatural overshadowed the world of sense, and the weird horrors of witchcraft were tightening their hold upon the imagination of a country which in the following century was surfeited with the atrocities of the witch trials of King James's reign.†

Thus, secure of the confidence and favour of a great queen, her 'salaried intelligencer,' with regard to foreign policies, with a sufficiency of the goods of this world, with the means to gratify his intellectual ambitions—his library comprised some 4,000 books and manuscripts in English, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew—remarried at fifty to Jane Fromond, a girl of twenty, who seems in their earlier years of marriage to have been his constant companion in his labours and travels, life might well have passed serenely over the head of the pious-minded, God-fearing, affectionately-hearted philosopher in his riverside home at Mortlake. But the divine discontent with the attainable had chosen him for its prey. He dreamt dreams, knockings sounded at night in his chamber mingled with inarticulate crying, invisible presences intruded upon his solitude, and in the year 1581 we find that the visions of the crystal have become the supreme 'Fata Morgana' of his thoughts.

Yet between these visions, between Master Dee and the holy angels to be descried in the consecrated stone, there was still, as with us of the common herd, the obstacle of the flesh. The little globe, set in gold, engraven with sacred names and surmounted by the cross, the 'shew' stone of beryl or other polished substance, might stand on the mystical table in the philosopher's study, but

* Amenities of Literature ('Essay on Dee'), D'Israeli.

† On James's accession 'a law was enacted which subjected witches to death on the first conviction, even though they should have inflicted no injury upon their neighbours. This law was passed when Coke was Attorney-General and Bacon a member of parliament.' Lecky, 'History of Rationalism.'

to John Dee's ear no single sound of celestial voices came from the burnished sphere of silence, to John Dee's eyes no single phantasm of spiritual forms traversed the lucency of the shining ball. His mind was willing, but the eye was blind and the ear deaf. 'The Devil,' thus Meric Casaubon, the editor of his diary, interprets his incapacity, 'had not that mastery over Doctor Dee's body to 'fit it for such sights.'

But at all times and in all places it has been the destiny of the dupe to create the impostor. John Dee's credulity did more. It created a whole scheme of imposture of almost unrivalled audacity, consistency, and inventiveness, and Dee himself became a mere tool in the hands of the notorious adventurer, the 'skryer' Edward Kelly.

The profession of skryer, crystal-gazer, or speculator—the terms are synonymous—was a recognised calling. Lilly makes constant reference to such adepts, many of whom he had watched in the exercise of their trade. Sarah Skelhorn, whose 'call' to the crystal began, 'O ye good 'angels, only and only,' when her master, 'a lewd fellow 'professing physie,' required her ministrations. Ellen Evans likewise, he tells us, the daughter of Lilly's own drunken instructor, had a like gift, but a less perfect sight, for, although the list is prolonged, Lilly allows that 'the visions do not always avail,' as it was rare for any operator to hear the angels speak articulately in his day; and among Elias Ashmole's MS. are receipts for amending impotency of vision:—

'A pint of sallet-oyle put into a vial of glass washed with rose-water and marygold-water—the flowers to be gathered towards the East—the budds of holyhocks, flowers of marygold, toppes of wild thyme—these (with other ingredients) dissolved and kept for use are an Unguent to anoint the eyelids when, from causes unspecified, the "sight" was imperfect.*'

Possibly the traditional requisite for perfect sight, in so far as intercourse with the higher ranks of celestial visitants was concerned, innocence of life, was not more common in Lilly's time than at other periods of the world's history.

However imperfect the visions, the skryer nevertheless seemed seldom wanting. Dr. Dee in 1581 had in his employment one named Barnabas Saul, a man 'strangely 'troubled by a spiritual creature at midnight,' Dee says in

* Quoted in Percy's 'Reliques.'

his earlier diary. But Saul's powers were inadequate to supply the demands of Dee's faith, and in the spring of 1582, four years after his second marriage with Jane Fromond, Edward Kelly appeared upon the scene. Kelly, *alias* Talbot, it would seem, dining in company with John Dee, his wife, and others, disclosed to Dee the ill dealings of Saul, ill dealings enhanced by ingratitude, for when the Devil would have had Saul away to drown him, his master 'hindered the Devil of his purpose;' and, eventually, whatever may have been the rights of the case, Kelly was installed, at the rate of 50*l.* per annum, in Saul's place.

Regarded impartially, Kelly's antecedents were not calculated to inspire confidence. Born in Lancashire, by profession an apothecary, he had combined the practice of other arts with that of medicine. At Walton-le-Dale, having been engaged to predict the manner and date of death of a certain young gentleman, he had, in company with one Paul Waring, invoked a member of the infernal regiment,* from whom he trusted to obtain the desired intelligence. After this 'black ceremony' a blacker rite ensued. A dead body was disinterred and made to utter strange predictions, of which the authenticity was vouched for by the young gentleman himself in later years. The sequel of this deed of darkness, so far as regarded Kelly, was of a tangible nature. The laws against sorcery, fallen into abeyance, had recently been revived, and in this instance not in vain. The loss of both ears is the penalty recorded in Wever's 'Funeral Monuments,' although it remains open to doubt if the further charge of feloniously coining of moneys was not the more immediate cause of the forfeiture.

But body-stealer, coiner, or devil-dealer, one thing was certain, Kelly 'saw,' and in virtue of that seeing, Edward Kelly, then twenty-seven years of age, with Joan Kelly, his wife, some six or seven years younger than himself, took up their abode in Master Dee's dwelling. Henceforth, to Kelly's eyes, whole troops of spiritual beings assembled themselves in the mystic stone. Apparitions thronged to his sight, voices spake in tongues known and unknown, in the vulgar tongue of his native land, and in that forgotten language which belonged to Adam in the days of innocence. The Latin, too, they spake, but they would not, Kelly asserted, 'endure to deal in the Hungarian tongue,'

* Casaubon derives the episode from the annotations of Ashmole's 'Theatrum Chemicum.'

a prejudice we may easily interpret when those to whom the Hungarian tongue was familiar were amongst Kelly's audience. And those things which Kelly saw and heard, though to his master's grosser senses they were hidden, Dee faithfully and minutely inscribed. The eye and the ear were Kelly's, the hand and the pen were Dee's. Wild prophecies, confused rhapsodies, fantastic images fill page after page, albeit, says Lilly, 'Dee had not plain resolutions 'because Kelly was very vicious, unto whom the angels 'were not willingly obedient.'

Ill assorted in very truth were the two companions. Master Dee at once patient and eager, standing on the threshold of old age, with all the honourable learning of an accomplished scholar, docile to every prompting of the angelic voices, accepting with invulnerable credulity each spiritual utterance; grave, pious, gentle, courteous, and, despite the little pomposities of his lay sacerdotalism, dignified. Edward Kelly, a consummate actor, a brilliant charlatan, eloquent, imaginative, capricious, vindictive and violent, recklessly ambitious, loud, coarse-grained, a lover of gain and of pleasure, in whose career the jeering levity of the impostor alternates with the more repulsive counterfeits of the hypocrite.

From the first entries in Dee's diary it is not difficult to detect the undertone of sceptical mockery in Kelly's utterances. His audacious security in his master's facile credulity was boundless. This personal note gives a distinct colour and individuality to the otherwise monotonous pages of spiritual revelations, the 'sermon-like stuff,' as Casaubon calls it, which fills the long pages of the ponderous folio. In the fantastic visions he reported to Dee's listening ear his vivid and wayward fancy found scope for invention. The first vision, where Madini, the most familiar of spirits, appears, is not the least curious example the volume affords of the light-hearted trivialities with which the revelations of divine wisdom are throughout interspersed. And it must always be remembered that, in this and all following scenes, though Dee is the scribe, Kelly is the seer and dictates all portions of the narratives save those where Dee interrogates the spirits.

Thus the dialogue is introduced with a description of the sight seen by the skryer, and we read in Dee's words—

'that suddenly there came out of my oratory a spiritual creature, like a pretty girl of 7 or 8 years of age, attired on her head with her hair rowled up before and hanging down very long behind, with a gown of

sey changeable green and red, and with a train she seemed to play up and down. She seemed to go in and out behind my books, and as she should ever go between them the books seemed to give place. . . .'

Then the dialogue begins:—

'Dr. Dee: "Whose maiden are you?"

'She: "Whose man are you?"

'Dr. Dee: "I am the servant of God, both by my bounden duty and also I hope by His adoption."

'(A voice is heard saying: "You shall be beaten if you tell!")'

'She: "Am I not a fine maiden? Give me leave to play in your house. My mother told me she would come and dwell here."

'(She went up and down with the gestures of a young girl playing by herself, and diverse times another spake to her from the corner, but none was seen.)

'Dr. Dee: "Tell me who you are?"

'She: "I pray you let me play with you a little, and I will tell you who I am."

'Dr. Dee: "In the name of Jesus then tell me."

'She: "I rejoyce in the name of Jesus, and I am a poor little maiden, Madini; I am the last but one of my mother's children; I have little baby children at home."

'Dr. Dee: "Where is your home?"

'She: "I dare not tell, I shall be beaten."

Soon Madini brings out a picture book, apparently an illustrated history of England, and as a voice calls her away she begins to smile, disregarding the summons—

'She: "I will read over my gentlewomen first. My Master Dee will teach me if I say amiss. . . . I have gentlemen and gentlewomen . . . is not this a pretty man, my faith! His name is Edward. This" (she passes on to another) "was a jolly man when he was king. . . . Here is a grim Lord, he maketh me afraid. Here is Hugh Lacy. He weareth his hair long, for he was deputy of Ireland—that maketh him look with such a writhen face. . . . My sister has torn out the two other leaves."

So she can go no further 'till after supper.' And gaily Madini gathers up her 'skrolls,' puts up her book, and departs in her gown of shot colours.

A trifle older, she returns when summer had come. Dr. Dee is about shortly, by spiritual decree, to quit his quiet Mortlake home, where Queen Elizabeth was wont to ride over from Richmond and speak with her old friend at the 'great gate of the field,' and call for his 'glass' to be shown to her as she sat there on horseback, with the Thames flowing heavily near by between its low-lying banks of stunted osiers. All this he is to leave behind him, and, moreover, he is to write a book, and to write it in haste, in

the intervals of Madini's visits; older and more serious-minded spiritual maidens have issued the command. But Dee is sorely perplexed, and confides his distress to the cheery little confidant who again stands, at Kelly's call, in the Show-stone. She, too, is somewhat oppressed with tasks of her own; she is learning Greek, Arabic, and the Syrian tongue, and she can sympathise with the tasks of her 'good 'Master Dee,' and for him she entreats her mother's help: 'Mother, I pray you, let him have one to write his book,' and her mother promises assistance, whereby his heart is eased, and Kelly beheld the mother of Madini 'flying away 'as a fire,' while Madini, prostrate on her face, prays vehemently. Yet soon she sets praying aside and resumes her former manner of speech, childish, querulous, merry, or perverse, according to the mood of the moment, yet not without sudden flashes of angelic passion, upbraiding Kelly fiercely.

'Speak, man,' she cries. 'What dost thou hunt after? 'Dost thou love God? Wilt thou say thou hast faith? 'Show it me by thy love. Thou hast not love, thou hast 'hate. Dost thou love silver and gold? One is a thief, the 'other a murderer. Wilt thou seek honour? So did Cain.' Such rebukes of his own avarice and violence Kelly puts into her mouth, and she cast out of him fifteen evil spirits, 'and there came a thing like a wind and pluckt them by 'the feet away.'

A little later Madini comes on a mission of consolation. Edward Kelly had seen a terrible vision. Jane Dee, his master's wife, then absent, lay dead without a burning house. Upon the walls of that house 'shadows 'went up and down kindling them with torches.' John Dee is in sore anguish at the portent, but Madini, 'a little 'wench all in white,' reassures him. Jane Dee is safe, and no flame has scorched the walls of her dwelling place, and Dee's fears are allayed. Next time Madini appears she is, as she herself observes, 'a little grown.' The child in her gown of red and green is become a 'handsome maiden robed 'in white.' She has left her picture books behind. Soon she stands 'besprent with blood, and fire kindles around 'her,' sinister auguries of what shall befall when the days of her spiritual play-time are fully over.

Madini is but one of many phantoms that cross and recross the stage. To Kelly's sight visions swarm—great plains of withered herbs and burned grasses; beams of fire lighting upon rotten trees; waters rise, spreading them-

selves afar like vast seas; solitary forms, at 'great glad-
'some shining of the sun,' come from behind the veil which
is within the stone. And again, the forms seem 'to put
'the air over them and to enter the cloud of invisibility.'
Dancing spirits in pied coats, recalling the Piper of
Hamelin, come with a refrain of laughter:—

‘There is a God—let us be merry;
There is a heaven—let us be merry.’

It is an endless phantasmagoria that lies hidden within the
golden curtains of the crystal. Fables there are there
written of mystic numbers—numbers ‘of *reason* and *form*,
'not as merchants count them'—and angelic calls, whereby
spirits are led into obedience to man. There are allegories
—mystery-plays—enacted, signifying one knows not what.
They are irrelevant as dreams, as dreams they are at once
vivid and confused. Distinctly outlined shapes meet and
tangle and are transformed in them, shifting places like the
sharply defined patterns in a kaleidoscope. And still
Kelly sees on, and still Master John Dee writes in his book
the visions Kelly has seen.

Sometimes almost we seem to be reading a page of the
'Pilgrim's Progress.' A traveller-woman stands, yellow-
haired, in the crystal:—

Kelly: "I never saw this woman before."

She: "It may be you have seen me, but my apparel may alter
my fashion."

(Kelly: "She seems to go in a great path before her very
speedily.")

Dee: "I pray you, whither make you such a speedy journey?"

She: "I am going home, I have been from home this seven-night."

Dee: "God grant you to make speed to your home, and all we to
the home where the highest may be well pleased."

She: "So, so, you talk too wisely for me. . . ."

(Kelly: "Now cometh a goodly tall aged man, all in black. . . .
He saith to her thus.")

Old man: "Whither go you, maid? Methinks I should have
known you before?"

She: "If you knew me before you may the easier know me now."

After such fashion the dialogue continues, the scene
changing like the shifting landscape of a panorama. Then
a gateway comes into view, and in the stonework of the
gate, as in the carving of John Inglesant's crystal vision,
is the image of a running greyhound. Here the wanderer
enters, but will not tarry. 'She cometh forth and goeth
'along a great way like a common highway . . . the light

‘ of the air about her seemeth somewhat dark, like evening
‘ or twilight. . . . Her name being interpreted is Finis.’

To modern representatives of Spiritualist doctrine these and other similar passages hold significances we, of the laity without the pale, are doubtless slow to apprehend. What visual and natural phenomena may underlie and have given rise to the legends of the crystal-gazer; what truths the fables that have clustered round him contain and perpetuate, is for experimental science to determine. The legend of the crystal arises in the mist of bygone ages; its end is yet to tell. For, deconsecrated from all its older associations of mystic symbolism, divorced from archangelic protections, degraded into the prosaic glass medium ‘used
‘ for the purposes of concentration mental and physical’ by the ‘percipient,’ who desires to visualise the ‘subliminal
‘ pictures’ dormant in the mind,* the crystal is still amongst us with its many and various manifestations, credited or discredited according to the faith of the enquirer.

But apart from the question of its value as a medium of spiritual or mental knowledge, Mr. Wright supplies a key to the general drift of Edward Kelly’s visions and a motive for those futile journeyings which, at the command of the divine revelations—as interpreted by Kelly—John Dee obediently undertook. Kelly was a man of unbounded ambition with an infatuation for political intrigue. The extraordinary career of John Beccold, the tailor of Leyden, who for a whole year—1534–35—had maintained the pomps and splendours of an Eastern despot, was still fresh in men’s minds, and may well have fired the brains of other baseborn adventurers with hopes of equal and more stable successes; and there is evidence to show that some such scheme of a universal monarchy was prompting Kelly’s imagination. In John Dee, a man of established fame, he sought an unconscious agent by whose means to forward his own plans of aggrandisement, while in the Polish prince, Albert A Laskie, who when Kelly first entered Dee’s service was Queen Elizabeth’s guest and Dee’s disciple, Kelly saw another tool ready to his hand.

It was thus that, according to Kelly’s declarations, A Laskie was elected by angelic choice as the supreme head of the spiritual monarchy about to be established by angelic foreshowings. In accordance, too, with angelic ordinance, Master John Dee and Jane his wife, accompanied by his

* Reports of S.P.R.

children and the members of his household, Edward and Joan Kelly being of the number, with A Laskie, departed from England to seek their fortunes abroad. But arrived in A Laskie's dominions, Kelly discovered the prince ill qualified to carry out the divine predictions; and Dr. Dee is bidden forthwith to seek the court of Rudolph II., the patron of Tycho Brahe. But the Emperor, although graciously disposed towards the English philosopher, had no disposition to become a blind devotee of Kelly's revelations, and once more the political angel shifts his choice, and King Stephen of Poland is appointed in Rudolph's stead. Stephen, too, proved incredulous or reprobate, and after some five years had passed, with many vicissitudes of royal favour and royal disfavour, of poverty and of plenty, of promise and disappointment, it would seem that Kelly, abandoning his universal monarchy, and relinquishing his primary ambitions, turned his thoughts to more lucrative schemes, and set himself to the quest of the Philosopher's Stone, practising that secret alchemy by which base metal could be converted into gold. To this epoch probably we should assign the episode reported by Lilly—a tale, he says, much circulated amongst the merchants of some German town where Dee then lodged:—

‘An old friar,’ so runs his fable, ‘one day knocked at the door of Doctor Dee’s house. Dee peeped down the stairs. “Kelly,” said he, “tell the old man I am not at home.” Kelly did so. The Friar said, “I will take another time to wait upon him.” Some few days after he came again. Dee ordered Kelly to deny him again. He did so; at which the Friar was very angry. “Tell thy master I came to speak with him and to do him good, because he is a great scholar and famous. But now tell him to put forth a book; it is called ‘Monas Hieroglyphicas.’ He understands it not. I wrote it myself; I came to instruct him therein, and in some other more profound things. Do thou, Kelly, come with me, and I will make thee more famous than thy master Dee.” Kelly thereupon retired from Dee, and of the Friar had the elixir or the perfect method of its making. The poor Friar lived a very short while after; whether made away by Kelly, the merchant who related this did not certainly know,”

adds Lilly significantly.

Meanwhile, and indeed from the very first days of their ill-assorted partnership, the personal relations between the skryer and his master had taxed Dee’s patience to the uttermost. No sooner had Kelly made himself necessary for the ministration of the Show-stone—and truly, few other seers could excel the wonders he reports as manifest to his

sight—than he asserted a brutal ascendancy over the old man, threatening at every difference or dispute to quit his office, a menace which held Dee ever subject to his rule. ‘A spiritual creature on my right shoulder saith come away.’ (This dialogue is inscribed amongst Dee’s records.) ‘So said one to Saul, when they would have drowned him had I not stayed him by force,’ Dee made answer. ‘They told *me*,’ was Kelly’s retort, ‘that if *I* tarried I should be hanged.’ Then he brings a new plea for departure. He goes so far as to asperse the character of the angelic visitants and ‘fears for his soul’s health if he have any more dealings with them,’ and Dee ‘pawns his own soul that they are the emissaries of God.’ ‘O Madini,’ cried the gentle old scholar after one such contest, ‘shall I have any more of these grievous pangs?’

Before, however, Kelly finally abandoned the profession of skryer for the more profitable trade of alchemy—a craft, we learn, Kelly’s sister was practising with success in Worcester—he had yet to perpetrate one master stroke of villany. The accomplished scholar of Elizabeth’s court was to play his part in a domestic tragedy worthy to rank with the most sombre plots of Elizabethan dramatists.

The April of 1587 had come. The little band of wanderers had exchanged perforce the patronage of kings and emperors for that of Count Rosenberg, an initiate in spiritual mysteries. In the old castle of Trebon in Bohemia were domiciled as guests John Dee and Jane, his wife, his first-born, Arthur (afterwards physician to Charles I.), Katherine, his daughter, aged six, without whom her father ‘could not live,’ Roland, Michael, and Theodore, a three-months’ old baby, Marie, Jane Dee’s woman, and John, a page. With them, in rooms adjoining Dr. Dee’s apartments, abode Edward Kelly and Joan, his childless and unloved wife. ‘I cannot abide my wife, I love her not; nay, I abhor her,’ so Kelly vehemently proclaimed his hatred, and for once the ring of truth attaches to his utterance. Alas for Joan Kelly! Alas, too, we take it, for Jane Dee!

That spring Master John Dee seems to have resigned himself to Kelly’s long-threatened departure. With many prayers he had dedicated Arthur Dee, then nine years old, to the ministry of the Show-stone. All unconsciously in the marginal notes and commentaries of his diary, Dee, with scattered touches, sets his own tragedy in its old-world framework. The picture of the old Bohemian castle rises before us in curious completeness. The ‘very goodly’

chapel with its many windows, communicating with the rooms set apart for Dee's use ; the mystical table erected therein, where stood the sacred crystal in its graven circle of gold ; the ' New Garden ' beneath the castle walls, with stairs that led downwards to it, and the little river, fringed with willows and full of small fish, which ran through the garden, and where Dee was wont willingly to walk. And near at hand another chapel, where Prince Rosenberg was accustomed to observe his own devotions. And in the castle galleries, and in the chapel, and in the gardens to Kelly's eyes and Dee's faith the spirits passed continually to and fro, although to Arthur Dee, exercised daily in the skryer's office, the visions were broken and the angelic voices dumb.

Of the two women concerned in the story the diary tells little. Of Joan Kelly we know only that she was the younger by some seven years, that she was a childless wife, hated by Kelly and, it would appear, formerly befriended by Jane Dee. Jane Dee herself, thirty or thirty-two years younger than her husband, seems to have been a woman of fragile frame and delicate health. ' That Jane my wife ' may be recovered of her sickness ' is a constantly recurring petition made by John Dee on her behalf to the angels of the stone. One brief letter written by her has kept its irrelevant place amongst the records of spiritual communications. It is so empty a missive that its very emptiness points to some special significance it held for her husband's eyes.

' Sweetheart,' she wrote from Trebon, during some temporary absence of Master Dee's, ' I commend me unto ' you, hoping in God that you are in good health as I and ' my children are. I praise God for it. I have none other ' matter to write unto you at this time.' Was she too, as Kelly, playing upon the simplicity of her husband? Or was she but another victim of the same disastrous delusion? The old Bohemian castle, within whose walls the brief note was penned, holds fast and silently Jane Dee's secret.

The entries in the last pages of the diary tell, although disjointedly, as life tells its own stories, the sequel. April 17, it being a Friday, Arthur Dee at noon stood before the Show-stone in the little chapel. Kelly loitered without in the corridor. Arthur, gazing into the crystal, saw nothing. John Dee, kneeling, prayed his many prayers beside the sacred table. Still, there was neither voice nor vision. Then, from the gallery without the chapel where

he walked alone, Kelly saw a great number of spirits. Madini, the days of whose childhood were departed, and many others. They went in and out of the chapel in disordered fashion and in foul and uncomely guise. Yet was the semblance of evil 'justified and good,' the voices declared to Kelly. Saturday, the 18th day of April, Kelly once again, at John Dee's desire, consented to perform the office of skryer. To his ears the spiritual message, refused to the hearing of the child, was audible. Madini stood before him and she spoke aloud. 'Behold you are become 'free.' (Once more the tenets of the anabaptist king seem to echo in Kelly's brain.) Henceforth, so Madini decrees, they four shall use that freedom—John Dee, Edward Kelly, the wife beloved, and the wife abhorred, shall dwell together, the marriage bond of unilluminated man cancelled and annulled, Dee and Kelly 'shall hold their 'wives in common.'

For the space of some days even the faith of John Dee wavered. What manner of voice, he questioned, could this be? While Kelly, crowning his imposture with well-feigned assumption of horror, pronounced it a 'doctrine of devils;' and through the night Jane Dee watched and wept and trembled. But new visions reiterated the command, step by step honour made submission to faith, and the strange tragedy moved slowly onward to its foregone conclusion. John Dee 'soothed his wife's fears, and she showed 'herself resolved to obey the admonition. . . . On Sunday 'the 3rd May, anno 1587, I, John Dee, Edward Kelly, 'and our two wives covenanted with God and subscribed the same for indissoluble and inviolable unities, 'charity, and friendship-keeping between us four and all 'things to be between us in common, as God by sundry 'means willed us to do.' This covenant accomplished, Kelly 'changed his purpose of departing.'

Little more is recorded in the diary of that final catastrophe. While its issues lay in suspense the Show-stone had vanished—stolen by robber angels. Now it was restored. As Kelly walked by the riverside two spirits strove by a willow tree. They spake of the stone; it would be found beneath Jane Dee's pillow, as that day she lay ill at ease in her own chamber. And there Dee found it, 'whereat 'Kelly wondered greatly, but I and my wife rejoiced,' the old man says simply. On May 22 'Mistress Kelly received 'the sacrament, and to me and my wife gave her hand in 'charity,' we read in the private diary edited by Mr.

Halliwell. But in July 'Mr. Thomas Southwell did labour 'with Mistress Kelly for to further charity and friendship.' A few more vague visions, empty promises and indefinite predictions, and the entries of spiritual communications close abruptly. A lapse of twenty years intervenes before the diary reopens in 1607.

During the remaining seven years of Kelly's life they met no more, although letters passed between them, and Dee long cherished a hope of Kelly's return. The sequel of Kelly's history is soon told. After quitting Dee's service he repaired once more to the court of Rudolph, where he appears to have been knighted and retained in a species of imprisonment as Imperial alchemist.* His fame is attested in Lord Bacon's account of a certain dinner given by the Archbishop of Canterbury to Sir Edward Dyer. Dyer, the favourite poet-diplomatist of Elizabeth—known best to posterity as the author of the lyric 'My mind to me a 'kingdom is'—was godfather to John Dee's eldest child, and we find him as early as the year 1577, in company with the Earl of Leicester and Philip Sidney, a guest in Dee's house.

'Edward Dyer,' so runs Lord Bacon's anecdote, 'a grave and wise gentleman, did much believe in Kelly the alchemist; that he did indeed the work, and made gold; insomuch as that he went himself into Germany, where Kelly then was, to inform himself fully thereof.† After his return he dined with my lord of Canterbury, where at that time was at table Dr. Browne, the physician. They fell in talk of Kelly. Sir Edward Dyer, turning to the Archbishop, said: "I do assure your grace that that I shall tell you is truth. I am an eye-witness thereof, and if I had not seen it I should not have believed it. I saw Master Kelly put of the base metal into the crucible, and after it was set a little upon the fire, and a very small quantity of the medicine put in and stirred with a stick of wood, it came forth in great proportion perfect gold, to the touch, to the hammer, to the test." Said the Bishop: "You had need take heed what you say, Sir Edward Dyer, for here is an infidel at the board." Sir Edward Dyer said again pleasantly: "I should have looked for an infidel sooner in any place than at your grace's table." "What say you, Dr. Browne?" (saith the Bishop). Dr. Browne answered after his blunt and huddling manner: "The gentleman hath spoken enough for me." "Why,"

* D'Israeli suggests this was the period when 'strange alchemical projections of pewter flagons were turned into silver, which the goldsmiths of Prague bought, and were afterwards attested by Arthur Dee to Sir T. Browne.'

† Bacon himself addressed Kelly with respect for his 'virtues, wisdom, and learning.'

saith the Bishop, "what hath he said?" "Marry," saith Dr. Browne, "he said he would not have believed it except he had seen it, and no more will I."

After such a report, however, it is not surprising that Elizabeth, who was no 'infidel,' sent a secret emissary to recall Sir Edward Kelly to her service. Kept by Rudolph a prisoner in his own house at Prague—probably on just grounds of suspicion—Kelly was in no wise unwilling to change masters. But attempting to escape he fell from the battlements of his prison, and died from the injuries received a few days later—a death more or less corresponding to predictions of his own. The year of his death appears to be that given by Dee, 1595, although Mr. Wright dates it earlier.

John Dee survived Kelly by the space of thirteen years. He returned to England in 1589, bringing with him a newborn child, by name Madini. Elizabeth received him kindly, but henceforth Dee's fortunes declined—his day was over. 'Sailing 'against the wind's eye,' as he said of himself, poverty, sickness, and neglect dogged his steps. His genius—as D'Israeli says—was as erratic as the course of life he fell into, and though 'it kept great objects in view,' even James I., superstitious as he was shrewd, observed 'Dee will go mad.' The Wardenship of the College of Manchester was nevertheless conferred upon him, and James retained the aged scholar under his royal protection.

During those years a new skryer, Bartholomew Hinkman, seems to have taken Kelly's place. But Bartholomew lacked Kelly's genius, or, it may be, Dee lacked somewhat of his old faith, for the 'reports of his [Bartholomew's] 'untrue actions [with spirits] were burnt before me and 'my wife,' Dee writes in one of the entries of his private diary [1600]—a conflagration which partially accounts for the long hiatus in his records of spiritual dealings in the larger folio.

Yet, despite his 'untruth,' when that record re-opens, Bartholomew still plays the part of angelic interpreter. John Dee is once more domiciled in his old home at Mortlake, 'very poor,' as Lilly states, 'and enforced many times to 'sell some book or other to buy his dinner with.' Thither Raphael, the Throne Angel, was, on March 24, sent to comfort him in his penury. Some fourteen pages contain the last entries of the book, but bereft of Kelly's keen imagination and ready wit, the angelic communications have lost their eloquence. Yet they are not without a

pathetic interest. The old man—Dee had reached his 79th year—must set forth on a new journey. So Raphael, by the mouth of Hinkman, declared on the July of the same year. And Dee, ever obedient to the angelic utterances, even when conveyed by the hired lips of faithless servants, questions docilely ‘Whither?’ And who shall travel in his company? And concerning his books, what shall he do with them? Will he return from the journey, and shall he retain his title to enjoy his house at his return? What shall Arthur his son do? And what of his daughter Katherine? And Raphael answers these and other interrogations of lesser import. Arthur has taken the silver-gilt bell-salt, and likewise other goods pertaining to his father. Dee need preserve no right of tenancy in his old home. He may go where he lists; being come to that place God will have him in, he will have little mind to return. For his daughter Katherine, ‘thou thyself,’ said Raphael, ‘dost best ‘know that without her thou canst not be.’ Let us trust the need was not reciprocal, for on the road John Dee must travel two may not walk abreast! On September 7, 1607, the diary ends. The following year John Dee was dead.

After some such manner lived, each according to his kind, Dr. Dee in the sixteenth century, Simon Forman at the beginning of the seventeenth century, William Lilly at its close, when, so far as England was concerned, magic as magic, with all its squalid miseries of sorcery and witchcraft, practically expired. ‘*La Magie Pathologique*,’ to revert to M. Maury’s forecast of forty years ago, was alone left as the heritage of the generations to come. New interpretations have attached themselves to old phenomena, ‘on a jadis brûlé pas mal de ‘gens qui n’étaient nullement possédés par l’Esprit du ‘Mal; maintenant on noie sous les douches ceux qui le ‘sont. Nous diagnostiquons au rebours du moyen-âge,’ is M. Huysmans’s epitome of the new conditions of opinion. Supernaturalism—outside the province of theology—has been finally banished, and the witch, the magician, the alchemist, and the astrologer have passed to their own abiding place in the dust of dead centuries. Specialists in hypnotism, students of somnambulism and hallucination, experimenters in still unexplored realms of physical and mental science, have taken possession of the domain where necromancers conjured and diviners dreamed. Yet other wheels besides the Wheel of Fortune turn. The

house where the occultism of the past once dwelt has been swept, garnished, and re-tenanted. But many fragments of the ancient furniture remain. And to some of us it would seem that, though new feet tread the floor and new voices break the silence, some breath of the old atmosphere stirs again in the long abandoned chambers, that the smouldering ashes of extinct fires requicken on the long deserted hearths.

ART. III.—1. *Poems*. By STEPHEN PHILLIPS. London : 1897.

2. *Paolo and Francesca : a Tragedy in Four Acts*. By STEPHEN PHILLIPS. London : 1899.

IT has become a commonplace, but one of those common-places which minds of a certain type take pleasure in repeating, that the generation born, let us say, between the Crimean and the Franco-Prussian wars has produced no genuine poet ; that since Mr. Swinburne outlived the inspiration of his youth poetry is dead, or as good as dead, among us. For this opinion we can see little warrant. The work of Mr. Watson, Mr. Francis Thomson, and Mr. Yeats—to name only those about whom we feel the fullest conviction, though many would put Mr. Robert Bridges above any of the three—is quite worthy to rank with that of Herrick, Crashaw, and Carew, or any of the poets in whom lovers of poetry find unfailing pleasure, though the highest praise is never claimed for their verse. But it was evident enough that nothing was being written in verse which could entitle its author to take his place in the famous company to which of all men in this century only Scott, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Byron, Tennyson, and Browning are admitted without question, and perhaps hardly even all of these. Two years ago a new hope sprang into sight, and at the end of the century there can be no doubt that a real poet is again amongst us. He is, happily, quite young ; and as surely as Wordsworth and Coleridge belonged to the nineteenth century rather than to that in which ‘*Lyrical Poems*’ and ‘*Ballads*’ was published, so surely, in the year 1900, has Mr. Stephen Phillips his career before and not behind him. And, since these milestones in time have always their effect upon human feeling, it is impossible not to rejoice that we enter on the fresh lap with this good omen, that there is amongst us a man who can stir in us the old thrill and rouse us to a sense of the tragic beauty, the haunting mystery of life.

Every poet inherits as well as creates, reflects light as well as emits it, and this applies both to the matter and the form of his art. Mr. Phillips, coming after Tennyson and Mr. Swinburne, found the existing standard of verse for almost any possible use brought to a pitch so high that in it he could scarcely better his instructors ; he found poetic style fixed, but not rigid, an instrument perfected

and ready to his hand. He found also, as every poet does, two domains in which to adventure. There was first a bewildering mass of material broken in to the purposes of poetry: stories and myths from every age and country told already and consecrated to beauty, half familiar yet ready to take new shape and new colour in the artist's hand. Also about him there was the world, huge, weltering, shapeless, inarticulate, the modern world, ugly, disguised, and distorted, yet bathed in the same air, thrilled with the same emotions as when man came out of Eden. Out of this he might shape something; but he must rough-hew it for himself. That choice is always before every poet, and the special interest that attached to Mr. Phillips's first volume was that he had attempted both ways. His earliest work (it had been published in 1896 in a tiny pamphlet) was the poem 'Christ in Hades,' a strange blending of Christian and Pagan mythos; for the dead world which Jesus enters is rather Hades as Virgil pictured it than any realm of Dante's Inferno. Proserpina sits throned there, and the thrill of Christ's coming is by her mistaken for the advent of Hermes, calling her to the upper world when the grain quickens in the ground. This new Orpheus checks Ixion's wheel, and stays the labour of Sisyphus; but as he advances through the realm of shadow, drawing the multitudes after him as he drew them on earth, one ghost meets him still unreleased. Christ cannot free his antetype Prometheus, the other who took upon himself grief in full foreknowledge, suffering for the salvation of others; and the Titan speaks:

'O Christ, canst thou a nail move from these feet,
Thou who art standing in such love of me?
Thy hands are too like mine to undo these bonds.'

Thus the poet's imagination works, combining old things into new shapes, and the Pagan myth and the Christian take colour each from the other; but the material wrought upon has been worked over by many masters. Everywhere in the poem there is evidence of strong imagination, but of imagination fed by memory and the thoughts of other men. And the style, too, is charged with reminiscence. Lines like these:

'Toward him in faded purple, pacing came
Dead emperors and sad, unflattered kings;'

or this:

'After him in passion swept
Dead Asia, murmuring, and the buried North.'

have unquestionably the accent of great poetry, but they have not the individual accent. The utterance is a large utterance, which has caught not only the actual beauty of words but the magic of suggestion, the hint not only of colour, sound, and movement, but of the spirit of things; yet it is not an unmistakable voice. Reading these lines:

‘But when he had spoken, Christ no answer made.
Upon his hands in uncouth gratitude
Great prisoners, muttering, fawned; behind them stood
Dreadful suspended business and vast life
Pausing, dismantled piers and naked frames.’

one says to oneself ‘So Milton might have written.’ Throughout the poem there prevails something of the academic; some trace of an art deliberately putting itself to school; and one recognises that the artist is still experimenting in metre, not always with success. Infinite variety should be the aim of a writer in blank verse, yet within certain limits, and a phrase which by its effect of hiatus would be condemned even in prose can never be good in verse. For example, the line

‘And one yearning as wide as is the world’

limps and does not merely drag; the fault lies not in the inverted foot, but in the sequence of weak syllables following it. In short, the effect, designed no doubt to heighten the physical suggestion conveyed in the word ‘yearning,’ is gained at a sacrifice of true rhythm. Worse still is this instance:

‘Just as a widower that dreaming holds
His dead wife in his arms, not wondering,
So natural it appears; then, starting up
With trivial words or even with a jest,
Realises all the uncoloured dawn,
And near his head the young bird in the leaves
Stirring—not less, not otherwise, do we
Want in this colourless country the warm earth.’

That is a fine passage of finely varied cadence utterly marred by one intolerable line which we have italicised. The word ‘realises’ can only be scanned as two trochees, and no iambic line can possibly begin with it; for in iambic verse the total effect of any line must be iambic. In other instances, the boldness of experiment can only be justified by assuming a quickness of apprehension which the ordi-

nary reader does not possess. Proserpina begins her speech :

‘ Then, stretching out her arms, she said,
“ O all fresh out of beautiful sunlight
Thine eyes are still too dazed to see us clear.” ’

The balance of the second of these lines demands that it should be read with a pause upon the first syllable and a distribution of the accent on the last word ‘ sunlight,’ which is hardly natural. Yet, for the special emphasis, accent is needed upon the ‘ light;’ it is as though the poet claimed attention for the two parts of the word. Whether this device be or be not admissible may be argued, but it is habitual with Mr. Phillips. Only the other day some noble verses were published by him on the Dreyfus verdict—an appeal to the ‘ Lord of Hosts’ for retribution—in which this couplet occurred :

‘ We praise thy patience of the growing hour,
Thy wisdom gradual that brings the flower.’

Plainly it would have been easier to write,

‘ Thy gradual wisdom that brings forth the flower.’

But presumably the poet wished to give to the word ‘ gradual ’ a length of sound which it has not in ordinary speech, and this he secured by so placing it that the three syllables must be sounded, and slowly sounded, to give value to the line. A more commendable boldness with a like object may be exemplified from ‘ Christ in Hades ’ :—

‘ A wonderful stillness stopped her ; like to trees .
Motionless in an ecstasy of rain,
So the tall dead stood drooping around Christ.’

Nobody can stick at the rhythm of the first line, yet it is entirely irregular. But if it be made regular by removing the first word the stress instantly falls on the word ‘ wonderful,’ not, where it is needed, on ‘ stillness.’ As it stands, the ear is grateful not only for a variation of the cadence, which interrupts but does not derange the iambic rhythm, but also for the just emphasis.

Yet in the management of verse Mr. Phillips has advanced towards conformity rather than towards deviation from the normal. ‘ Christ in Hades ’ was not a long poem, yet beside those quoted there were a good many lines in it that defied the ordinary rules of scansion ; in ‘ Marpessa ’ there are fewer, and none that cannot be defended, while in a majority of instances they are triumphantly successful ; and

in 'Endymion' (published last year in the 'Nineteenth Century') fewer still. These three poems have to be considered together, for they all conform more or less to a common type; they are idylls on the model of 'Ænone;' and if 'Christ in Hades' showed by many passages a conscious and deliberate study of Milton, the other two betray the extent of the poet's debt to Tennyson. It was in these poems, working, as we have said, with material already subdued to beauty, where the subject did not struggle against him, that Mr. Phillips displayed his technical mastery of poetic form. He had achieved a style, and the style was his own, but coloured at every turn with Tennyson's influence. Like almost every artist, he came from a school, and there was no mistaking his master; but there was no mistaking either the disciple's originality. In each case the poet's imagination had been at work adding beauty to what was beautiful already, reading, as Tennyson had done before him, a new significance into the old myth. 'Tithonus' is more new than old in its import, and so is this 'Endymion,' this poem of the dreamer, whose lips have been touched by the lonely barren spirit of night's beauty; by the cold orb that sheds not life but repose, not light but mystery. If there is sunlight there must be moonshine; if joy there must be sorrow; and when the moon stoops to earth for love, the ocean, unswayed by her, rushes from its limits. And so—as Mr. Phillips reads the legend—Diana shines for ever cold and unwedded; and for those who are of her following there is no joy, but dreams; in dreams she kisses them; they are lonely, yet strangers to no sorrow or no joy; the grief with which she touches them is

‘Magical distress,
Distant delicious trouble and new pain.’

To this poem, and to Endymion's cry,

‘I must make music of my brother's pain,’

we have referred, not as wishing to criticise what has not yet been finally issued in book form, and is at present open to censure on many points of detail, but because it holds, we imagine, Mr. Phillips's conception of the poet's soul. At all events, he himself in his work has not only sought, but celebrated the inspiration of sorrow. That is the central thought of 'Marpessa,' the idyll which tells how 'Marpessa being given her choice by Zeus between the god Apollo and Idas, a mortal, chose Idas.' This poem, which upon the whole did most to convince critics that here at last was

a man of whom greatness might confidently be predicted, if not actually affirmed, directly challenges comparison with 'Enone.'

As in 'Enone,' so here the arbitrament was to be decided at 'the deep mid noon.' It is Apollo who speaks first, urging his proffer to Marpessa. She, being born human, is destined to 'taste of the earth sorrow,' and the pity of it moves even him, 'a spirit sliding through tranquillity.' For, he cries:

'Thy life has been
The history of a flower in the air
Liable but to breezes and to time,
As rich and purposeless as is the rose :
Thy simple doom is to be beautiful—
Thee God created but to grow, not strive,
And not to suffer, merely to be sweet.
The favourite of his rains ; and thou, indeed,
Lately upon the summer wast disclosed.'

Here one may pause in the quotation to call attention to the surpassing beauty of the verse where the words fall easily and inevitably into their places. 'The history of a flower in the air'—the line is light as a blossom ; but springing from that soft cadence the verse gathers weight and majesty, a god's utterance. And everywhere there is the felicity of style, the 'perpetual slight innovation' where the word holds more than a simple meaning:

'Thou, indeed,
Lately upon the summer wast disclosed.'

The bud unfolds, the face opens upon the world its revelation. That is how great poets write.

Then the god paints the doom of roses and the sadder fading of souls, and against these he sets his offer, a partnership in the sun's joys :

'And thou shalt know that first leap of the sea
Toward me : the grateful upward look of earth
Emerging roseate from her bath of dew—
We two in heaven dancing,—Babylon
Shall flash and murmur and cry from under us,
And Nineveh catch fire, and at our feet
Be hurled with her inhabitants, and all
Adoring Asia kindle and hugely bloom ;—
We two in heaven running,—continents
Shall lighten, ocean unto ocean flash,
And rapidly laugh till all this world is warm.'

That is surely a triumphant piece of imagination ; the

myth grows real, not fantastic, in this vision of the world's response to light. And the words dance and sing together; the verse thrills and quickens till this passage of pure fancy excites like a battle song. Quotation must have a limit, and we can give no more of the god's pleading, nor dwell on the speech of Idas calling love to love. Yet this should be said here, that the special skill of Mr. Phillips in suggesting beauty is to render not only things, but the atmosphere of things. It is a point we must recur to, and here we would only say that, in pleading, Idas pleads the magic of Marpessa's beauty, all it hints more than all it utters.

'Thy face remembered is from other worlds,
It has been died for, though I know not when,
It has been sung of, though I know not where.
It has the strangeness of the luring West
And of sad sea horizons.'

To this mystery, to this soul of sadness in her, Idas makes appeal; and it speaks in her answer. Reciting the god's offer in all humility, she comes at last to his crowning gift of immortality, of exemption from the human lot; and she claims for herself her human completion in sorrow:

'Out of our sadness have we made this world
So beautiful; the sea sighs in our brain,
And in our heart that yearning of the moon.
To all this sorrow was I born, and, since
Out of a human womb I came, I am
Not eager to forego it; I would scorn
To elude the heaviness and take the joy,
For pain came with the sap, pangs with the bloom: -
This is the sting, the wonder.'

That is her true answer; her claim to the human inheritance. But the poem does not stop there, and diverges into a passage beautiful indeed, but against the logic of the theme, when she pictures the life that should be hers with the god when her bloom should wane, and she be forced to woo her lover:

'Faded, not sure of thee, with desperate smiles
And pitiful devices of my dress
Or fashion of my hair; thou wouldst grow kind,
Most bitter to a woman that was loved.'

Yet the god's proffer was of an ageless life such as his own, a life always at noontide. Mr. Phillips has been betrayed into the sin of irrelevancy, and has wasted noble verses instead of concentrating at once upon the contrast, the life

that is to be hers with Idas, a life passing from 'the first
'sweet sting of love,' 'the sweet that almost venom was,'
into

' Beautiful friendship tried by sun and wind,
Durable from the daily dust of life.'

And perhaps this wavering in the central conduct of the theme rather than any lapse in the quality of the verse leads one to think Marpessa's speech too long. Undue expansion is a fault that Mr. Phillips has learnt to avoid.

So far we have written of the work about which there are practically no two opinions. A man who does not think 'Marpessa' good poetry must have a very singular standard. But the case is quite different about the other poems in the first volume. As for the lyrics, there is not much to be said; almost alone among recent poets, Mr. Phillips is at his worst in this kind, and the blank verse lines to Milton, though fine, are not extraordinary. There remain two long poems, 'The Woman with the Dead Soul' and 'The Wife,' absolutely unlike the rest. To begin with, they are written in the heroic couplet, a metre which, we may say in passing, Mr. Phillips has since then handled repeatedly and with increasing success. But the theme and the treatment of the theme in each case are bold innovation. In each there is narrated the tragedy of a life, but a tragedy of the squalid life that passes us in the welter of London. Has tragedy a right to be sung when it is the tragedy of the public-house, the tragedy of the prostitute? Modern art has answered the question so copiously in the affirmative that there is no use in debating. If a man has vision he will see; if he has with vision the poet's gift, he will certainly make us see. Only, we have a right to demand that he shall see deep enough, that his revelation shall be sincere. We do not blame even Swift for his terrible insight, we shudder and we pity the eye that could see nothing but rottenness. Yet from a poet we expect not the vision of the satirist, but a wider outlook that shall show us ugliness if need be, but only seen as an offence against beauty, so that the vision of ugliness is also a vision of beauty. The poet's business is not to lacerate, but to quicken, to thrill it may be with pity and terror, not to madden with despair, to wring somehow or other music and not discord out of his brother's pain. In all art, if it is to fulfil art's function, there must be some element of pleasurable emotion; and if a man sees and feels in the eyes of prostituted women in the streets or dazed drunkards in a tavern all the degradation of their lives, every act of the

sickening tragedy, and sees no more than that, why should we thank him for lending to us the curse of his faculty? And yet, are we to wish that our poets should be deaf and blind to the world that is at our doors, gazing for ever at remote dim histories, noble and unrealised as far-off mountain shapes, listening only to the far-off murmur of lamentations that fall soft and deadened upon the ear? Scarcely that. One can only demand that the poet's art, which shows us his own vision, should set things in their true focus and not resolve the universe into one meaningless blur of pain. Whether Mr. Phillips has succeeded or not we can hardly decide, but there is no question but that his attempts in these tragedies of modern life were more significant and more original than his successes in the well-beaten track. He has faced the ugliest things in life and tried to make them fall into a harmony. This is how he begins his first poem, 'The Woman with a Dead Soul :'

'Allured by the disastrous tavern light,
Unhappy things flew in out of the night;
And ever the sad human swarm returned,
Some crazy fluttering and some half-burned.'

It is the tragedy of moths at a candle, somehow more bearable when you look at it like that, yet not less tragic. And among the 'slow-tasting bargainers' there was seen the face that beyond the rest appalled him, the face of a woman in whom there was no struggle either to fly or to return :

'She turned her eyes on me ; they had no ray,
But stared like windows in the peer of day ;
So cold her gaze that I bowed down my head
Trembling ; it seemed to me that she was dead.'

Yet she could speak, tell in her own way 'the dreadful placid tale :'

'She with a soul was born : she felt it leap
Within her : it could wonder, laugh, and weep,
But dismally as rain on ocean blear,
The days upon that human spirit dear
Fell ; and existence lean, in sky dead grey,
Withholding steadily starved it away :
London ignored it with deliberate stare,
Until the delicate thing began to wear.
She felt it ailing for she knew not what ;
Feebly she wept, but she could aid it not.
Ah, not the stirring child within the womb
Hath such an urgent need of light and room !
Then hungry grew her soul : she looked around,
But nothing to allay that famine found ;

She felt it die a little every day,
Flutter less wildly, and more feebly pray.
Still it grew ; at times she felt it pull
Imploring thinly something beautiful,
And in the night was painfully awake,
And struggled in the darkness till daybreak.
For not at once, not without any strife,
It died ; at times it started back to life,
Now at some angel evening after rain,
Built like early Paradise again,
Now at some flower, or human face, or sky
With silent tremble of infinity,
Or at some waft of fields in midnight sweet,
Or soul of summer dawn in the dark street.
Slowly she was aware her soul had died
Within her body, for no more it cried,
Vexed her no more ; and now monotonous life
Easily passed ; she was exempt from strife ;
And from her soul was willing to be freed,
She could not keep what she could never feed ;
And she was well ; above or bliss or care ;
Hunger and thirst wore her emotions bare.
For the great stars consented, and withdrew,
And music, and the moon, greenness and dew.
Yet for a time more heavily and slow
She walked, and indolently worked, as though
About with her she could not help but bring
Within her busy body the dead thing.'

That is the story ; with what masterly hand the teller of it is sketched, you must read to see. It is plain enough that here the instrument in the poet's hand is severely taxed ; some of the lines are obscure, some awkward. The thing is done roughly, yet somehow it is done, and this woman, sipping gin by the bar, grows into a tragic figure, though in all her life nothing has happened that can be related as an event. The tragedy ceases to be squalid, and rises to the dignity of calm sorrow, hopeless if you will, yet not merciless ; the framer of this creature has his opiates, and for those less unhappy there is the beauty of the world. There is still dawn and evening, still the wonder of created things, and for those who cannot feel them there is forgetfulness. What was said above must be repeated here ; Mr. Phillips has caught in his opening lines the tragic atmosphere of this human moth trap ; yet in a few more verses he renders the very spirit of breathing fields and dewy sky, and thought of the one renders the other enduring.

'The Wife,' his other tragic idyll of London streets, tells

how a woman, left with her child and her sick husband starving in a bare garret, goes out to sell herself for bread, and, returning with it, finds her man dead. It is a material tragedy, as the other was spiritual; the mind can conceive of nothing more deeply tragic, and the story is told with the barest words. Here is the passage upon which one would insist :

‘ But at the door a moment did she quail,
Hearing her little son behind her wail ;
Who, waking, stretched his arms out to her wide,
And softly, “ Mother, take me with you ! ” cried ;
For he would run beside her, clasping tight
Her hand, and lag at every window bright,
Or near some stall beneath the wild gas-flare
At the dim fruit in ghostly bloom would stare.
Toward him she turned, and felt her bosom swell
Wildly : he was so young almost she fell ;
Yet took him up, and to allay his cries
Smiled at him with her lips, not with her eyes,
Then laid him down ; away her hand she snatched,
And now with streaming face the door unlatched.’

Everything is reduced to the baldest statement, and by deliberate choice the physical fact is insisted on with unrelenting vision. Once we think the method betrays Mr. Phillips—the touch intended to convey the woman’s hurried stooping gesture is hardly plain enough—and once it is worthy of Dante, in the line—

‘ Smiled at him with her lips, not with her eyes.’

In the passage which follows the metre breaks into octosyllabics, and the writer strains language and grammar desperately in his effort to render the strange drift of human beings in the gaslit Strand, into which the woman passes on her dreadful going out, and her more dreadful return. Then comes the worst artistic mistake with which we have to charge Mr. Phillips. To the inevitable brutality of his subject he adds wanton brutality of words and ideas :

‘ With her right arm the door she pushed,
And to the dead the *widow* rushed.
But at the sight so deeply was she torn,
She babbled to him like one lately born ;
And sorrowful dim sounds about him made,
That were not speech : at last she grew afraid.
“ He is not dead ! ” she cried, “ I’ll think it not !
I shall go mad to see my darling rot.
I cannot imagine, O my Father, God,
That this kind hand will moulder in the clod !

Dead ! Is he dead ? But I will find him fast,
 I'll catch his spirit up upon the blast.
 We have been so long together, much have known,
 And old friends out of sadness have we grown." "

The whole of that is ill written, violent, almost turgid, and, in our judgement, false. What follows makes amends when the woman, like a stranger makes 'meek advances' to her own child, weeps over him, and pours out to his baby-ears her sorrow, thinking over past days till nature works upon her its terrible and soothing compulsion ; though in the last line again the dreadful nakedness of phrase stamps the unspeakable tragedy :

' So the mild beauty of old happiness
 Wandered into her mind with strange distress,
 Till slowly with the gathering light, lo Life
 Came back on her ; Desire and Dust and Strife ;
 The huge and various world with murmur grand.
 Time had begun to touch her with soft hand,
 And sacred passing hours with all things new,
 Divine forgetfulness and falling dew.
 Then hunger fell on her ; she set a plate ;
 Mother and child that food together ate.'

The volume of poems then showed upon the whole, one would say, an artist with imperfect but increasing technical mastery ; an imagination, even in the region of pure fancy, as in the sun-god's speech, always fed with reality, not constructing dreams *in vacuo*, but vivified with the processes of life ; and a mind not merely serious, but tragic in its cast, drawn to the soul of sorrow in things, apprehending to the uttermost the desperate issues of human existence. There was ripe work, and there were crudities ; but everywhere there was the strong sap of a new growth. Since then have appeared stray poems exhibiting the same genius and the same imperfection. Now there is published what is a new thing in the literature of England since the days of Shakespeare and his friends ; a play written in close conformity with stage requirements, which is in every respect a poem. And it is on the strength of this work that we are bold not to predict, but claim for Mr. Phillips a place among the really great names in English poetry. The story is that of Giovanni Malatesta, tyrant of Rimini, who married Francesca, daughter to Polenta of Ravenna. As Arthur sent Lancelot, so Giovanni sent his brother Paolo to bring home his bride ; and the new Lancelot and Guinevere fell under the old fate. Drawn together against their will, Giovanni

found them in each other's arms, and stabbed them *eodem ictu, eodem gladio*. For the rest, Dante tells their story in the most famous passage of all poetry, ancient or modern. It was, indeed, a bold man who dared to handle again in verse that scene of the lovers reading from one book; and the highest thing we can say of Mr. Phillips is that he stands justified of his daring.

The scene opens in the dark hall of the Malatesta castle where Giovanni, the warrior-statesman, dark, fierce, and humped like Richard, waits for his bride. Among the attendants stands chief a personage whom Mr. Phillips has invented—*Lucrezia degl' Onesti*, Giovanni's kinswoman—once, as it seems hinted, something nearer than that—but for years the ruler of his household. Giovanni speaks first in words that from the earliest syllable stamp the irony of the scene. For this is a story whose ending all the world knows, and we come as they did in Greece, to watch the poet unfold it. The opening word is 'Peace,' and the succeeding lines take up the irony :

'Peace to this house of Rimini, henceforth.
Kinsmen, although the Ghibelline is fallen,
And lies out on the plains of Trentola,
Still we have foes untrampled, wavering friends,
Therefore, on victory to set a seal,
To-day I take to wife Ravenna's child,
Daughter of great Polenta, our ally,
Between us an indissoluble bond.'

The lines move stately and stiff; this is no marriage-hymn. And while Giovanni speaks, the chains fall at the gate—for this house is a fortress or a dungeon—a door opens, sunlight streams into the dark place, and down the ray comes Paolo leading Francesca by the hand. She kneels to her husband, he raises her, and her face is disclosed from the veil. The battered statesman 'beat with many blows, death-pale with gushing of much blood, and deaf with war,' speaks to her and to the assembly of himself and of his bride 'hither all dewy from her convent fetched.' It is essential to visualise this scene, for the restraint which throughout Mr. Phillips observes bids him leave the contrast of youth and age, sunlight and prison-house to speak for itself. Then the girl too unfolds her story :

'My lord, my father gave me to you : I
Am innocent as yet of this great life ;
My only care to attend the holy bell,
To sing, and to embroider curiously :
And as through glass I view the windy world.'

The poet is not lavishing ornament; the last line is an image beautiful in itself, but cut down to the barest limit of suggestion. Giovanni calls his cousin, the woman 'widowed and 'childless' who 'has ruled till now this fort of soldiers—a 'rough hostelry,' and bids his bride take counsel of her. And so the bride is brought home; her waiting-woman leaves her with a last word:

'Be tender with her even as God hath been.'

Yet, before they go, Giovanni speaks, holding his bride by the hand before them all:

'Yet one word more—be sure
That, though I sheathe the sword, I am not tamed.
What I have snared, in that I set my teeth
And lose with agony.'

And as he speaks, Lucrezia interrupts him; in the passion of his thought he has gripped the girl's hand till the tears stand in her eyes. It is an ugly omen. All depart except the central three, and Giovanni's first word is of affairs. Delegates from Pesaro expect his instant decision on the matter of some disputed tax, so with a word of excuse he leaves his bride for one more moment with his brother—with the youth who has borne her company, and whom she does not fear. Instantly there comes a change. She shivers like a trapped beast—as Cassandra started and shivered when she entered the house of the Atridæ—and she speaks:

'O Paolo,
Who were they that have lived within these walls?
Paolo. Why do you ask?
Franc. It is not sign or sound.
Only it seemeth difficult to breathe;
It is as though I battled with this air.'

The house has its own atmosphere, and though she brought her sunlight with her into the dark, the dark is about it, strangling it; she fears, not knowing what she fears—hardly knowing what it is to fear. She is more child than woman; she has not known the initiation of grief, and to Paolo's question—'You are not sad?'—she answers:

'What is it to be sad?
Nothing hath grieved me yet but ancient woes,
Sea perils, or some long-ago farewell,
Or the last sunset cry of wounded kings.
I have wept but on the pages of a book,
And I have longed for sorrow of my own.'

He replies to her with kind words, and bids her joy of her tranquillity. For himself, that night he must be gone. And with the word comes her initiation, the first hint of sorrow. She will not have him go; she is 'but a child,' not yet used to her 'grave place and duty':

'Can we not play together a brief while?
Stay then a little.'

But before he can answer Giovanni enters, and in every word spoken there is again the double meaning—hidden from him who speaks, menacing to the hearer:—

'Stand either side of me—you whom I love.
I'd have you two as dear now to each other
As both of you to me. We are, Francesca,
A something more than brothers—fiercest friends;
Concordia was our mother named, and ours
Is but one heart, one honour, and one death.
Any that came between us I would kill.

Franc. Sir, I will love him: is he not my brother?'

So she replies in her ignorance; but you are to conceive that an actor will make it apparent how far from ignorant is Paolo of the peril about him. And when Francesca is summoned by her tirewoman, Paolo speaks at once to Giovanni, 'I'll say farewell to-night.' But his brother remonstrates. Surely there is some mystery, and none yet has been between them! Eagerly he plies his questions till a thought comes:

'Ah, some lady you beheld
There at Ravenna in Francesca's train!
Was it not so?

Paolo. Urge me no more to words.

Giov. What woman draws you thus away from me?

Paolo. No woman, brother, draws me from this house.

Giov. You like not then my marriage!—but, indeed,
No marriage can dissolve the bond between us.
Here you are free as ever in the house—
Once more, what is the reason of your going?

Paolo. Brother, 'tis nothing that has chanced, but rather
That which may chance, if here I am detained.

Giov. Darker, and yet more dark. Now speak it out.'

Then the fierce temper which Giovanni has already avowed—the violence that showed its teeth when he held the girl's hands—breaks out, and to save a quarrel Paolo yields. And so the toils close about the victims—on the one that sees, and on the two that are blind. But now there enters on the scene the one actor who is not merely the sport of fate—who forces the issue—the 'bitter barren woman'

Lucrezia. She comes to Giovanni seemingly to bid him joy, really to rouse his fear, in a speech that tells of first love with a woman's memory of her own dreams :

‘ O beware
This child yet scarce awake upon the world !
Dread her first ecstasy if one should come
That should appear to her half-open eyes
Wonderful as a prince from fairyland,
Or venturing through forests toward her face.’

Instantly the wild beast in him rises to defend its prey ; and under show of calming she spurs him, goads him with the phrase, ‘ Youth goes towards youth,’ and hints of his ‘ mounded back and sullen gait,’ till the man turns and cries out upon her bitterness. And in the intimacy of that fierce word-play the brooding thought of her life suddenly forms itself into speech—the first great speech of the play. ‘ Bitterness—am I bitter? ’—she flings the word in his face.

‘ How else? my husband dead and childless left,
My thwarted woman thoughts have inward turned,
And that vain milk like acid in me eats.

. . . Does great God
Expect I shall clasp air and kiss the wind
For ever? And the budding cometh on,
The burgeoning, the cruel flowering :
At night the quickening splash of rain, at dawn
The muffled call of birds, how like to babes !
And I amid these sights and sounds must starve—
I, with so much to give, perish of thrift,
Omitted by his casual dew.

Giov. Well, well,
You are spared much : children can wring the heart.
Lucr. Spared! to be spared what I was born to have !
I am a woman, and this very flesh
Demands its natural pangs, its rightful throes,
And I implore with vehemence these pains.’

If that is not great poetry, what is? And the speech goes on ; the woman's soul reveals itself, not seeking to conceal her hatred, the peril and the menace that are in her :—

‘ It is such souls as mine that go to swell
The childless cavern cry of the barren sea
Or make that human ending to night wind.’

There at last is set before us the actor with a motive, the spring of fate's engine. But—for Mr. Phillips clings to the outline of the story as related in the Italian book, which

tells of an astrologer's prediction—there is other food to Giovanni's passion of jealousy. The blind old woman who has been his foster-mother demands to see him, and she too feels the strange commotion, the troubled atmosphere of the house :

‘ Ah, but a juice too pure hath now been poured
In a dark ancient wine, and the cup seethes.’

As he holds her she shivers as Francesca had shivered. She fears for him, for the man once mailed and impenetrable who has now taken into his life this ‘strange soft thing,’ and grows at once vulnerable. While she broods upon her fear the dark eyes begin to see, and she sees two sitting in an arbour—his wife and another. But as he tears the words from her stammering lips she checks ; ‘the face was ‘dim ;’ only this she can tell him—in words dark as night to him, plain to the listener :—

‘ He shall be
Not far to seek : yet perilous to find.
Unwillingly he comes a-wooing ; she
Unwillingly is wooed : yet shall they woo—
His kiss was on her lips ere she was born.’

As he still questions a sound breaks in on them. ‘What ‘is that sound?’ she asks, and he answers, ‘My marriage ‘trumpets.’

So the first act closes with a last touch of the tragic irony. One may cavil, perhaps, at the scene of second sight ; yet the episode is in the story, and enough belief in the possibility of such vision lingers or revives to justify its introduction on the stage ; and the old blind nurse might be a figure scarcely less effective in her way than even Cassandra.

In the second act the net closes, and the victims know themselves meshed. Paolo urges his going, yet Giovanni has a new reason why he should stay. He has been warned of peril to Francesca, and since he himself must shortly be absent on affairs—for the trouble grows fast in Pesaro—who shall defend Francesca like Paolo from this peril, this dread of ‘one stealing in to woo her’? But the more Giovanni urges, the more strongly Paolo recoils. Then the elder brother, summoned away himself, bids Francesca plead for him, and she in her innocent ignorance tortures the man with pretty entreaties, till he breaks out upon her with words ‘sweet, but dark.’ Vaguely she knows her power over him ; innocently she tries it ; till at last he tears himself away, and she is left to her thoughts, the mystery of her

own magic. As she questions in the glass with her own face—

‘Slight face and yet the cause of woe to men’—

her maid comes in, and with a brief exchange of words—but all this scene is the most exquisite poetry—the truth is flashed on her:

‘*Nita.*
Your husband’s brother.

He is, my lady,

‘*Franc.*
I had not thought—I have sinned and I am stained.’

O, I had not thought,

And so she has her answer. Now sorrow comes: she is awake, a woman now, blossoming into the fulness of her beauty, and her dark husband returning can scarcely take his fingers out of her bright hair. Yet she leaves him, and on the instant he is a prey again to his fears, and to Lucrezia, who sowed them, he imparts the crop. She, quick on the scent, pauses, hovers for a moment over blind Angela’s words, then swoops upon their meaning. But it is gradually and by slow steps that she leads him to narrowing the circle till the name is on his lips, yet he shrinks from uttering it till she drives him:—

‘Giovanni, who shall set a shore to love?
When hath it ever swerved from death, or when
Hath it not burned away all barriers,
Even dearest ties of mother and of son,
Even of brothers?—

Giov. (seizing her arm). Is it Paolo?’

Then the strong man, shaken with his pity and rage, falls into a fit, but awakens with the cry:

‘Henceforward let no woman bear two sons.’

And he, too, is now a worker with fate, not a passive victim. Yet one obstacle remains. Paolo is gone—gone with his troop of horse; but at a wayside inn the troop is halted, just clear of Rimini, and here there passes a scene in prose of a curious ringing quality with a drinking song that could hardly be bettered for its purpose here; the spirit of recklessness is in it. The soldiers are bidding their girls good-bye; they have come thus far together, but, with laughter and not without tragic tears, they part. The men march out, and their officers enter; with them Paolo, whose eyes can look only down the straight road to Rimini. His comrades rally him on his sadness; he is apt to quarrel, but they leave him, and he stays to fight the

losing battle against his heart. For a moment the drums passing stir him, and he makes to follow the soldiers, yet cannot. One way alone remains, 'a straight path to the 'dark.'

'And they that find me dead shall lay me down,
Beautiful as a sleeper at her feet.'

Thus the escaping quarry is herded back into the trap, and the net is drawn.

So far, setting aside Lucrezia's speech—and even that is germane to the matter—not a word has been spoken that does not advance the action, except the drinking scene of the soldiers, deliberately thrown in to relieve for a moment the increasing gloom. And the third act opens with another passage where for a moment life is at play, though in a sinister shadow. In the apothecary's shop at night-fall girls are buying and a girl is selling love philtres and drugs against love. But darkness comes quick, the doors close, and the apothecary Pulci comes in to send his daughter from her play with the cosmetics that she is applying to her pretty face. Then comes a knock, and a man enters masked—not Paolo, but Giovanni. He, too, has come for a drug—'some dreamy potion that can enthral a woman's 'wandering heart.' As they debate upon Pulci's offers another knock comes; Giovanni hides himself. The door is gently unbarred, and from the night Paolo enters. He flings his purse on the counter, demanding in exchange

'Some drug
That can fetch down on us the eternal sleep
Anticipating the slow mind of God.'

And, under cover of desire to know the purpose for which the poison is needed, the old man draws from him his confession—the frank speech of one unknown, having no more concern with life, to one who neither knows nor cares. And Giovanni, half shrouded in the darkness, hears, and is silent while the desperate lover goes again into the dark, and the poison merchant follows him, fearing lest he should kill himself at the very door. So Giovanni is alone, torn between his love, his pity, and his dreadful relief. In this hasty analysis of the action one cannot indicate the poetry. But for an actor who could *act* surely there should be a wonderful occasion in this scene of silence; for even when Giovanni steps into the light, and exchanges phrases with the old man, he is really silent, crushing down a cry in his throat.

The second scene is laid outside the Malatesta Castle, in a lane divided by a wall from the garden, and to this point Paolo is drawn like a homing pigeon. On to the garden Francesca's window looks; if he die, it must be near her: more than that—

‘At least I must behold her before death,
And go straight from her face into the grave.’

So through the postern he passes into the garden. Quick on his heels come two couriers, rousing the household with urgent news for Giovanni, and while they still seek the Prince himself enters, treading the same straight way from Pulci's house to his bride's chamber. By torchlight he reads the message: ‘Pesaro is risen; not a moment is to ‘be lost.’ Another messenger; San Arcangelo is ready to break out. What should detain him now? He has no more to fear: his hidden foe is dead or dying, and so he hastens out to mount and ride, while Paolo wanders in the dark garden; and thither the scene shifts. It is the still hour between night and day, and Francesca, sleepless with the new torment in her blood, wanders out into the coolness, and with her Nita bearing a lamp. She sets it in the arbour, and leaves her mistress to read herself into quiet. As Francesca begins to read Paolo enters, and from this prelude they pass into a scene which is the emotional centre of the play, a scene where Mr. Phillips, borrowing from Dante, makes what he borrows his own. One cannot quote the whole, and it must not be mutilated; but it tells how in the simplest and most natural way the speech between them—the strange thrilling speech where every word has its echo, where the true speech is that which is not spoken—turns upon the book she holds, and they speak of the story and those ‘famous and unlucky names’ of Lancelot and Guinevere. And from the answering melody of their own words they pass to another antiphony, where he reads till his voice breaks, and she takes up the reading; but her eyes fill and swim, and he once more reads, till at the close—the *disiato riso*—words fail, and they kiss.

Two days pass before the next act. Giovanni returns stained and triumphant from his descent on Pesaro, but looking in the eyes of men at the gate for some tidings that are kept back. They huddle together before his fierce gaze and questioning, but no word can be drawn from them. He cannot understand. (‘Lies he so quiet that none has ‘found him?’) and he sends for Lucrezia. ‘What news at

‘home?’ he asks, and she answers, ‘Paolo is returned.’ For an instant he is struck dumb; then he masters himself. Paolo has ‘crept back like a thief into the house,’ and he will be ‘wary of this creeping thing:’

‘Oh, I have no emotion now, no blood.
No longer I postpone nor fight this doom:
I see that it must be, and I am grown
The accomplice and the instrument of Fate,
A blade! a knife! no more.’

Yet he will not ‘rashly kill.’ But how to take them in each other’s embrace, and ‘stab them there enfolded and ‘entwined’? The woman’s cunning prompts him. Let him give out that this is only a moment’s pause in the war, that the camp calls him back; then, leaving the lovers in this fancied security, watch, take, and kill. And he acts accordingly; Francesca, sent for, enters. He tells her he must be gone again, and commends her to Paolo, but in words where his bitterness pierces through:

‘Loyal he is to me, loyal and true.
He has also a gaiety of mind
Which I have ever lacked: he is besides
More suited to your years, can sing and play,
And has the art long hours to entertain.’

Yet, as he goes, he turns in a moment of remorse:

‘Come here, Francesca, kiss me—yet not so;
You put your lips up to me like a child.’

‘‘Tis not so long ago I was a child,’

she cries, then seizing him, implores him not to leave her; there are terrors in the house, dreadful faces of ‘the dead who ‘smile’—she dare not be alone. He bids her—relenting as it should seem for an instant—take some one to sleep with her, Lucrezia or Nita; yet she clings to him; but he shakes her off, and the two women are left alone. Then suddenly the plot takes a new turn, quite unlooked for, yet quite natural and harmonious with the opening. Francesca bids Lucrezia lie with her that night, and the older woman consents cunningly, but goes about her insidious purpose. Francesca is lonely; why not seek company? Paolo, too, seems sick for companionship. But the hunted thing turns:

‘Oh, why so eager?
Where would all those about me drive me? First
My husband earnestly to Paolo
Commends me; and now you must call him in.
(Wildly) Where can I look for pity?’

and with a flash of divination she appeals to the mother-longing of the childless woman :

‘ I have no mother : let me be your child
 To-night : I am so utterly alone !
 Be gentle with me ; or if not, at least
 Let me go home ; this world is difficult.
 O, think of me as of a little child
 That looks into your face and asks your hand.
(Lucrezia softly touches Francesca's hair.)
 Why do you touch my head ? Why do you weep ?
 I would not pain you.
Lucr. Ah, Francesca ! You
 Have touched me where my life is quivering most.
 I have no child, and yet if I had borne one
 I could have wished her hair had been this colour.’

So the hunter is now the defender ; but the meshes are woven and must be undone. Giovanni must be found, and from that moment Lucrezia leaves her newly discovered love and goes to seek and to turn aside the slayer. So, striving to combat fate, she works with it, for Francesca is left alone. Night is drawing on ; she paces in her chamber, and her unrest is evident even to Nita, so plain that the maid offers her own coarse counsel. Why should Francesca fret ? it is so easy for a woman to humour an old man, and yet to take her pleasure. Francesca answers her :

‘ O Nita, when we women sin, ’tis not
 By art ; it is not easy, it is not light ;
 It is an agony shot through with bliss,
 We sway, and rock, and suffer ere we fail.’

But as she speaks a knock comes at the door. Paolo asks entrance. He is sent away ; yet the girl’s unrest grows every moment. She bids her maid talk to keep her thoughts moving, but as the maid chatters her mistress starts—a step is heard in the garden, ‘ a sad step, and it goeth to and fro.’ Then his voice comes, and at last he gains admission. Nita goes as he enters, and there follows a second love scene, the climax and completion of the first. Love, no longer tremulous, is now confessed the master. For a moment Francesca struggles, but she is overborne :

‘ *Franc.* Kiss me and leave me, Paolo, to-night.
Paolo. What do you fear ?
Franc. One watches quietly.
Paolo. Who ?
Franc. I know not ; perhaps the quiet face
 Of God : the eternal listener is near.

Paolo. I'll struggle now no more. Have I not fought
Against thee as a foe most terrible?
Parried the nimble thrust and thought of thee,
And from thy mortal sweetness fled away,
Yet evermore returned? Now all the bonds
Which held me I cast off—honour, esteem,
All ties, all friendships, peace, and life itself.
You only in this universe I want.

Franc. You fill me with a glorious vastness. What!
Shall we two, then, take up our fate and smile?

Paolo. Remember how when first we met we stood
Stung with immortal recollections.
O face immured beside a fairy sea
That leaned down at dead midnight to be kissed!
O beauty folded up in forests old!
Thou wast the lovely quest of Arthur's nights.

Franc. Thy armour glimmered in a gloom of green.

Paolo. Did I not sing to thee in Babylon?

Franc. Or did we set a sail in Carthage Bay?

Paolo. Were thine eyes strange?

Franc. Did I not know thy voice?

All ghostly grew the sun, unreal the air,
Then when we kissed.

Paolo. And in that kiss our souls
Together flashed, and now they are one flame
Which nothing can put out, nothing divide.

Franc. Kiss me again! I smile at what may chance.

Since one must mangle, there is the fragment; few will
be willing, of those who love poetry, to leave the rest unread.

The lovers pass together behind the curtains. Scarcely are
they gone before Nita returns, and, after her, Lucrezia,
desperate with a vain search. She has hunted every corner,
but Giovanni is subtly hidden. And now, where is Francesca?
She wrings the truth out of the maid, and rushes to the
curtains, but as she reaches them a hand parts their folds: in
the one place where Lucrezia has not sought, the place to
which the lovers were inevitably drawn, Giovanni waited.
He speaks at first in a strange calm; he and Lucrezia
gaze into each other's eyes, but his are inscrutable. But
she goes to take his hand, and there is blood on it:

' *Giov.* 'Tis not my blood.

Lucr.

O, then—

Giov.

"O, then" is all.

(*As in a frenzy*) And now their love that was so secret close
Shall be proclaimed. Tullio, Carlo, Biagi!—
They shall be married before all men. Nita!

Rouse up the house and bring in lights, lights, lights !
There shall be music, feasting, and dancing.

Wine shall be drunk. Candles, I say ! More lights !

More marriage lights ! Where tarry they the while,

The nuptial tapers ? Rouse up all the house !

(All this while servants and others, half-dressed, are continually rushing in with lights and torches. They stand whispering.)

Giovanni bids the bodies be brought out with ceremony, as for a wedding ; the old blind nurse comes in, feeling a crowd about her, and a crowd of others than the living. Then the litter is borne in, and Lucrezia sobs, but Giovanni stills her :

‘ Break not out in lamentation.

(A pause . . . The servants set down the litter.)

Lucr. *(Going to litter.)* I have borne one child, and
she has died in youth !

Giov. *(Going to litter.)* Not easily have we three come to this—
We three who now are dead. Unwillingly
They loved, unwillingly I slew them. Now
I kiss them on the forehead quietly.

(He bends over the bodies, and kisses them on the forehead. He is shaken.)

Lucr. What ails you now ?

Giov. She takes away my strength.

I did not know the dead could have such hair.

Hide them. They look like children fast asleep !

(The bodies are reverently covered over.)

That is the end, tragic, heartrending, but solemn and harmonious, to which the whole stream of the action tends. The analysis we have given is designed to show how everything is subordinated to the developement of the plot, and that the fate moves relentlessly, with motion back and forward like that of waves, but advancing irresistibly as a tide to its appointed conclusion. There are no redundancies ; the temptation to eloquence, even to lyrical poetry, is everywhere severely repressed, yet in every scene there is poetry, and in almost all there is great poetry. Since the ‘Cenci’ no drama at all approaching it in the essential qualities of passion and beauty has been written, and this is, what the ‘Cenci’ is not, an acting play.

That brings us to the last word we have to say. After the appearance of ‘Marpessa’ and the other poems, Mr. George Alexander, knowing that Mr. Phillips had been at one time an actor, commissioned him to write a play. What Mr. Alexander expected it is not possible to say ; but if he expected anything a tenth part as good as what he has got, he was a

sanguine man. However he has had the play for a year, and not having produced it nor seeing his way to producing it within a reasonable period, has given the author leave to publish it as a book. Alfred de Musset's comedies, which most of us would think the finest flower of French drama within this century, appeared in the same way, yet they are played still, and probably will hold the stage indefinitely. Every nation has the stage and the press that it deserves; and it is no longer possible to affirm that good plays are not produced because no good plays are written. If the theatre-going public does not wish to see 'Paolo and Francesca' acted—and to have its full effect this play, which is written to be acted, needs to be acted—the theatre-going public has lost all capacity for enjoying serious dramatic art. That is a thing which we see no reason to believe; we still trust that we are not damned to an eternity of 'Charley's Aunts' and 'Gaiety Girls.' 'Paolo and Francesca' is finer poetry, stronger in passion, stronger in logic, and more dramatically effective—in a word, more interesting—than Maeterlinck's 'Pelleas and Melisande,' yet 'Pelleas and Melisande' had a considerable success—quite sufficient to prove that a taste for poetry exists among theatre-goers. 'Robespierre,' a savage pantomime about as artistic as a bull-fight, drew crowded houses, and we are entitled to deduce from this that farce and comedy have no monopoly. But whether 'Paolo and Francesca' be seen on the boards in this country or not—even if it have to be translated into German to find actors and audience intelligent enough to play and understand it—the fact remains that a great play has been written which is also a great poem.

- ART. IV.—1. *England in the Age of Wycliffe.* By GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN. Second edition. 8vo. London: 1899.
2. *The Peasants' Rising and the Lollards: a Collection of Unpublished Documents, forming an Appendix to 'England in the Age of Wycliffe.'* Edited by EDGAR POWELL and G. M. TREVELYAN. 8vo. London: 1899.
3. *Le Soulèvement des Travailleurs d'Angleterre en 1381.* Par ANDRÉ RÉVILLE; Études et Documents publiés, avec une Introduction historique, par CH. PETIT-DUTAILLIS. Mémoires et Documents publiés par la Société de l'Ecole des Chartes. 8vo. Paris: 1898.
4. *The Rising in East Anglia in 1381.* By EDGAR POWELL. 8vo. Cambridge University Press: 1896.

IT appears to be a pure and unexpected coincidence that these three important books on the Peasants' Rising of 1381 should have been written and published at approximately the same time. Mr. Powell's valuable little monograph on a particular phase of the insurrection is, indeed, an outcome of researches originally undertaken with a totally different aim; what is really curious is, that two young historical students, on different sides of the Channel, should have selected this period as the subject of an academical thesis. M. Réville, born in January 1867, after a brilliant career in the Ecole des Chartes presented for his diploma, in January 1890, this essay on the insurrection in Hertfordshire, Suffolk, and Norfolk. He obtained 'une bourse de voyage,' which permitted him to make a lengthened visit to England, where, at the Record Office, British Museum, and the University Library at Cambridge, he examined and transcribed or abstracted many unpublished documents relating to the subject of his essay. Unfortunately for us, his academic success secured for him a professorship in Paris, which he took up in July 1891. For the time his work of research was brought to an end; and his premature and sudden death in July 1894 effectually destroyed the hopes of its being resumed. It is this thesis, together with a selection of 'documents inédits' from his papers, which is now published by his friend, M. Petit-Dutailis, previously known by an interesting study on '*Le Traité de Brétigny*,'*

* *Le Moyen Age*, Jan.-Fevr. 1897.

who has also illustrated it by a long and interesting introduction, based in part on Réville's crude notes. That these two capable young Frenchmen should have thus devoted time and thought to a careful and exact study of a difficult period of English sociology is not the least remarkable thing about this remarkable volume.*

Mr. Trevelyan's book, as its author explains, 'was originally composed as a dissertation sent in to compete for a fellowship at Trinity College, Cambridge,' but is now expanded so as 'to give a general picture of English society, politics, and religion, . . . and to recount the leading and characteristic events of a brief period . . . which represents, as far as England is concerned, the meeting-point of the mediæval and the modern.' So considered it is an interesting and, indeed, important monograph on a period which has hitherto been much neglected, if not by the student, at any rate by the historian; and if the historian does not write, the everyday reader cannot read. The want is now very well supplied, and the work before us appeals to the cultivated reader as well as to the student; and if to the latter some of the statements may seem doubtful, or some of the deductions unwarranted, he will at least feel called on to re-examine the references or to reconsider the arguments—a proceeding which, whatever the result, always means advantage gained.

The cultivated reader, on the other hand, less critical as to the matter, will find his attention caught by the manner, which in many ways will remind him of that of the author's grand-uncle, Lord Macaulay, as filtered, it may be, through the writings of his own father, Sir George Trevelyan. This, though in the circumstances perhaps unavoidable, is not always pleasant; and it is well to point out to a writer who adds youth to the other good gifts of nature, that imitation of style should be not in the letter, but the spirit; that the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life. A greater fault seems to rise out of an hereditary protest against 'the dignity of history,' which, in its practical form, is too frequently allowed to degenerate into the careless or affected misuse of words; into colloquialisms, Americanisms, or what may be called newspaperisms, which are certainly out of

* Its reception by the public seemed to promise it a commercial success commensurate, in some degree, with its historical value. It ran out of print within two months of its first appearance, now a year ago. As yet, however, its publishers or the Société de l'Ecole des Chartes have not thought fit to issue a second edition.

place in a sustained narrative. On the other hand, modern comparisons or analogies are often introduced with very happy effect; for assuredly, to the average reader, nineteenth or even eighteenth century politics and personages are more familiar than those of the fourteenth; and such passages as 'From its purely political aspect the alliance [of 'Lancaster and Percy with Wycliffe] was much like that 'of Oxford and Bolingbroke with Swift;' '[Lancaster] 'was not playing Marlborough to [the Council's] Harley 'and St. John;' 'the Waldenses occupied in Christendom 'the position of the Armenians in Turkey;' 'to alter by 'legislation established rights of individuals and public 'bodies was no less unusual in the time of Richard II. 'than under the *régime* that was ended by the first Reform 'Bill and the Municipal Corporation Act,' and many similar, although not unfrequently strained, and hardly just, do at least serve to bring home the author's meaning with a force and precision which might otherwise be wanting.

But, after all, it is the matter of the book on which it must be judged. Considered as an essay in social and political history, it is admirable; less so where it treats of questions military, naval, or religious, the pages and chapters on which seem to betray a want of familiarity with their subjects, and suggest that the author, feeling it necessary to say something about them, proceeded to 'get them up' for the occasion, not always with perfect success. In the course of the following pages it will be our duty to point out some lapses in these respects; but notwithstanding these, the book, as giving a connected story of an intricate and important period, is not only valuable, but will come to most readers with the additional charm of novelty.

The important fringe to the narrative is the story of the disastrous war with France, a story which our text-books cut very short. What few of them even mention is that the defeat of the English was largely due to the intervention of the King of Castile. Even Mr. Trevelyan scarcely gives it sufficient weight; but, on the other hand, he brings it in some three years too soon. Nor is it quite correct to say that King Henry of Castile was 'restored to his throne by 'French arms in the face of English opposition;' for the English opposition came practically to an end when the Black Prince—cheated, betrayed, possibly poisoned—withered the shattered remnant of his army; and the restoration of Henry was due less to French arms than to his own dagger. Nor was the action of Henry against England

prompted by gratitude to France, as Mr. Trevelyan implies, but by the semi-barbarian's intuitive recognition of 'the influence of sea-power' on his own safety. When, in the spring of 1372, John of Gaunt married Constance, the elder daughter of the butchered Pedro, and in her right laid claim to the crown of Castile, Henry saw at once that the danger would come from the sea, and ought to be met on the sea. On June 23 the Castilian fleet destroyed the English fleet off Rochelle; and then, in alliance with the French, completely reversed the conditions of the war which, in its earlier years, had shed such lustre on English arms.

But before the disaster at Rochelle things had been going badly with the English. The Black Prince's illness seemed to invite the attacks which his unruly subordinates provoked. Ponthieu, left without a sufficient force to defend it, was taken possession of, rather than conquered; and in Aquitaine there were neither troops, money, stores, nor any longer a capable commander. The nobles and the people of Aquitaine, too, had come to the conclusion that a governor at Bordeaux was more objectionable than a king at Paris; that being a province of England was now a harder lot than being a province of France. When their ill-will rendered the security of the province dependent on the English garrison, and when the intervention of the Spaniards, at Rochelle and afterwards, made it impossible to reinforce the garrison, the end was very near. It was not due to any effort from England that the English power in the south of France was not then utterly wiped out.

But in England people were not disposed to take the disasters quietly, and 'the Parliament of 1371, which called the incompetent Ministers to account, marks the commencement of those political movements and party combinations which continued throughout the next fifteen years.' It is with the story of these fifteen years that Mr. Trevelyan is chiefly concerned. He has chosen to call his essay the 'Age of Wycliffe;' but though the years correspond with those of Wycliffe's activity, the interest of the drama circles round the insurrection; it is social or political, not religious; and, in point of fact, the religious chapters of the work are those which many well-informed readers will wish that he had kept back till he could write of the controverted questions with fuller knowledge and riper judgement.

In February 1371 the Ministry, as all previous Ministries, 'was composed of bishops who were dependent solely on

'the king, who were bound to the great lords by no ties 'of interest or party,' and who excluded the great lords not only from the administration, but from the patronage. To the Duke of Lancaster and 'a coterie of lords,' eager to share the spoils of office, this seemed a most undesirable state of things, and they made use of the Commons to secure a change. The hostility of the Commons to the Ministry was at least honest; it was, in the main, clear of personal and interested motives. 'It was rightly considered 'that the opening of hostilities had been mismanaged, that 'there had been no counterbalancing success in the last 'two years, and that the bishops had not the knowledge 'and energy requisite for the successful conduct of a war.' It was forgotten that bishops had equally been Ministers when Crécy was won and Calais taken; but, independent of that, there was in the lay mind a growing distrust of Churchmen, rather than of the Church—a dislike of their privileges, their monopolies, and their power, which 'found 'expression in the request presented by Lords and Commons 'together to the king, demanding the total exclusion of all 'clergy from the civil service.' As nearly every 'clerk' in the service was a 'cleric,' such a proposal was far too sweeping to be accepted; but

'the bishops holding the higher offices were removed, and were succeeded in their posts by law officers of the Crown and laymen distinguished for public service. . . . But they had no independent prestige and position of their own, on which to withstand the malpractices that the great nobles soon introduced into the public service. They were but the nominees of those lords who had plotted the overthrow of the bishops.'

And those lords were themselves very much the creatures of the Duke of Lancaster. The Ministerial revolution had the effect of handing the affairs of the nation over to one who was neither disinterested nor capable. It was, apparently, as payment for his share in the revolution that, in the following year, the Earl of Pembroke was appointed Governor of Aquitaine and to command the fleet which so signally failed in the attempt to carry out the force intended to support him. 'The clerical party saw in [the defeat] 'the hand of God against the despoilers of His Church, but 'the nation saw in it the death-blow of its sea-power and 'of its dominion in France. In 1373 Poitou was lost, and 'a splendid English army under the Duke of Lancaster was 'almost destroyed by a march through France which can 'be compared in character to Napoleon's Russian campaign.'

Left to themselves, the garrisons in Aquitaine were compelled to surrender. Those in Brittany and Normandy might have had a better chance; but they, too, were left to themselves, owing, it was generally believed, to the treachery of the Duke of Lancaster's instruments; at any rate, they were reduced by the French. But the influence of John of Gaunt was felt everywhere; he dominated the king's fading intellect; he was in close alliance with the king's mistress; in close alliance with Wycliffe, whose theories pointed him out as one whose assistance might be useful in the intended plundering of the Church; in close alliance with unscrupulous agents, such as Latimer, Neville, and Lyons, who found their own interest in serving that of the Duke—who were permitted, or indeed encouraged, to enrich themselves by various ingenious, even if immoral or illegal, methods. They evaded the payment of export duties on their wool and cloth; they appointed their own instruments to control the Customs, as at Calais and Yarmouth; they bought the king's discredited debts and paid them in full out of the Exchequer; they made 'corners' in various imports, 'buying up all the merchandise that came 'into England and setting prices at their own pleasure, 'whereupon they made such a scarcity in this land of things 'saleable that the common sort of people could scantily 'live;' they granted a monopoly in the sale of wine in London, and, 'in the absence of all competition, raised the 'prices beyond the limit set by the regulations of the city.' It was a vast organised system of extortion, 'all one structure, of which the Duke of Lancaster was the keystone. 'All depended on his supremacy at headquarters. In 'return he exacted requisitions from Latimer, Lyons, and 'the rest, who were, in fact, little more than his sponges.'

Parliament might have interfered, but Parliament was not sitting. The Parliament of 1373 had given taxes for two years, and as long as that grant was in force no Parliament was summoned. The expiration of the term and the exhaustion of the treasury made it necessary to apply to the Commons in the spring of 1376. Mr. Trevelyan's comparison of the fears with which this Parliament was summoned with those of Charles I. and his Ministers in summoning the Parliament of 1640, though somewhat strained, is not altogether inapt; for the Duke of Lancaster and his instruments must have had clear anticipations of the course which this Parliament might take under the

guidance of the Black Prince. Mr. Trevelyan describes the position in his happiest manner :—

‘The rumours [that John of Gaunt might become King of England, might attempt to seize the throne] made the Black Prince the most anxious of all to disarm the man who might hinder his son’s succession. He had, indeed, every motive for hostility to the Duke. On the bed of sickness where he had been stretched since his return from France in 1370, his mental sufferings must have been as acute as his physical. Accustomed to lead his countrymen to victory, he lay there helpless, and heard month after month how our armies were allowed to waste away, how our fortresses were lost—sold, men said—by the Duke and his subordinates. Stories of their corruption and extortion at home reached him daily. He knew how they led his father as they wished, and degraded that foolish and sensual old man in the eyes of the nation. One week of health, and he could have resumed his old ascendancy over the king and the government of the land; but he was doomed to lie still and pine away. Last of all, there was this whisper of a conspiracy against his child’s succession. All his feelings as a patriot, as a son, as a father, combined to produce an intense feeling of hatred against John of Gaunt. When the Good Parliament met, he was unable to take his seat in the House of Lords, but from his sick-bed at Kennington Palace he could exert influence over the political crisis. . . . The friendly feeling he expressed towards the action of the Commons in the Good Parliament was a strong inducement to John of Gaunt to bow to the storm.’

As he did so the storm burst on the heads of his followers. For the moment it suited the personal ends of the great barons to make common cause against him. The earls of Warwick, Arundel, and Stafford, and Lord Percy, afterwards Earl of Northumberland, joined the Commons; the Earl of March, the Earl of Devon and his sons, including the Bishop of London, were his mortal enemies. Against such an alliance, supported by the Black Prince, even the Duke’s high birth and the favour of his doting father might well have been insufficient safeguard, had he ventured to oppose it. Lyons was impeached, found guilty of numerous frauds, heavily fined, and committed to prison. Latimer came next; he was accused of peculation at home and treachery abroad—specifically, with having received money from the national enemy, ‘in return for the betrayal of two strongholds in the north of France, named St. Sauveur and ‘Becherel.’ In the absence of witnesses—possibly murdered or bribed—this latter charge could not be maintained. Of the peculation there could be no doubt, and, with the concurrence of the Duke, he was deprived of all his offices and perquisites, and sentenced to be imprisoned. Others were similarly sentenced.

'It was while these finishing touches were being given to the work of punishment that the great supporter of the Commons was removed. The Prince of Wales, who had for six years been stretched on a bed of agony and weakness, had suffered a further relapse that spring, had sunk fast during the time of the impeachments, and was at length released from his misery in the early days of July. The prospect of deliverance from physical pain did not take away from him the bitterness of death. If ever a man died disappointed, it was the Black Prince. After tasting in early youth all the joys that fame, victory, and power can bestow, he had seen the world slip from under his hands as he came to manhood, and was now dying at the prime of life, with all his hopes unattained and all the work of his early triumphs undone. The memories of Crécy and Poitiers were like a dream or a legend in the face of the sordid realities of the present. It was now thirty years since, as a boy of sixteen, he had fought and won under his father's eye the great victory that first established the supremacy of the English arms. It was twenty years since, brought to bay behind the vineyards of Poitiers with a handful of English gentlemen and archers, he had destroyed the chivalry of France and led her king a captive to London. In those days there was no future that seemed too brilliant for him, "the expectancy and rose of the fair State." Yet since those glorious days life had been nothing to him but labour and sorrow. Now that he was leaving it himself, he had not even the satisfaction of hoping that his country and his son would see better times, for he knew the character of the men to whose tender mercies they would be committed. . . . As there was no room on the mound where his ancestors were buried in Westminster Abbey for any other tomb save that of his father, his body was carried to Canterbury, as he had himself requested. There he lies, as it were, in sullen exile and mute protestation against the degeneracy of his house, far from the father whose folly he had vainly tried to correct, and the son whose doom he might foresee, but could not avert.'

The death of the Black Prince was a serious blow to the power of the Parliament, and left it with little security for the permanence of its work. It could, however, declare the Prince's little son, Richard, the heir to the throne, and could refuse Lancaster's request to provide for the succession, in case of Richard's early death, by passing a Salic Law. There was, no doubt, a feeling that such an act would ensure Richard's dying young, and also that it would be recognising a purely hereditary title to the throne in place of the old constitutional title of election; but the refusal was made more certain by the Earl of March's being one of the committee supporting the Commons, and by March's determination to maintain the title of his infant son, the grandson of the Duke of Clarence. The Parliament was also able to continue its reforming work, and impeach Alice Perrers. This 'lady,' as Mr. Trevelyan likes

to designate her, was called before the Lords, and made to swear not to approach the King again, under penalty of banishment and confiscation of goods. The last act of the session was the appointment of a council by whose advice the King was to be governed. From the constitutional point of view this council differed from others similarly appointed to control the King's power in that its members, though nobles, were nominated by the Commons. The chief of them, and especially March, Percy, the Bishop of London, and William of Wykeham, were all hostile to John of Gaunt, whose power would thus have been ended if the council could have maintained its position. But that it was not able to do. It was an age when force, if not a remedy, at least controlled the remedy; and when Parliament was dissolved the council had not the requisite force available. John of Gaunt recovered his old influence over the King. The Acts of the Parliament were thereupon annulled, and declared of no effect. The council was dismissed, Latimer was recalled, Lyons was released, and Alice Perrers returned to Court as brazen-faced as ever. Percy, the most powerful member of the council with the exception of the irreconcilable March, was 'brought' or bought over to the Duke's side; De la Mare, the Speaker of the Commons, was seized, imprisoned without trial, and would, it was believed, have been put to death but for the intervention of Percy, who 'could not, for very shame, consent 'to butcher in the autumn the colleagues with whom he 'had worked in the summer.' Mr. Trevelyan rightly calls attention to the proof thus given of the inability of the Commons

'to provide for the government of England except during those months of each year in which they were actually sitting. It was necessary for them, if they were to impress their policy permanently on the administration, to be in alliance either with the king or with a combination of the greater lords. The Black Prince, if he had lived to be king, might have effected an alliance between the Crown and the Lower House; Henry the Fourth and his son actually achieved this settlement. But an unselfish and patriotic group of nobles the Commons were never able to find. The earls had gone with the tide of the Good Parliament, but March alone stood firm in the day of trouble. It was the want of political principle on the part of the nobility that destroyed mediæval parliamentary government and plunged England into the Wars of the Roses, where the power of the nobles perished as it deserved.'

The money voted in 1376 had been only sufficient to tide over immediate necessities, and by the beginning of 1377

it was necessary to summon a new Parliament. But from his past experience, and perhaps also from his new allies, John of Gaunt had learned to guard against the threatened danger. The election and return of members to the Commons were practically at the discretion of the sheriffs, and the sheriffs were appointed by the Crown. It was thus a very simple matter to arrange the returns in accordance with the wish of the Ministers. Of the knights of the shire who sat in the Good Parliament only eight were returned to the Parliament of 1377. When it met in January the Duke's seneschal was elected Speaker of the Commons, and the associated committee of Lords consisted entirely of men of the Duke's party. The one element of opposition to the Duke's will was the presence of the bishops as peers and in Convocation, where they insisted on the attendance of William of Wykeham, in spite of the Duke's prohibition, and summoned Wycliffe to appear before them at St. Paul's to answer the charge of heresy; although at that date Wycliffe had not committed himself to any heretical doctrine, and the obnoxious opinions for which he was to be condemned related rather to the status of ecclesiastics, their possession of wealth, and their holding temporal offices. However, when Wycliffe, in obedience to the summons, appeared at St. Paul's, the Duke, and Percy on his behalf, were able to render the proceedings abortive by threats of violence, which provoked a free fight there and then between Lancaster's retainers and the citizens in support of the bishops, during which Wycliffe was carried off by his friends.

The quarrel between the Court and the city, which had its origin in the introduction of a Bill for 'taking the government of London out of the hands of the mayor,' and had been brought to a head by the unseemly brawl in St. Paul's, was continued the next day in a violent riot, in which the citizens, taking arms, hunted Percy and Lancaster out of the town, gutted Percy's house and made a bonfire of its contents, and were with difficulty dissuaded by the Bishop of London from burning the Duke's palace of the Savoy. The fugitives meanwhile made their escape to Kennington Palace, where the widowed Princess of Wales, much as she detested them personally, gave them a temporary asylum. The riot cleared the political atmosphere and put an end to the hated Bill. On which Mr. Trevelyan very happily remarks:—

'A riot, before the days of mass meetings and resolutions, was a

useful, almost a legitimate, mode of expressing public feeling. The chronicler, who is distinctly a partisan of the popular cause, sees nothing abnormal or even censurable in the violence of the mob, and considers it quite a matter of course that they intended to kill the Duke and Lord Percy if they had been fortunate enough to lay hands on them. The Londoners had thus successfully proclaimed their determination to protect their liberties, and had shown the force at their command. . . . When introduced into the royal presence, they complained bitterly of the attack on their liberties, and asserted that as no serious injury had been actually done by the rioters to any of the Duke's personal attendants, he had no just ground of complaint. . . . The King promised that the liberties of the city should henceforth be respected, and the deputies withdrew in high good humour from the presence.'

In the end of February Parliament was dissolved, and in the following month the Duke so far recovered his power that the mayor and sheriffs of London were summoned before the King to answer for the disturbances, and were deprived of their offices. On the other hand, no attempt was made to control the election of their successors; and the question of further satisfaction to the Duke was still unsettled when, on June 21, the King died. Mr. Trevelyan's interesting summary of the story of the reign, with much that is true, has in it also much that is questionable:—

'During the first half of his long reign there had been a period of national glory and prosperity, to which we are accustomed to look back with pride as the first appearance of a homogeneous English people on the stage of continental history. In the last twenty years of his life it became apparent that England was not strong enough in men and money to occupy permanently the first place in Europe. Her fleets and commerce were driven off the seas, her armies no longer attempted to maintain her continental empire. If it is not just to put all the blame for the catastrophes of his later years on Edward's head, neither is it just to the English people to attribute all the earlier successes solely to his vigorous personality. His policy, in so far as it recognised the importance of sea-power and commerce, had been good; in so far as it revived the dream of a continental empire it was fraught with terrible and far-reaching disaster. It may be doubted how much the individuality of Edward the Third had been responsible for either the one side of his policy or the other. Both were inevitable in the stage of experience Englishmen had then reached, and the nation approved equally of the war by sea and of the war by land.'

We are far from clear that the exhaustion of England had the importance in the issue of the war that is here attributed to it. If England was exhausted, France was much more so. The determining factors were rather the ill-will of the

Aquitanians and the interference of the Castilians; but these were aided by many others, the cumulative effect of which was very great; the premature decay of the King, the sickness of the Prince, the incompetence of the Duke, the sage policy of Charles V., the military skill of Du Guesclin and Jean de Vienne, all had a large share in producing the result. Unquestionably, the loss of our maritime supremacy was in part due to maladministration and the neglect of the shipping interest; but it is curious to find a writer with Mr. Trevelyan's political sympathies and strong disposition to interpret the problems of the past by the party politics of the present censuring the Government for its tardiness in passing what was virtually a Navigation Act. This was not passed till 1381, when it was ordered that 'none of the King's liege people do from henceforth ship any merchandise in going out or coming within the realm of England in any port, but only in ships of the King's liegaunce.*' We do not, however, wish to deny that such a statute was needed, or that it ought to have been enacted many years earlier.

The sketch of English sea-power which Mr. Trevelyan here introduces is inaccurate in many details both of fact and of language; and such a sentence as 'the admiral's flag trailing from the tallest merchantman' is an amusing instance of attempting bits of word-painting without knowing the exact meaning of the words used. Here is a blunder of a different sort: 'the enemy's ships were sweeping the sea, burning the fishing-villages and port-towns, and slaughtering the inhabitants of the seaboard. The consequent decay of the marine was obvious and undeniable.' In point of fact the 'consequence' was the other way: the burning and slaughtering followed—did not precede—the decay of the 'marine.' The burning and slaughtering were, however, distressing realities, and more stress might have been laid on their probable influence in provoking the insurrection of 1381. As they went on all along the east and south coasts, from Scarborough to the Land's End, it will be seen that, as far as the coast-line is concerned, they were in curious agreement with Mr. Trevelyan's map of the disturbed counties. If this is merely a coincidence, it is a very remarkable one. But Mr. Trevelyan has not noticed it; and it is scarcely to be wondered at that neither Réville nor M. Petit-Dutaillis has

* 5 Richard II. i. 3.

referred to the possible connexion between the raidings of the French and the revolt of the English.

And yet the correspondence between the burning of Gravesend in the autumn of 1380 and the insurrection in Essex and Kent in the spring of 1381 seems very marked. It is, indeed, everywhere recognised that the immediate and determining cause of the outbreak was the levy of the poll-tax; but it is not difficult to see how the natural and enduring objection of the peasants to any tax was intensified when the tax was a war-tax, levied by a Government which, as their eyes had seen, had so grossly mismanaged the war. If—the angry peasants may well have argued—our houses are to be given to the flames, it is at least insulting to ask us to pay for kindling the fire. And by what we are apt to call gross mismanagement, or even speculation, but may have been only ignorance by no means unparalleled, the tax levied in the winter of 1380–81 did not produce anything like the amount at which it was estimated. Commissioners were sent out to amend the lists or the payments; and the country-people not unnaturally mistook this for a second levy, which it probably often was. Cleared of later fictions, the story is now told by Mr. Trevelyan from a contemporary chronicle, which he himself brought to light some eighteen months ago:—*

‘In Kent and Essex the insurrections were similar. Both arose, in the first instance, from the action of the poll-tax commissioners. It appears that the disturbances began in Essex. It was about the last week in May that Thomas Bampton came down to Brentwood, a small town eighteen miles north-east of London. Sitting there at the receipt of custom, he summoned before him the inhabitants of Fobbing, Corringham, and Stanford-le-Hope, a group of villages lying ten miles further south, on the lower Thames, not far from Tilbury.† It was in vain that the men of Fobbing pleaded a quitance received from the commissioners who had levied the tax during the winter. Bampton was inexorable. He insisted on a second inquiry into their population and taxable resources. He threatened them with penalties for their contumacy, and seemed disposed to rely on the support of the two soldiers who had attended him from London. On this provocation a small but angry crowd from the three villages was soon collected. They told the commissioner flatly that he would not get a penny out of them, and that the conference must end. Bampton ordered his men-at-arms to make arrests. But the blood of the fishermen

* *English Historical Review*, July 1898.

† Just opposite Gravesend. The inhabitants of these villages had seen not only the flames of Gravesend, but also the French fleet in the river.

was now up, and they chased soldiers and commissioner together out of Brentwood. . . . In Kent the insurrection began a few days later.'

At Gravesend itself, on June 3, there was some rioting in favour of a runaway villein; and the poll-tax commissioners, coming into the county about the same time, were met with excuses similar to those made at Brentwood. The disturbances quickly spread:—

'The collectors were forcibly prevented from entering Canterbury, and on June 5 the rebels began to gather from all parts of the county at Dartford. It was afterwards believed by some that there had been indecent conduct on the part of the commissioners in the course of their duty, but the one contemporary who brings this charge is strongly prejudiced against Leg and his commission. Similar charges lately made by the native press of India, with regard to an unpopular house-to-house visitation, proved on investigation quite unfounded. Small as is the reason for believing the general charge of indecency made against the collectors, there is less for believing the story that Wat Tyler began the rebellion by avenging an insult offered to his daughter. It belongs to a well-known class of fable, of which the tales of Lucretia and Virginia are famous examples. The "motif" is popular and fascinating, and for that very reason suspicious. There is no mention of the incident in any contemporary authority. It is based on the statement of Stow, the Elizabethan annalist, and he only tells it in connection with a certain John Tyler. The story of Wat Tyler's blow has been consecrated by tradition, but it must go the way of William Tell's shot.'

And yet in modern times the site of Wat Tyler's house has been pointed out by a so-called local tradition, and the hammer with which he brained the offending tax-gatherer has been exhibited to 'some curious persons.'*

The laying of the Wat Tyler myth is interesting, and the story of how the revolt began is important; much more so is the examination into the causes of the revolt, which lay much deeper than the incidence of the poll-tax. They are to be sought in a widespread feeling of discontent among the lower orders, both in country and in town; and in the discussion of these Mr. Trevelyan, and still more M. Petit-Dutaillis, have thrown much light on the social and economic history of the fourteenth century. The two writers are, to a great extent, complementary of each other; and while, as might be expected, the Englishman seems to have a fuller appreciation of the conditions of the problem, the Frenchman has felt less encumbered by the weight of modern authority, and has approached the question with

* Dunkin's 'History of Dartford,' p. 368.

more perfect freedom. He is, however, too fond of generalising from what seem to us insufficient data, and we are thus sometimes unable to accept his conclusions, though they are always suggestive and very frequently important.

The point on which M. Petit-Dutaillis lays great stress, and on which he differs from several distinguished English writers of the present century, is the extent to which the feudal service of the agricultural labourer (villein service) had been commuted for a money payment before the date of the insurrection. Thorold Rogers, whose authority carries great weight, put it that 'In all probability, in the latter half of the fourteenth century very few tenants in villenage paid rent by service—almost all paid it by a pecuniary commutation;' and added, 'Was it not an attempt to transmute the pecuniary compensation into the labour rent, and so revive the tenures and the labour prices of the earlier part of the century, which led to the insurrection?'* This theory, says M. Petit-Dutaillis, though enunciated here as an hypothesis, reappears in Rogers' later works as a statement of fact, and as such has been very generally adopted, amongst others by the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Stubbs). Others, however—Professor Ashley is one—have refused to accept it; and Mr. Trevelyan, following him closely, says:—

'When the insurrection took place the process of commuting villein services for money rents was going on fast, but not quite so fast as the serfs themselves wished. . . . But the release from forced service was not the only question at issue between lords and villeins, nor did the latter consider themselves wholly free when such services had been commuted. The lord possessed other rights over the person of the villein and his family, rights varying in different counties and different manors, varying even from farm to farm on the same manor—rights that were often petty, but so multitudinous as to be exasperating, and so humiliating that they were incompatible with the new ideal. One villein must pay a fine to the lord when he gave his daughter in marriage; another must have his corn ground at the lord's mill only, and pay a high price to the monopolist miller. . . . The villein might not plead in court against his lord; . . . he could not sell his land and leave his farm. . . . Even if his services on the demesne had been commuted, he was still a serf bound to the soil.'

M. Petit-Dutaillis, however, goes further than this. He thinks that the number of manors in which villein service was still rendered was very large—that, in fact, those manors in which the service had been commuted were almost exceptional. He lays stress on the manor of Wilburton, in

* History of Agriculture and Prices in England, vol. i. p. 81.

Cambridgeshire, the detailed history of which was published a few years ago by Professor Maitland,* who says, in so many words, that in the accounts of the time of Edward II. wages were 'a comparatively trifling item'; and the difference sixty years later was due not to commutation, but to the fact that the villeins, when thoroughly sick of the position, ran away, leaving their farm, their chattels, stock, and implements in the hands of the lord. These latter were seldom of much value; the farm, left without a tenant, was a dead loss till a tenant could be found, sometimes to hold 'at the accustomed services,' sometimes at a money rent, sometimes half at a money rent, half at the accustomed services. But with regard to the point at issue, the conclusion arrived at by Professor Maitland is that at the very end of the fourteenth century the lord was still no great payer of wages. For the regular field work he had no need of hired labourers; his only permanent wage-receiving hind was a shepherd, though some ploughmen received allowances of grain.

M. Petit-Dutaillis is probably correct in his inference that the manor of Wilburton may be taken as a fairly representative one for the eastern counties, to which nearly all the evidence collected by himself and Réville, as well as by Mr. Powell, refers. But in any investigation of this kind the extreme variations spoken of by Mr. Trevelyan must never be forgotten. In the words of Professor Maitland, 'the time has not yet come when generalities about *the English* manor and its fortunes will be safe or sound.' That the state of East Anglia in respect of villein service was behind that of some of the other shires is possible; little is known, but M. Petit-Dutaillis believes that even in them the amount of commutation has been much exaggerated. In any case, he refuses to admit the reality of the grievance on which Rogers laid so much stress—the attempt of the lords to compel the villeins who had commuted their 'works' for a money payment to return to the tenure of service. Only two instances have been mentioned—one of 1351, the other of 1371—and these for occasional services demanded, not instead of, but in addition to, the rent paid.

'We could certainly wish,' he says, 'for more convincing and more numerous instances, and especially for some relating to the early years of Richard II. If Rogers knew of any, why did he not refer to them? I rather suspect that he has taken, without acknowledgement, the unsupported statement made by Blomefield, the historian of

* English Historical Review, July 1894.

Norfolk, that "the lords demanded the old services from the villeins and so provoked the insurrection."

He admits that such cases are possible, but not in sufficient numbers as to have any great influence or to give rise to the very general discontent among the peasantry; and while he lays greater stress on the villein service as a crying grievance, he is in accord with Mr. Trevelyan in believing that, after it, the most important cause of the revolt was the incidence of the many minor and irritating feudal dues which, after the Black Death and the great rise in wages, were levied and insisted on more rigorously than ever. When these became intolerable, or the men fancied they had better chances elsewhere, they deserted. Those, too, who were bound to service demanded to be placed on the same footing as their fellows, and when their demand was refused, they also fled, hoping to be accepted as hired labourers on some other manor. If we may take the manor of Wilburton as in any degree representative, the running away or 'flight' of the villeins was a very striking and important feature in the social history of the time. After the Black Death, says Mr. Trevelyan,

'it was with the greatest difficulty that hands could be kept on an estate at all. Like the free labourer, the villein had now the whip hand of his master. If the lord refused to commute his services for money rent, and still continued to exact the day labour which had now become so far more valuable than of old, the villein, like the free labourer, could "flee." To retire off the estate to another part of the country was forbidden to the free labourer only by the Statute of 1350; but in the case of the villein "bound to the soil" it was a breach of immemorial custom and the ancient law of the land. Yet the "flights" of villeins form as marked a feature in the later fourteenth century as the "flights" of negroes from the slave States of America in the early nineteenth. The one was as definitely illegal as the other, and in both cases the frequency of the flights marked the thorough determination of the class to set itself free and to revolutionise the old state of things. But instead of finding the whole country against him, the fugitive villein, whether he escaped to city or village, was sure of a welcome from merchants and bailiffs, whose business, in consequence of the Black Death, was being ruined by lack of hands. The master from whom he had fled would learn too late that it was impossible to replace his lost services or to fill his deserted toft. It is not, therefore, surprising that the lords were compelled to make every concession in order to retain their serfs on their estates. So far from trying to revive obligations that had been previously commuted, we find them parting with the villein's services more largely than ever, and often for a rent by no means equivalent.'

Of course, men so flying were summoned to return, or were arrested and punished when possible; but they kept out of the way, or, if the pursuit became too hot, took to the woods, still, it will be remembered, a very marked characteristic of English scenery. It was this, it is suggested by M. Petit-Dutaillis, that gave new life to the ancient legends of Robin Hood and his merry men. But Robin Hood was a more charming character in an old ballad than in living reality. 'For many years,' says Mr. Trevelyan, 'before and many years after the rebellion the waste places and pleasant woodlands were the haunt of desperate men, whose numbers were a shame to Government and a danger to society.' When to these outlaws we join a considerable number of disbanded soldiers, we have a social element which was a standing danger to the country. They were but waiting a fitting opportunity. That Essex should take the lead in finding it is not surprising. The lot of the Essex villeins appears to have been hard beyond the average. The riverside fishermen knew more of the Government's shortcomings than any other men of their degree; above all, their villages were near enough to London to be the common resort of professional agitators, discontented townsmen, and runaway apprentices. Men who had made London too hot for them might find secure hiding in the Essex woods or the Essex marshes, and in the intervals of being hunted could have plenty of time to preach sedition.

In Kent the conditions were very different. Theoretically, the peasants were freemen; they belonged to a county that claimed to be *invicta*; they could plead in court; but practically they were subject to many feudal dues, and in some instances to labour service, which were the more exasperating because, though sanctioned by custom, they were thought to be illegal, and because the men, having more freedom, had more intelligence than elsewhere. By reason of this greater intelligence, too, they took a greater interest in political questions; and when the revolt broke out, they showed themselves the most bitterly hostile to the Government and to John of Gaunt. It is also probable that they numbered among them many old soldiers—men who could contrast the glories of Crécy or Poitiers with the disgrace of Gravesend. Wat Tyler himself is said to have served in France, and his bold conduct in a difficult position seems to support the rumour. For the rest, every county had its own peculiar grievances; and nothing less than a long series of examinations similar to those made by

Mr. Powell and Professor Maitland, in East Anglia, will clear away the many obscurities. The towns, also, had their grievances, and these, too, differed in detail in each. The Statutes of Labourers limited the wages of journeymen and curtailed the profits of master craftsmen; and in very many instances the corporation or the burgesses collectively had some deep grudge against the lord of the manor.

‘The popular grievance,’ says Mr. Trevelyan, ‘was sometimes, as at Northampton, against the mayor; sometimes, as at Bury, against a neighbouring religious house; sometimes, as at Cambridge, against the university; sometimes, as at Oxford, mayor and citizens joined to exact a grant from the King. . . . To know the causes of the rising in the towns would be to know the history of a hundred different municipalities, their lawsuits and their quarrels, long buried in dust. . . . At Bridgewater they burnt title-deeds and court-rolls, marched under the royal standard, and exposed the heads of their enemies in public places. It is also at Bridgewater that we find an interesting case of a religious house forced by the parishioners to surrender its dues for the more useful purpose of supporting the vicar, . . . a man of the name of Frompton, who was in London when the rising broke out. He at once left the capital and started for the west, to see what could be done there. He arrived in Bridgewater in time to lead his parishioners on June 19 against the House of St. John of Jerusalem.’

Nothing can well seem, at first sight, more curious than the conduct of the lower ranks of the clergy at this time. In reality it is easy to understand it. They belonged, as a rule, to the peasant class, and had not been educated out of it; all their sympathies, by birth, upbringing, and professional life, were with the peasants; and their own grievances were very real. The tithes of the parishes were, as originally intended, sufficient for the comfortable maintenance of the priest; but since the Norman Conquest the custom had grown up of ‘appropriating’ the tithes—sometimes to a foreign rector, a cardinal, or other Church dignitary provided for by the Pope in defiance of the Statute of Provisors; sometimes to the bishop of the diocese; sometimes, and more frequently, to a neighbouring monastery. Whoever received the tithes was supposed to arrange for the religious services of the parish, which he did by appointing a vicar at the smallest possible stipend—from four to six marks *per annum*—barely sufficient to tempt some peasant who had got ordained to escape from the tyranny of his feudal lord. With a stipend already at starvation point, the rise in wages and prices after the pestilence and the war pressed on the vicars with

even greater severity than on the peasants. The peasants, notwithstanding the Statutes of Labourers, could, and did, refuse to work without adequate payment, and, when compulsion was exercised, could, and did, run away. The priests could not very well do either, and when they demanded that their stipends should be raised to ten or twelve marks, Archbishop Islip prescribed seven marks as a maximum, which Parliament afterwards reduced to six. It is thus not altogether surprising that 'during the riots of 1381' 'several cases occurred of vicars heading their parishioners' 'onslaught against those who had appropriated the tithe of 'the parish.'

It has often been suggested that the clergy had another and important share in the rebellion by their disseminating the revolutionary and communistic theories of Wycliffe. Mr. Trevelyan seems to deny this—to deny a connexion in any form between Wycliffe and the insurgents. His argument is based on the fact that none of these on their trial were accused of Lollardy,* which—as Lollardy had scarcely been invented in 1381—is not very surprising. Again, he says, 'the attempt to picture the rising as a communistic 'movement ignores the plainest facts; no request to have 'all things in common was put forward.' Surely Mr. Trevelyan is not prepared to maintain that no motive was at work except those that found vent in an explicit demand; and though he considers that the reports of John Ball's famous speech are untrustworthy, he directly refers to the popularity of the couplet—

'When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?'

That Wycliffe himself did not directly preach revolt and communism may be conceded; but some of his theories, committed to writing before 1381, go exceedingly close to maintaining the moral and religious justification of both. Mr. Trevelyan thinks that these had been practically withdrawn, and that in any case the peasants of Essex or Kent, or any other county, did not read tracts written in scholastic Latin. But the evil that men do lives after them; and teaching which appeals to the vulgar imagination reaches it through a thousand channels which it is impossible to dam, and, like the Fama of the poet, *vires acquirit eundo*. And

* Mr. Trevelyan persistently speaks of Lollardry, a word of modern coinage.

this is the view taken by M. Petit-Dutaillis, who urges that it is impossible to say that Wycliffe had no influence on the rebellion; that, fully admitting that none of the peasants had read or heard of the 'Tractatus de Civili Dominio;' that Wycliffe did not really desire any change in the civil order of things; that he sought for support among the nobles, was the friend of Lancaster, and to the villeins recommended submission, we cannot forget that he was a vehement, outspoken preacher; that he had denounced the accumulation of riches by the wicked, and still more by ecclesiastics; that he had preached in London to a turbulent and excitable populace; above all, that he had disciples still bolder, still more outspoken than himself; and thus, though he recommended resignation, he must be reckoned as one of the stirrers up of the rebellion.

But, in addition to the poor priests who preached sedition, and to the parsons of poor parishes who, when the rising came, 'put themselves at the head of their congregations 'and revenged on society the wrongs that they had endured,' there were many laymen who had long been at work through towns and villages, who in London 'were in touch with the 'proletariat of the great city,' and in the country had formed what they called the Great Society, which was an effective and, if need were, an aggressive union of the lower classes. In the spring of 1381 messengers were sent round the counties bidding the labourers be ready. The messages came in such form as 'Jack Milner asketh help to turne his milne aright,' 'Jack Trueman doth you to understand that 'falseness and guile have reigned too long,' or 'John Ball 'greeteth you well all, and doth you to understand that he 'hath rungen your bell.' The rising was thus not, as has been sometimes said, a sudden and passionate outburst of a wretched and aggrieved people; it had been, on the contrary, carefully prepared beforehand, and it appears from many independent sources that during the preceding ten years wages ruled high and prices low. Says Mr. Trevelyan:—

'The labourers who rose in 1381 were men accustomed to very fair conditions of existence, and had, therefore, a very good opinion of themselves and of what was due to them. This status they had won in the teeth of constituted authority, in defiance of Parliaments, landlords, justices of the peace and sheriffs. It was the result in many cases of a nomad life, in others of illegal unions and strikes. Could any stuff be more inflammable material for the agitator than such a class?'

But just as high wages and low prices, 'illegal unions' and strikes,' had brought about this condition favourable to the labourers, had they reduced many of the better classes to comparative or actual poverty. According to Thorold Rogers—

'Prices of produce during the last twenty years of the fourteenth century are uniformly low; every kind of grain was cheap. Wool was seriously depreciated, and it was upon corn and wool—the former for home consumption, the latter for foreign trade—that the agriculturist mainly depended. On the other hand, labour was dear. A rise of nearly 60 per cent. in the wages of harvest work, with a proportionate increase in the payment of other services absolutely necessary in order that the business of the farm should be carried on, must have been almost ruinous.'*

But this cause of distress affected others as well as the agriculturists; it affected every employer of labour throughout the country—in town or in village as on the manor; and it is perhaps to this—in part, at any rate—that we are to look for an explanation of the fact that in London 'some of the aldermen and better sort of citizens' were in the counsels of the organisers of the rebellion; or that 'in East Anglia several gentlemen were of their own free will among the rebels, and some even seem to have been among the original instigators and leaders. Imagination alone,' continues Mr. Trevelyan, 'can at this distance of time supply the reasons of their sympathy with the insurgents.' Certain it is that it was the action of London aldermen that gave the city over to the mob. If Alderman Horn, on Blackheath, had not encouraged the rebels with promises of support they might well have quailed before the difficulty of the task to which he invited them; if Alderman Sybyle had not lowered the drawbridge over the gap in London Bridge, they could not possibly have got into London. If the northern gates had been kept shut the Essex rioters could not have forced them. Unquestionably there were in the city great numbers of men who wished well to the insurgents, or who looked to a riot as an opportunity for settling private grudges or for plundering.

'The stalwart prentices,' says Mr. Trevelyan, 'trained in many a street fight, were attracted by the prospect of a riot on a gigantic scale. The sacred right of insurrection was well known to them; it had become almost a light thing in their eyes. This would be a rare opportunity to pay off old scores against John of Gaunt, against the Flemings of the riverside and the lawyers of the Temple. Besides the

* History of Agriculture and Prices, vol. i. p. 271.

apprentices, there was a vast floating population of labourers in and out of employment, of men of all sorts who had come to make their fortunes in London, of runaway villeins, and plotters who had come there on purpose to be at hand at this critical moment.'

As long as the insurgents were kept outside the rabble inside could not move; when the insurgents were admitted, all that was turbulent, all that was vile, made common cause with them. It is unnecessary to repeat the familiar story, excellently told by Mr. Trevelyan, of how the rebels sacked, burnt, and utterly destroyed the Savoy and the Hospital of St. John at Clerkenwell; how the prisons were broken open; how the Inns of Court were levelled with the ground; how all the rolls and records found in the Temple were burnt, and a proclamation issued that 'all lawyers were to be beheaded;' or of how, while the Essex serfs met the King at Mile End—the fourteenth-century equivalent of Hampstead Heath or Raynes Park—and obtained a promise of freedom and the abolition of feudal dues, the Kentish politicians stayed in the city, obtained admission to the Tower, and brutally murdered Sudbury, the Archbishop of Canterbury, 'not so much' because he was archbishop as because he was the Chancellor 'who had misgoverned the country and introduced the poll-tax,' Sir Robert Hales, the Prior of St. John's and Lord Treasurer, and some others, including John Leg, the farmer of the poll-tax.

The point of interest which Mr. Trevelyan has passed over with very scant notice is the admission of the mob to the Tower. He rightly says, 'It is certain that no resistance was made by the very formidable body of well-armed soldiers, who might have defended such a stronghold for many days even against a picked army;' but when he continues, 'These troops were ordered, or at least permitted, by the King to let in the mob. It appears that part of the agreement with the rebels was that the Tower and the refugees it contained were to be delivered over to their wrath,' he is making a very serious charge against the memory of Richard, one which ought not to have been made without much stronger evidence than Mr. Trevelyan adduces—Walsingham and the 'anominalle chronicle be-longing to the abbey of St. Maries in Yorke,' which he had printed in the 'English Historical Review.' Mr. Trevelyan must have known that on such a point this testimony is worthless. He assuredly did not gain a history fellowship at Trinity without learning the historical canon that on delicate or doubtful questions a witness is not satis-

factory unless it can be shown that he was in a position to have first-hand information. But of the anonymous chronicler we know nothing, except that most probably he was in Yorkshire at the time; we have not even a contemporary MS. of his work, and his statement in the lines referred to is confused and doubtful.* Nor does it need much consideration to show that, however correct his general narrative of patent events may be, the monk of St. Albans could not have any particular knowledge of such a transaction as this. M. Petit-Dutaillis says, 'les rebelles . . . pénétrèrent sans difficulté dans la Tour;' and though he accuses the King of neglecting 'to take any measure for 'the safety of his unfortunate Ministers,' he adds that Walsingham's statement, 'que le roi autorisa formellement l'entrée des rebelles,' is 'peu croyable.' But he does not suggest what better measure could have been taken than leaving the Ministers in the Tower, guarded by a sufficient garrison. All that we really have before us, then, is that the mob was allowed, without resistance, to enter the fortress which might have defied their most angry efforts. It may have been treason, such as lowered the drawbridge; but, if so, it would probably have been recorded. If not, the fact, taken by itself appears inexplicable. But it is not necessary to take it by itself. We have something that looks very similar in the surrender of Rochester Castle at the first outbreak of the rebellion—on June 7. Mr. Trevelyan thus describes the incident:—

'After defending it for half a day, the garrison was frightened into surrender, and the governor, Sir John Newton, became a hostage in the hands of the insurgents. It was an important success, not so much strategically as morally. It showed that panic had seized the authorities, and that the half-armed mob was for the present irresistible. Rochester Castle fell like the Bastille at the shout

* The words are: 'Le roy' (being at Mile End) 'fist arrayer les comens en deux ranges et fist crier devant eux . . . que ils poient aller par toute la realme dengleterre et prendre toutz les traytores et les amener a luy saluement et il feroit execucione de eux come le ley demanda, et par celle grant le dit Wat Tighler et les comons pristeront lour voy a le toure pur prendre l'ercheuesque et les autres . . .' The point of which is that Wat Tyler and his party were at Mile End. But this is at least doubtful. Mr. Trevelyan's own words are: 'The rebels broke into the Tower. Authorities differ as to the exact moment; some place it during and some after the conference at Mile End.' But if *during*, Wat Tyler could not be in the two places at the same time. M. Petit-Dutaillis decides that he was in London,

of the people, and the news of its fall gave confidence to rebellion and caused the hands of the governors to tremble.'

And this agrees with what is generally recorded of the conduct of the nobles and gentry. A paralysing panic had seized them. In Kent they and their retainers remained quietly at home, 'as though asleep.' They had neither rallying-point, leader, nor plans. In London the Ministers were equally panic-struck; they attempted no resistance, but submitted to their butchers like so many sheep. The conduct of the French nobles during the Terror is described as closely resembling this. There was not one instance in which the victims resisted the order for their arrest, and though Taine considers that this was due to a life's training in the belief that a brawl of any kind was 'bad form,' it would seem to have been rather the effect of a mental paralysis such as, at the first, under somewhat similar conditions, disabled the gentry of England. They recovered themselves the next day, and resumed their wonted ascendancy after the death of Wat Tyler. Mr. Trevelyan's account of this celebrated incident is valuable, if only for his discussion on the individuality of the man. That the rebels that assembled at Smithfield were led by 'a man 'who was afterwards generally known as Wat Tyler' is certain. But that is all that is so.

'So many Tylers appear in the records of these troubles that it is impossible to trace his identity or his previous performances. It is clear that he was a man of the people, and not one of those gentlemen who in some places consented to lead the rebels. He may have gained his position either by really superior talents as an organiser, or, as some of the leaders of the French Revolution gained theirs, solely by a sufficient display of audacity. One of the King's attendants declared that he recognised him at Smithfield as one of the most notorious rogues and robbers in Kent. He appears to have been not wanting in insolence, and it is quite likely that his head had been a little turned by success. He rode forward from the ranks of his followers, who were lined up on one side of the market, and joined the group of horsemen that surrounded the King's person. Precisely what passed during the next two minutes seems to have been afterwards forgotten, or differently reported by the actors in the scene. When the story came to be put down every chronicler obtained different details. It appears, whatever his demands were, that he treated the King with familiarity and his attendants with contempt. The lords and citizens were no longer in the humour to cringe to the peasants, and answered him back roundly. The King at first tried to act as peacemaker, but the next minute Walworth, who, like the rest of the company, was wearing armour under his official robes, struck Tyler from his horse. The others leaped to the ground and stabbed him to death where he

lay. It was practically the first blow struck in defence of authority since the rebels had appeared on Blackheath.'

And it was sufficient. With the death of Tyler the rebellion in London collapsed, a result to which the gallant bearing of the young King largely contributed. The Essex serfs had already departed, trusting to the King's promises at Mile End. The Kent insurgents now allowed themselves to be led peaceably through the city and dismissed to their homes. When Tyler's head had been struck off and set up over London Bridge, London was quiet. But in the provinces there was still much to do. Many of the rioters sent out of London did not go home. One party of them broke into Guildford a few days later. Another party went northwards, got into the fens, and 'were massacred by a 'body of loyalists from Huntingdon.' From all parts of England men were roaming the country to keep the rebellion alive. In East Anglia the rising was sternly put down by Henry Spencer, bishop of Norwich, the only man who, at the time, showed presence of mind and fearlessness of responsibility. It did not, of course, take much military skill to rout a mob of undisciplined and half-armed peasants; but Spencer deservedly received great credit for his prompt and vigorous action. In Huntingdonshire, Cambridgeshire, Suffolk, and Norfolk the rebellion was stamped out in little more than a week from its commencement. In Dorset and Somerset it was suppressed by the Earl of Salisbury. For Kent and Hampshire orders were sent to the sheriffs. The Earl of Buckingham* and Sir Robert Tresilian, newly appointed chief justice, had a special commission for all England.

Mr. Trevelyan casually mentions disturbances in Yorkshire, but without giving any details. If we rightly understand him, these were included in the original essay, but have been now deleted, in deference to the supposed tastes of the general reader. This seems to us a mistake, for they present many curious features which distinguish them from the rising, properly so called. With better judgement, M. Petit-Dutaillis has preserved them, together with a number of the original documents transcribed by Réville. From these it appears that though the rising in the south was directly connected with that at Scarborough, the disturb-

* Better known in history as Duke of Gloucester, who, seven years later, as one of the lords appellants, had Tresilian hanged.

ances at Beverley and York had a purely local origin, though possibly intensified by the news from the south.

For many years Beverley had groaned under the tyranny of a municipal oligarchy, consisting of the more wealthy inhabitants ('*probiores et magis sufficientes burgenses*'), who had made use of their power to enrich themselves at the expense of their poorer neighbours ('*mediocres et minus sufficientes homines de communitate ville illius*'). Early in the summer of 1381—the exact date is indeterminate—these *mediocres* rose in revolt against their oppressors, broke into their houses, and by murderous threats forced them to sign certain bonds ('*litteras obligatorias*'). As a counter move, on the night of July 6 a party of the *probiores* murdered one of their assailants, threw his body into the river, and came to an agreement with his widow that she should accuse his own companions of the murder. They were accordingly arrested, thrown into prison, and released only on paying a fine of 100*l*. On inquiring into these disorders the King—that is to say, the King's Ministers—took the part of the *probiores*, and granted them an amnesty for their illegal exactions, though prohibiting them for the future. M. Petit-Dutaillis assumes that this was because the rebellion against the usurpation and extortion of the *probiores* included also rebellion against the Statutes of Labourers; but it is not impossible that the facts that the name of the leader of the *probiores* was John Erghum, and that Ralph Erghum, bishop of Salisbury, was a partisan of the Duke of Lancaster, may have had something to do with it. Of this, however, there is now no evidence.

A somewhat similar state of things prevailed at York, where, on November 25, 1380, the *communitas** broke violently into the Guildhall, deposed the mayor, John of Gisburn, who, rightly or wrongly, was accused of being associated with a gang of coiners and swindlers, elected a new mayor, one Simon Quixley, and compelled the more wealthy burgesses ('*bones gentz*') to recognise him. The authors of this revolution were artisans and tradesmen who had not previously had any share in the government of the city; but Quixley appears to have been one of the '*bones gentz*,' and to have at first hesitated about accepting

* M. Petit-Dutaillis says, we think correctly: 'Il est évident qu'ici, en dépit des théories de Mrs. Green sur le sens du mot *communitas*, ce terme désigne le bas peuple, par opposition aux riches bourgeois.'

the greatness thus thrust on him, though finally he determined to go through with the business. John of Gisburn, however, thought the position—with its emoluments, legitimate and illegitimate—worth fighting for; and the news of the rising in the south made the quarrel more bitter. On July 1 he, with a considerable body of his friends, made an attack on the city, and endeavoured to recover the power. They were overcome, and many of them, thrown into prison, were compelled to pay heavily for their release. The power of the King's Government seems to have been invoked in vain, and many months later the quarrel was still unsettled.

In these instances the cause of disturbance lay somewhat outside that of the Peasants' Rising, and doubtless a fuller knowledge of the history of local corporations would show many others. In the northern and north-western counties there do not seem to have been any outbreaks: ruined, wasted, depopulated by the ceaseless war with the Scots, they were in no condition to move, though M. Petit-Dutaillis thinks that they may possibly have sent some contingents of vagabonds to join the insurgents in Yorkshire. That there was some excitement appears from the appointment to these counties of keepers of the peace, to prevent, or if necessary to suppress, any rising. Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland are explicitly named; not Durham or Lancashire.

When the first danger of the rebellion was passed men's minds turned to revenge. The rude peasants had not been let loose from their accustomed restraints without committing many excesses; and though not actuated by any mere thirst for blood, such as has often led French mobs into nameless atrocities, they had burnt and murdered freely enough when they conceived that they had their oppressors before them. They had put to death many lords of the manor who had abused, or were thought to have abused, their power; many lawyers also, who were regarded as their wicked instruments, tax-gatherers, and Sir John Cavendish, the chief justice. Worse than all, they had struck terror into the hearts of the Government and the nobles, who were now angry at their own weakness, and eager for vengeance rather than punishment. Mr. Trevelyan considers that the reprisals were excessive. He says:—

'The King had begun his Bloody Assize in Essex. Tresilian, appointed chief justice in place of the murdered Cavendish, was the Jeffreys of

the occasion, and Buckingham the Kirke. . . . Tresilian's severities won him an unenviable fame, not only with the peasantry, but with some of the more discriminating among the friends of order. It was said that he spared none who came before him for trial. He seemed to feel that he was revenging his profession and his murdered predecessor for all they had suffered in the rebellion. Hanging, quartering, disembowelling, went on apace.* . . . Even in London revenge outran decency. A block was set up in Cheapside by the authorities, on the site which had a few days before been used by the rebels as their Place de la Révolution, and on it scores of victims were offered up to the manes of those who had there perished.'

And much more to the same effect; in all which we think that Mr. Trevelyan has taken the chroniclers too literally, without checking their gossiping statements by the more exact records of the law reports. It is to these that M. Petit-Dutaillis refers as supporting the contention that the severities have been grossly exaggerated; that Walsingham's stories of the London hangman having no rest, of the block permanently set up in Cheapside, of the necessity for additional gallows in the provinces, are born of imagination; that even the number of 1,500 executions mentioned by Froissart is far beyond possibility;† for that, in point of fact, the number of rebels officially named as hanged or beheaded is about 110; and though some of the rolls are imperfect, there is no reason to suppose this number to be very far from the truth. He argues, too, fairly enough, that when, in October 1382, Parliament passed an Act of amnesty, but excepted by name 287 as men whose crimes put them outside the pale of forgiveness, we have a very clear proof that these had not been hanged; and though some of them were brought to the gallows later on, it appears that the greater number were quit for a term of imprisonment and a fine.

Of a more lively importance are our authors' discussions of the ultimate effect of this threatening rebellion. M. Petit-Dutaillis, differing from our best English writers—including Thorold Rogers and the Bishop of Oxford—maintains that it had no results: for the promises made at Mile End were annulled, the serfs were not emancipated, their position

* The references are to Knighton and Higden—*i.e.* to the anonymous continuations of their works—and must be taken for what they are worth. On such a matter as this they seem to be mere popular rumour.

† It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to point out that Froissart's numbers are always dealt out with oriental license.

was in no way bettered. Scattered and isolated resistance to the demands for feudal service went on after the rising as before; it was not till thirty years later that these demands began to die out, and then only in consequence of the great economic change from arable farming to pastoral, which called for a smaller supply of labour and permitted the forced services to lapse. We think that in this argument M. Petit-Dutaillis has not got quite to the root of the matter. We prefer the Bishop of Oxford's estimate, that 'the indirect permanent results of the rising give it a singular importance both constitutionally and socially.' With this Mr. Trevelyan agrees. The rising, he says, 'made a very great impression on the minds of contemporaries. It could not be without influence on the life of the succeeding generation.' Though the King's promises were annulled, though the rebellion 'put an end to all chance of philanthropic legislation in the direction of emancipating the serfs,' and in this sense 'may be said to have retarded liberty,' the memory of it must have acted in another way. It taught the landlords to fear the serf, to fear the risk of levying the feudal services with the old rigour, and thus, by the want of labour, drove them to the agricultural change which M. Petit-Dutaillis appears to regard as spontaneous.

As we conclude we would express a hope that in this interesting work Mr. Trevelyan has given us but a foretaste of what we have to receive from his fourteenth-century studies. The reign of Richard II. has never been examined with the care and fulness to which its constitutional importance entitles it; and Mr. Trevelyan's success in this volume gives us almost a right to expect that he should continue the task which he has so well begun. It seems, too, peculiarly fitting that the grand-nephew and literary descendant of Lord Macaulay should write the history of the Revolution of 1399, which in many respects compares with, in others contrasts with, the still greater Revolution of 1688. We may, however, hope that in doing so he will start with an open mind; will distinguish between the barons of the fourteenth century and the Whigs of the seventeenth, or the Radicals of the nineteenth; will weigh, evaluate, and be guided by the evidence, and not consider it as bound to illustrate and confirm the curt statement made in this volume—that as in the first part of his reign Richard was a boy, so in the last part he was a fool. This has often been asserted, but has never been satisfactorily proved.

- ART. V.—1. *Forma urbis Romæ*. Consilio et auctoritate regię academię Lynceorum . . . delineavit RODULPHUS LANCIANI. Milan: 1893-9.
2. *Formæ urbis Romæ antiquæ*. Delineaverunt H. KIEPERT et CHR. HUELSEN. Berlin: 1896.
3. *The Ruins and Excavations of Ancient Rome*. A companion book for students and travellers, by RODOLFO LANCIANI. London: 1897.
4. *Le Forum Romain et les Forums Impériaux*, par HENRY THÉDÉNAT. Paris: 1898.
5. *Stele con iscrizone arcaica latina scoperta nel Foro Romano*. DA G. BONI, G. F. GAMURRINI, L. CECI. Rome: 1899.

TO every lover of Roman antiquity, whether learned specialist or ordinary educated reader, the city of Rome must always provide the central feature of his landscape and the goal of his pilgrimages. And yet it is in some sense a strange centre, a goal which when we reach it does not seem altogether what we expected. For it has two distinct characteristics: the one visible at the first glance to every eye, the other less recognisable and often unrecognised, but none the less potent to touch the mind. The first is, of course, the charm of Rome. Even if, by an effort, we disregard for a while the thousand mediæval and modern associations of the Eternal City, the magic of the older Rome abides with us, inevitable and imperishable. We stand in the soft spring air on the southernmost edge of the Palatine and look across the undulating green Campagna to the little towns, the 'Castelli Romani,' dotted along the Alban hills, and the august summit above them where the most ancient Latin god preserved his immemorial temple. We wander down the Appian Way, past the little chapel of 'Domine Quo Vadis,' and the great sepulchre of Cæcilia Metella, where the tourists turn, on to the lonely land where the grass grows over the broken pavement of the road, and only the cattle moving among the ruined tombs disturb the silence. We sit, on a bright April morning, amidst the plants and flowers and fragments of Roman monuments in the graceful cloister which was built out of the Baths of Diocletian, and has now in turn become a museum. Or we climb the low Cælian hill to the ruined platform of the temple of Claudius, and linger under the

ilxes and cypresses of the Passionist Fathers, one of the last relics of that old Rome, which, like our English Oxford, spread her gardens to the moonlight and whispered from her towers the enchantments of the Middle Age. There are few intellectual pleasures like these.

But if we turn from sentiment to fact, if we make the attempt which all educated men must desire to make in Rome, and endeavour to realise the ancient city and its buildings with some rude precision, we find at once that our surroundings are far from helpful. Ruins abound. But they are essentially ruins, most of them shapeless and enigmatic, save to a handful of specialists, and few of them perfect enough to give that direct contact with ancient life which the mind naturally requires. Rome has no Acropolis like Athens, no Parthenon or Erechtheum. She has less than one might have expected to match the remains of infinitely smaller provincial towns in Spain or Africa or southern Gaul. Of all the stately buildings erected during the four centuries of the Empire, the Pantheon and one or two triumphal arches and columns alone stand intact—one edifice for each of those centuries. The Capitol is a modern quarter: standing there to-day, you would never guess even the shape of the ancient hill. The Palatine is a labyrinth of brick substructures, crypts, and cellars, denuded now of the palaces above them, but never meant for free eyes to see. On the 'floor' of the Forum the column of Phocas, poor product of a late age, towers over débris, and the course even of the Sacred Way cannot be accurately distinguished. In the Campus Martius, a few buildings, choked by modern houses, faintly indicate the size and number of the edifices which once covered that wide expanse. The life and strife of fourteen centuries have passed over ancient Rome. Its treasures of marble and alabaster have been stolen for churches and palaces; its foundations have been buried beneath the dusty wreck of its roofs and walls. So dear a price has it paid to be called the Eternal City.

This characteristic of the remains of ancient Rome is too often ignored in the multitude of delights and interests which modern Rome presents. Nevertheless it is a real characteristic, and it probably affects visitors far more than they are aware. It especially concerns us in an article like the present. We are proposing to describe briefly in the following paragraphs the principal discoveries of Roman antiquity which have recently been made in Rome, and the first fact which meets us is this, that the discoveries are

in great part fragments. Many of them are comparatively important fragments, such as an expert can piece together with other like remains, to fill up little gaps in our knowledge. Still they are fragments, devoid of individual value, and the results deduced from them are equally devoid of individual value. The progress of research in such a case is necessarily slow, 'line upon line, line upon line, here 'a little and there a little,' and parts of it are unintelligible and uninteresting to any but specialists. We shall not attempt to treat these fragments individually. We shall first sketch summarily the chief work—excavation, chance discovery, criticism—achieved during the period which we have to survey; we shall endeavour to describe rather the general results, as they affect our conception of Rome, than the details or the actual items.

The period which we have to survey is somewhat peculiar. Ten years ago, when this topic was last handled in this Review,* it was possible to point to a vast multitude of discoveries. The mass of new material brought to light between 1871 and 1889 could fairly be described as without a parallel in the history of excavation. Immediately after the occupation of Rome and the definitive establishment of the Italian kingdom in 1870, the Italian Government commenced the organisation of official excavation throughout Italy and not least in Rome. There it was assisted by the rapid developement of the city which naturally followed the events of 1870, and in one way or another no less than four square miles were opened and examined. But before 1889 financial troubles of various kinds had reduced the funds available for excavation and had wholly suspended building operations, and during the ten years with which we are concerned the spade has effected little for Roman archæology. Since the foundations of the Triumphal Arch of Augustus were detected in 1888, excavations practically ceased in the Forum till last year; only one excavation was made on the Palatine during the same period, and very little elsewhere in Rome. Now we appear to be standing at the commencement of a new excavatory period. The initiative is due mainly to the present Minister of Public Instruction, M. Guido Baccelli, whose tenure of that office in the past was already honourably connected with some of the most striking discoveries of the last twenty years. The generosity of an Englishman, Mr. Lionel Phillips, has helped the work, and

* Vol. clxx., pp. 479, foll., October, 1889.

during the last twelve months M. Giacomo Boni has carried out excavations in the Forum with energy and success. The gist of M. Boni's results will be sketched below, so far as his work has yet gone. It is not yet finished, and we may here be content with felicitating him and his country on the very striking discoveries with which he has commenced. If he has not found the Tomb of Romulus, as the daily newspapers proclaimed last May, he has found something almost as strange.

Meanwhile, though excavations have lingered, chance discoveries have been made continuously, and three deserve single notice. In the autumn of 1890 a long inscription was unearthed, incomplete but intelligible, which described the ritual of the Secular Games celebrated by Augustus. The inscription attracted notice because it actually contained the line

‘Carmen composuit Q. Horatius Flaccus,’

‘Horace wrote the “Carmen Sæculare,”’ the ode which we still possess. Perhaps, as we shall point out, it is no less interesting in that it illustrates the character of the rule of Augustus. Two years later, in the early part of 1892, fresh light was shed on the most perfect of all ancient buildings in Rome and the most beautiful—the Pantheon. The well-known inscription on the portico of this temple ascribes it to Agrippa, colleague and friend of Augustus, and, as the ancient historian Cassius Dio relates that Agrippa actually built such a temple, authorities had agreed to ascribe it to him. Chance need of repair to the roof in 1892 altered the whole question. It was found that the roof and, as subsequently appeared, the whole building, are constructed of bricks dated to A.D. 115–124, that is, to Hadrian's reign. That is to say, this masterpiece of architecture is not the work of Agrippa but of Hadrian, and another great work must be credited to that master-builder among emperors. Agrippa, it seems, built a Pantheon; Hadrian restored it, and in restoring entirely rebuilt it, altering even the ground plan, but retained the name of Agrippa, and, with a moderation rare in emperors, omitted his own name. The third discovery which deserves notice here is that of 451 new fragments of the great marble plan of Rome which was constructed by the order of Caracalla about A.D. 210. This discovery illustrates well our previous observation that finds in Rome are often fragments, intelligible only to specialists. The 451 new fragments seem likely to tell us the positions of a few unknown buildings, and thus to add a few details to

our plan of Rome. That is of small importance to the average man, and indeed to the average classical scholar. But put together many such additions to our knowledge, here a little and there a little, and your results will be such as everyone will appreciate and admire.

Perhaps, however, the main feature of Roman topographical work in the last ten years has not been discovery of new facts so much as criticism of old facts. The decade has been a breathing space, during which we have had leisure to examine, to catalogue, to explain, the mass of results yielded by the researches of the preceding years. Much has been done in the learned periodicals which are especially devoted to this subject, the '*Bulletino Com-munale*,' the '*Notizie degli Scavi*' issued by the Lincei Academy, the '*Mittheilungen*' of the German Archæological Institute. The articles in these journals are highly technical, and we shall not discuss them in detail. More noteworthy for our purpose are the books named at the head of this article. There is, to begin with, the great map of ancient Rome, executed on the magnificent scale of 1 : 1,000 by the veteran Professor Lanciani. The minuteness, the accuracy, and the finish of this map attain an excellence wholly undreamt-of in England, and unrivalled even in Italy. Many years went to its making and seven to its publishing. It is now on the verge of completion. Next to it in subject, but widely differing in size, we place the handy volume of two German scholars, containing three maps of Rome and an alphabetical bibliography of all the known buildings in Rome, and all the important references to them in ancient and in recent literature. These are works for the scholar, and for his purposes they are invaluable. For the less learned equally with the scholar we have a most admirable volume, written in English by Professor Lanciani. It is a condensed account, copiously illustrated, of all the great buildings which can now be seen by travellers or are credibly described by earlier writers. In some respects a difficult work, it contains nevertheless a mass of information which can be found nowhere else, and which probably no one but the author could have compiled. No serious man should omit to consult it. For Frenchmen M. Thédénat has written a charming sketch of the Forum—scholarly and lucid, a model for such books. These works are not the only ones of their kind. They are representative of many others, and are in some ways the best representatives, and for that reason we have devoted a few sentences to their consideration. Were

this the proper place, we could add the titles of many more by the scholars whom we have named and by others. To our regret we can add no work by any Englishman.

We stand, then, at the conclusion of a period of criticism and cataloguing, and at the commencement, as we hope, of a period of excavation. It is a suitable moment for a general survey, and we proceed to put such a survey before our readers. We shall omit many details and technicalities, and endeavour only to sketch the broad facts (as the phrase is) taught us in the last ten years about Rome, prehistoric, Republican, and Imperial.

It was an observation of Strabo, a contemporary of Augustus, that the Romans of the Republic cared only for practical work, and did nothing for the beautification of their city. And indeed few remains of ancient Rome are older than Cæsar and Augustus. The little round church near the Ponte Rotto was probably a Republican temple; the sullen vaults of the Tabularium, below the Capitol tower, may date from the age of Sulla. But in the main Strabo was right: the Roman Republic was one of those states which mark the world but not individual sites with their achievements. The last ten years have not altered this truth. But they have brought fresh light to a period which is even darker than that of the Republic, the period of the origins and early history of Rome. Two distinct lines of investigation have helped here. Researches outside of Rome have illustrated the origin of Rome; researches within have yielded evidence which is not yet fully understood, but which seems to be somehow connected with one famous event—the sack of Rome by Brennus and his Gauls in B.C. 390.

The researches outside Rome may be dismissed briefly, for they lie outside our proper subject. But it may not be amiss to observe that excavations in the Po valley and elsewhere have revealed to us, as it seems, an immigration of Italians from north of the Alps twelve or thirteen centuries before our era and a gradual movement of these tribes southwards and not least to Latium. Similarly, excavations in central Italy seem to have shown that the towns of these Italians grew by extension from a single hill-fort to neighbouring summits which were gradually enclosed in a ring-fence, just as the legends tell us Rome grew herself. And excavations in Italy and in Greek lands, taken together, prove that the influences of the Mycenaean civilisation spread from the East to Italy, and that immigrants like the Etruscans did really

come thence by sea. In Rome itself, however, nothing has yet been found to prove or disprove these views. Only the ancient 'quadrate' masonry on the Palatine indicates that hill to have been, what the legends call it, the original seat of the Roman community, and the primitive cemeteries on the Esquiline, near the Central Railway Station, testify to an occupation of that quarter before ever the wall of Servius Tullius was erected.

The early remains which have been recently discovered in Rome appear to concern a later age. As we have stated, they may perhaps belong to the event which, more than any other single incident, divides historic from prehistoric Rome: we mean, the sack of the city by the Gauls. These remains were unearthed last year in the Forum, and the discovery is, we think, sufficiently interesting to be described briefly in this article. We owe it largely to the enterprise and good luck of M. Boni. Thinking, in opposition to most authorities, that the excavated portions of the Forum had not been excavated to a proper depth, he determined to dig deeper and ascertain if any antiquities still lay undiscovered beneath the surface. Last January, accordingly, workmen were set to clear away the rude 'selce' paving of a roadway of late construction in the north-east corner of the Forum, and in the course of this work our discovery was made. Some fifty feet east of the Arch of Severus the workmen found beneath the roadway just mentioned a small pavement or platform, twelve feet square or thereabouts, floored with slabs of streaked black marble and fenced with slabs of white marble set upon edge. Though, of necessity, earlier than the roadway, it proved to be a late work, partly composed of stones from earlier structures and referable to late Imperial times. But its mere existence beneath the roadway was surprising, and its colour excited attention, for the Romans rarely used black marble except as an adjunct, and here was an all-black marble floor. Theories at once spread abroad—we will return to them later. The work was of course continued. Slowly the excavations were carried deeper until in May a remarkable group of monuments was reached. They stand on native soil, with no work of man below them, five feet lower than the black marble floor, and in part directly under it. They are three in number, a tufa platform with two pedestals four feet apart, a conical stone, and thirdly, a four-sided fragment with letters cut on all its sides: all three had been wantonly and intentionally broken at some period or other. Among them and around them lay

an extraordinary stratum of miscellaneous objects, no gold or silver or precious stones, but bones of animals, numerous fragments of pottery and tiny bronze statuettes of gods, iron spearheads, brooches, beads, weights of various kinds, rings, knucklebones meant for children's toys, all of them, as it seemed, tossed in promiscuously. Mixed up with these were some chips of marble, which must have intruded themselves long after the stratum, as a whole, was deposited.

Beyond question, these remains take rank among the earlier remains of Rome. The letters of the inscription, the style of the pottery and statuettes, the ornamentation of the pedestals, all testify to a remote antiquity, the fifth or sixth century, perhaps, before our era. Unfortunately none of the objects can be dated with real certainty or precision; we must therefore rest content with an approximation. Nor has anyone yet succeeded in deciphering the inscription. The letters and language are Latin, but it is old Latin, as unlike the Latin of Cicero or Virgil as the English of Piers Plowman is unlike the English of Shakspeare or Milton. We can distinguish forms of words like *rex*, *sacer*, *iumentum* and can guess that there is reference to some religious ritual, such as would be prominent in any primitive community. But we cannot go further with any profit, and those who have tried to do so, and, like Professor Ceci, have offered a complete reconstruction of the text, have ended in pure guess-work. We possess, indeed, only a half or a third of the whole inscription, and, until a lucky accident helps, we must be content to confess that we do not know.

But though details remain obscure, some explanation can be advanced of the whole series of objects. In the first place we may connect them with certain remains mentioned by Roman writers. A contemporary of Augustus tells us that there actually was a spot called the Black Stone—*Lapis Niger*—close to the point where our black marble floor was found. According to one legend which he notices, this spot had been destined for the tomb of Romulus, but never so used; another legend apparently connected it with the shepherd Faustulus, foster-father of Rome's founder. Other Roman writers speak of a tomb flanked by lions, which some assigned to Romulus and some to Faustulus, and this tomb again plainly stood in somewhat the same locality as the black marble floor. It is no very wild assumption that the Black Stone and the Lion Tomb and the marble floor have some connexion. Nor is it absurd to guess that the

pedestals of the tufa platform may once have supported the lions assigned to the tomb of Romulus. Putting the facts together, we might make some such conjecture as this: that there was once in the north-east of the Forum a sacred spot, traditionally connected with the age of Romulus and marked by ancient monuments. At some period, when the level of the surrounding surface was raised, these monuments were buried; a black stone took their place, and the memory of it was kept alive even to late Imperial days. Possibly we might even go further. We said that the lower older monuments seemed to have been intentionally destroyed, and that a stratum of miscellaneous objects enveloped them. It is not impossible, though it is not certain, or anything like certain, that these miscellaneous objects represent expiation for a sacrilege—that the Gauls wrecked the monuments and the expiation followed. This is a guess, for which thus much may be urged, that it falls in with certain little probabilities in the dating of certain items.

For the present, the bearing of these discoveries on the early history of Rome is somewhat indefinite; but one thing is certain: the inscription does not prove the existence of Romulus, nor does the discovery overthrow the ordinary modern views of Roman history. An Italian scholar has declared that it marks the bankruptcy of modern German criticism, and shows Livy to be right, Niebuhr and Mommsen to be wrong. We are afraid it does nothing of the sort; it neither proves nor disproves that Romulus or anyone else ever existed at all. Italians are naturally proud of the stately legends which profess to describe Rome's origin, and their desire to obtain confirmation for those legends is quite intelligible. We believe ourselves that certain of those legends contain a real element of fact, and we expect archæology to demonstrate that. But till the demonstration comes, it is a pious opinion and no more. And when it comes, we do not expect it to shatter the broad conclusions which have been reached by the masters of historical study.

Let us briefly explain this matter. It is often said that modern research has disproved or claims to have disproved the traditional history of all early Rome. That is not so. There are, indeed, wild theorists who love to toss tradition to the winds; they, like other extremists, make noises and win notice. But they do not count, except as nuisances. The best historical critics are quite different; they are sceptics only in the old Greek sense of the word, that is, they are enquirers. They believe that traditions, amidst

some error and fiction, contain some truth and fact. They realise that unless one can accept at least the broad outlines of tradition, one has nothing to go upon, and so they see that their task is to separate the false and the true. To do this they employ definite processes. Like Mommsen, they take the well-attested legal and political institutions of the Republic, and from the known reconstruct the unknown out of which it developed, or they collect archæological evidence to illuminate the traditions of tribal migrations or the growth and antiquity of famous towns. Their results are on the whole conservative; discovery after discovery proves that in one point or another tradition is correct. One side of the traditional history alone remains unsupported, the picturesque and sensational tales of kings and their battles. The history of the Heroic Age is confirmed, but the heroes drop out. Dull as the result may sound, it is not altogether a misfortune in the particular case of early Rome. For till the days of Sulla and Cæsar, there were few men of real greatness in the Roman Republic. Much of its history, like much of our own, is a long roll of extraordinary deeds done by ordinary men, and it cannot be appreciated till the personal element is subtracted, and the spectacle realised of a state which triumphed by coherence, by indomitable tenacity and by unwavering subordination of the individual to the common aim.

We pass on to the Empire. We approach a memorable age, distinguished above all others by the permanence and efficiency of its government, but to the student complex and difficult. Its interests spread over three continents, and many of its aspects can best be studied far away from Rome, on its elaborately guarded frontiers, or in the towns of its provinces. Rome was the capital of the Empire; but it was not always in Rome that the great tendencies of political or social developement went most really forward. It was a strange city, huge, wealthy, and old, and therefore filled, as old cities are, with inveterate traditions and intrigues and corruptions and idleness. There clustered the proudest and stubbornest aristocracy known to the historian. There the meaner sorts of political advancement or intellectual fame were soonest achieved. There was the home of a vast proletariat gathered during long years from many lands, immersed in its shrewd idle life, and unable even in the reign of Augustus to provide competent recruits in a military crisis. There, lastly, every Emperor in turn, though he might not himself reside there, erected his vastest or most stately buildings to

glorify what even a fifth-century Roman, himself provincial-born, could call the fairest queen of the world, the city that matched the starry heaven.

This greatness of Rome as a city inhabited by a vast and various multitude and adorned with splendid edifices, is not always adequately appreciated. Men see the fragments dotted up and down the modern streets, a few tolerably perfect, the more part merely wrecks. But it is hard out of the fragments to reconstruct the former splendour, and it is doubly hard for Englishmen who are accustomed to London. For London, despite its size, far more nearly resembles Republican than Imperial Rome in the character of its public and private buildings. But the reconstruction must be attempted by anyone who wishes to realise what Rome was, and indeed discoveries are gradually helping us. As an instance, we may select, first, the exploration of the Basilica Æmilia, commenced only last summer, and still, as we write, in progress.

The Basilica Æmilia was a large public hall, consisting perhaps, like some other Roman basilicas, of a central nave or area with aisles or galleries on each side, and used, like them, for business of various kinds—a cross, as it were, between the Exchange and the Law Courts. It stood on the north side of the Forum, between the Temple of Faustina and the church of S. Adriano, which represents the ancient Senate House. Its origin reaches back into the second century before our era, and a Republican coin of B.C. 78 shows it as a small two-storied columned building; but its existence as a noteworthy edifice dates from Julius Cæsar, who caused it to be reconstructed in B.C. 54 out of the spoils of his Gaulish campaigns. Burnt down forty years later, it was re-erected anew, as we are told, in magnificent style by Augustus. Part of it may possibly have been still standing in the fifteenth century: so at least specialists have inferred from an old sketch of Rome preserved in the Escorial Library at Madrid. Possibly it was finally destroyed in the fatal sixteenth century, when the Vatican authorities were plundering the buildings of the Forum with even more than their usual recklessness for antiquity. Certainly its ruins have long been buried beneath streets and houses, and until its excavation was commenced six months ago, its precise character was altogether unknown. Now a stately building begins to emerge, wrecked almost to the ground, despoiled of carvings and columns, but still adequate to testify to its former self. Its façade towards

the Forum appears to have measured more than one hundred and seventy feet; its depth backwards has been reckoned, perhaps enthusiastically, at twice its frontage. The corner-stone of its north-west angle still remains in its original position, a massive moulded block of Greek marble seven feet wide. Near it lie fragments torn from its cornice, each more than two tons in weight, sculptured with no mean skill.

The Basilica *Æmilia* is an instance of a recent discovery due to excavation. As an instance of what recent criticism has been able to achieve in illustration of the great buildings of Rome, let us take the *Ara Pacis Augustæ*, the great Altar to Peace. It was erected in B.C. 13, on the occasion of the return of Augustus from his reorganisation of the Gaulish provinces, and its site was close to the *Via Flaminia* by which Augustus then entered Rome. In modern language we might describe it as halfway down the *Corso*, near *S. Lorenzo in Lucina*. References to it in ancient literature show that, at least during the Early Empire, it was regarded as a great work, and the carved and moulded fragments of it which have been found at various dates, in 1550 and 1859, show that it was rightly so regarded. It is no exaggeration to class it, with one of our chief authorities, among the most exquisite artistic productions of the Golden Age. But its remains, discovered at various dates, have been scattered among various museums. You may see them in Rome, in Florence, in Paris, and while you admire each individual piece, you gain no chance of realising what was the whole to which they once belonged. Now a German archaeologist has essayed, not without the aid of conjecture, to piece the fragments together and reconstruct the original monument. It was not simply an altar, but an altar set in the midst of a little stone enclosure, forty-five feet perhaps in length and breadth, and it is the enclosing wall which has yielded all or nearly all the remains which we so much admire. This wall was as much as twenty feet in height, and was carved all over in low relief. Outside, the ornament was divided into two portions: above, a row of figures in procession, about three quarters life-size; below, a charming design of rich foliage. Inside were pilasters with festoons between them, and behind the altar a niche for a statue. The whole monument was not large; indeed, if this view be correct, it was not so large as is generally supposed. But the execution of its details was supreme, and its size was sufficient for

beauty. Add colour to it—for it probably was coloured—and an Italian sky and sun, and you have a gem which you might match, maybe, from the existing medieval glories of Pisa or of Florence, but nowhere this side the Alps.

Chance has led us to take two instances of Roman splendour from the reign of Augustus; nor is that unreasonable, for it was then that Rome first assumed an external magnificence which corresponded to her imperial position. The age was one in which great buildings might have been expected. Recent conquests in all quarters—those of Pompey in the East, of Cæsar in Gaul, of Augustus in Egypt and elsewhere—had brought to Rome an immense flood of money. The peace which followed the civil wars had permitted commerce and industry to revive, and increased the taxable property in the provinces. The government had abundant resources at its disposal. Even before the fighting was wholly over, before Antony was beaten and Egypt annexed, it had been able to issue from its mint huge quantities of gold coins. With all his caution and all his indifference to external show, Augustus had a real conception of empire, as well as a cynical appreciation of the uses of shows and processions. It is not strange that he used the resources at his disposal to beautify his capital—that, according to the oft-quoted words of a Roman historian, he found Rome brick and left it marble. His successors imitated him, each in his own way. We need not record their work in detail. Very little of it has been affected in its broader aspects by the last ten years' researches, and we have already alluded to the new light thrown on the history of the Pantheon. But we may cite one curious detail, supplied by the latest excavations, which shows the effect of this perpetual building. Everyone has heard of the *Via Sacra*: everyone knows roughly the associations which attach to that historic street. During the last months the excavators have been busy with it, pursuing the same policy which they adopted in the vicinity of the Black Stone, and probing below the surface to see if anything more remains to be discovered. They have discovered that this Sacred Way was twice diverted in Imperial times to allow of Imperial buildings, not in the Forum itself, but in the ascent eastwards to the Velia and the spot where the Arch of Titus now stands. In the first distinguishable period it ran straight up the slope across the site of the Church of S. Francesca Romana and Hadrian's great Temple of Venus and Rome: this, likely enough, was its course in the days of Augustus, and the foundations of buildings which fronted

it have been discovered along its pavement in good preservation. Later, some Emperor diverted it so that it swept across to the south side of the slope—possibly Nero, when he built the Golden House; possibly Hadrian, when he built the temple just named; but this we shall know better in due course. Then, in the second century, about 134 A.D., came changes in the great ‘Bazaar,’ called the Porticus Margaritaria, and the curve of the Sacred Way was turned into a sharp angle to admit the new edifice. The Via Sacra at this point was one of the principal business streets of Rome during the Empire, and the changes made in it are amazing. It is as if Regent Street had once been straight, had then been bent into a curve, and lastly converted into a right angle—all in less than a hundred years. No wonder economists have sometimes suggested that the Emperors overbuilt themselves, and that the financial troubles of the later Empire are partly due to the ill-advised use of capital made by the earlier rulers. We do not think that this suggestion is correct, but it is not altogether founded on a misapprehension.

In the preceding paragraphs we have tried to show our readers how recent discoveries illuminate and assist our conceptions of Rome as an Imperial city adorned with Imperial magnificence. We pass on to notice one or two other of those discoveries which seem to possess individual importance for ordinary students and lovers of Rome and its history. The progress of historical research is rapidly bringing our knowledge of both ancient and modern history to such a point that new discoveries of really individual importance are rarely made. Every new-found fact fits into some corner, and, when combined with other facts, makes some little addition to our knowledge. Those who know the other facts can appreciate the value of this addition, but they are the specialists. The outsiders are often left wondering why learned men bother themselves about such and such a detail, and it is only when they chance to know the other details that they understand. That, we may observe in passing, is why Biblical research is so much more intelligible to average readers than any other work of specialists, for all average readers know something of the contents of their Bibles, but they do not know the details of Roman Imperial history. And if this is the case with all research, it is doubly so with that branch which at the moment concerns us; for, as we have already said, the details of Roman archæology are mostly fragments. Still, there are exceptions: we will take the inscription of the Secular Games as a proof.

The Secular Games of the Republic were mysterious rites celebrated once every hundred years amidst circumstances of awe and dread. The gods worshipped were the gods of Hell, Dis and his consort Proserpine; the sacrifices were animals black in colour; the time was three successive mid-nights. Games also were held, and hence the title 'Ludi Sæculares.' We need not here inquire the origin of this strange and gloomy ceremonial: it was a real thing, and it concerns us because it fell due in B.C. 49. The celebration was never achieved; instead, Cæsar crossed the Rubicon. But when Augustus was firmly established he determined to consecrate his new rule by a great religious festival, and the court lawyers readily invented for him a new series of Secular Games, which would fall due for celebration in B.C. 17. Accordingly in that year he held the games, and Horace wrote a Secular Ode. The official record of the ritual was inscribed on stone and set up where the games were held, in the Campus Martius, not far from the Ponte San Angelo. There, in 1891, it was found by a lucky chance, broken but intelligible. As we read it, we see clearly how the games were intended, by a series of subtle changes from the old order, to signify not only the continuance of an old order, but the commencement of a new one. Dis and Proserpine disappear: in their stead, the Fates and the Ilithyiaë and the Earth-goddess are worshipped for three nights, while Jupiter and Juno, Apollo and Diana, gods of the bright heaven, are worshipped for three days. The worshippers, too, are not the old limited circle of citizens. Now every free man may come with wife and child, and at the word we begin to scent far off the dawn of the day when Roman and provincial were to be one and equal. And, lastly, the presiding priest is no longer the consul; there is no mention of Republican magistrates throughout. Instead, Augustus, with his colleague Agrippa, performs the sacrifices, and he prays significantly enough, not only for the people of Rome, but also for the legions of which he was supreme commander. It is likely enough that the Festival had a real religious meaning for Augustus, just as much as for the mass of common persons. Yet in its details, if anywhere, we seem to catch a glimpse at the statecraft of that strange man, so clearsighted, so subtle, so adaptive, so willing to seem to do nothing, and therefore so impersonal, intangible, almost ineffective, and yet so colossal in his achievements.

By the side of this great inscription other finds sink into seeming insignificance, and indeed most of those which we could quote here are details of the kind to which we have

already alluded. Some of them are interesting, because they concern buildings which everyone knows, if not on the spot, at least in photograph or picture. Thus it is interesting to know that the Arch of Severus in the Forum was never intended to span a road. The foundations have lately been cleared and show plainly enough that Severus, at least, never intended that anyone should drive through it. In fact the Arch is a mere plagiarism of earlier Arches, taken out of its context, and as such it is a characteristic specimen of what art was in the age of Severus, at the opening of the third century. Huge buildings were then constructed with considerable engineering and mechanical skill—like the Baths of Caracalla, so well treated lately by M. Huelsen. But the essential principles of art had been forgotten, and so an Arch could be set up by itself, without any respect for its architectural meaning.

Again, it is interesting to know how the Romans came to build such tombs as the Pyramid of Cestius, close to the Protestant Cemetery and the Porta S. Paolo, or the great round tomb of Cæcilia Metella on the Appian Way, or its less perfect but more curious parallel, the tomb of Pætus and Polla on the Salarian Way. The Pyramid of Cestius is Egyptian. It is one of the many marks of Alexandrian or, as it is better called, Greco-Egyptian influence on first-century Rome. You may see these influences everywhere, in the mosaic pavements with pictures of Nile scenes, crocodiles, and the rest, or in the jewellery, or in numerous other things. In literature and in administrative details the same influences have been traced, perhaps too enthusiastically. In art they are real, and their reality is becoming gradually recognised. The round tombs of Metella and Polla, on the other hand, are of native origin. Our increasing knowledge of Etruscan and other tombs has taught us that they have grown out of the simple mound of earth. A low containing-wall of stone was first built to support that mound; then by degrees the mound grew smaller and the wall grew larger in successive instances, till at last, in the age of Augustus or perhaps before it, a magnitude was reached by Metella's tomb which fitted it to become subsequently the mediæval fortress of a Roman noble.

Our readers may ask one further question: Has recent research in Rome thrown fresh light on the early history of Christianity? The reply must be mainly a negative. No successor has come forward to continue the work of De Rossi, and the last decade has yielded only disconnected details. One bold conjecture, made two years ago, attracted

some newspaper notice and speedily proved a fiasco. It is worth mentioning as a warning to those who find traces of Christianity everywhere and anywhere. The name of the conjecturer need not be repeated; his conjecture was that some scratches in the wall plaster of a cellar on the Palatine represented the Crucifixion. The scratches were examined by others: they proved to represent rope-dancers, and everyone but the conjecturer smiled.

We will conclude with some remarks on another subject, which is very pertinent to this article. We had occasion to observe above that no important work had been written recently on Ancient Rome by any Englishman. We might perhaps have mentioned the late Professor Middleton's 'Ancient Rome,' issued in 1892, but that was in itself rather an expansion and revision of an earlier work, and it seemed best, for various reasons, to exclude it from our survey. Since 1892 our country has contributed nothing in the way of criticism, though there is hope of something in the future from one young Oxford scholar. A proposal has, however, already been made to attract English students to Rome, and to help them while there, by establishing a British School in Rome parallel to the British School at Athens. We should like to express our approval of that scheme. The school at Athens has now been in existence for thirteen years, and, despite various troubles, has won for itself, as its promoters claim, an honourable place among archæological establishments and has merited a grant from our Government. A similar school in Rome might prove even more useful. It would assist and direct young students from our Universities, it would form a centre for any older workers who might appear, and it would probably be found helpful by educated visitors to Rome who desired to make their conceptions more scholarly and precise. Probably, and indeed almost certainly, it would not confine itself to classical archæology; it would take account duly of mediæval interests, but with those we are not here concerned. Its machinery would be simple—a Director who could take rank as an authority on some part or other of his wide field, a library for readers, and a centre where inquirers could meet. The scheme, as it appears to us, appeals, like Rome itself, to many minds with various interests. We return to the consideration with which we opened this article. The magic of Rome draws us all. There can be no higher testimony advanced in support of a British School there than it will help us towards a right understanding of the Eternal City.

- ART. VI. — 1. *Anglo-Venezuelan Arbitration Commission*: British Case, Counter-case, and Argument. 3 vols. Appendices to the Case and Counter-case on behalf of the Government of Her Britannic Majesty, 6 vols. Maps and Index annexed to the British Case and Counter-case, 3 vols. London: 1898.
2. *Venezuela-British Guiana Boundary Arbitration*: Documents submitted to the Boundary Commission of the United States. 4 vols. Report of the United States Commission, 3 vols. Venezuelan Case, Counter-case, and Argument, 5 vols. Appendices to the Case and Counter-case of the United States of Venezuela, 4 vols. Maps annexed to the Venezuelan Case and Counter-case, 2 vols. New York: 1896 to 1898.
3. *Arbitration between the Governments of Her Britannic Majesty and the United States of Venezuela*. Proceedings. 11 vols. Paris: 1899.

THE Anglo-Venezuelan Arbitration has closed, and successfully closed, a long-standing dispute. The rights and wrongs of the parties have been settled, and both nations, without uncertainty—that bane of territorial improvement—can now develop their resources as they choose within the lands assigned to them. A chapter of friction, annoyance, complaint, and interference is closed in the pages of history. The immense masses of documents, the rights of Spaniards and Dutch, the meaning of clauses in the Treaty of Münster, Utrecht, or London, will no longer afford food for argument. The decision has been given, the incident is at an end. The libraries and museums of the world will collect copies of the appendices and proceedings, and possibly no one will open them except some energetic student of quaint colonial history or of the almost untouched field of the Spanish State documents and the great Empire of Spain, or some curious lawyer wondering with amaze at the herculean labours of the Attorney-General for England and his colleagues in a past century. The audacity of the Venezuelan claim, demanding all the territory up to the very banks of the Essequibo, may be admired by statesmen, and the yielding manners of Great Britain in answer to the ‘friendly offices’ of politicians who had assumed in their despatches an attitude very much akin to hostility may be wondered at. But no student of light literature can read fifty-five days of close argument delivered in a court before which no counsel

could have spoken without a thorough knowledge of a vast array of facts, or argued without being prepared to reply to questions on most difficult and delicate points of international law. The weight of material is too heavy, the majority of it is too technical, the different settings or framework in which the facts or deductions of facts were placed are too varied.

The documents on which the speeches are founded will doubtless form a mine of wealth from which historians can draw material for many subjects, and the admirable index appended to the British Case will afford aid to any person desiring light upon many matters not intimately connected with the exact line of boundary. No collection has ever yet been made which so clearly shows the dilatory principles on which the Government of the Spanish Empire was conducted, or the method inaugurated by Philip II., and carried on almost without change by his lax successors. The keen personal interest of the Spanish monarchs in the progress of the Catholic Church and the efforts of Jesuit, Franciscan, and Capuchin missionaries stands out in bold relief. The Spaniards themselves in their own words and in confidential reports describe their early voyages, and even the journeys of Sir Walter Raleigh. The silver fleet, the registered ships from Spain, the close policy of protection which in theory excluded the Dutch, but fostered in fact a huge smuggling system, the harsh treatment of the natives, all are frequently mentioned in these volumes, and point to the methods of trade and empire pursued by Spain. On reading these original papers no one can doubt the pride and bravery of her sons from century to century, and, it must be added, no one can doubt the want of scruple with which many enterprises were conducted. The history of the Project of Para, a secret alliance between Spain and Portugal to oust the Dutch in 1750, is a salient instance, as well as the instructions given to the Spanish envoys at the time of the Treaty of Münster, and the schemes for further advance towards the Dutch settlements recrudescing from time to time during the eighteenth century. Even Sir Benjamin Keene, the British ambassador at the court of Ferdinand VI., would have been still more amazed at the methods of Spanish and Portuguese ministers if he had known that in a time of perfect peace the Governments of His Catholic Majesty and the Most Faithful King had arranged to drive the Dutch from Guiana by an alliance with revolted negroes through Spanish

and Portuguese emissaries, whom if necessary they intended to disavow. This brilliant design, having for its principal object a close monopoly of gold mines, was for the first time ascertained in the course of this Arbitration, nearly one hundred and fifty years after the event.

Then in the Dutch documents the history of the rise and growth and fall of the Dutch West India Company is set forth. The energy of the promoters, who urged that in this way the Spaniard could be made to show his back, the courage and tenacity with which the emigrants landed on a coast populated by savage tribes and won their way to the confidence of the natives, and the history of the change of the soil from swamp and tropical forest into rich fields of sugar or of cotton, can be ascertained. The efforts of the Dutch to promote the great sugar industry may also be traced from the shipping of the first trial cargo of syrup to the establishment of handmills, and thence to the draining and planting of those large fields on which the world depended for supplies of sugar and rum, and which required cargoes of slaves from Africa and importation of horses from the Spanish possessions, and even from distant Rhode Island. The most minute details of the life of the colony day by day, two long centuries ago, are to be found in the official diary of the doings of the Dutch at Fort Kijkoveral, and the letters of Laurens Storm van's Gravesande show the character and interests of a celebrated Dutch Governor, who ruled Guiana for thirty years and hated the Spaniards right well. These letters of Gravesande illustrate the growing weakness of the Dutch West India Company and his anger at the increasing power of the Capuchin missionaries on the frontiers of territory claimed by the Dutch, while he piteously complains that he does not know where the western boundaries are, and suggests that troubles must continue unless they can be settled between the Spanish ministers and the States-General. Then at the close of the eighteenth century the position of a distant colony which was seized alternately by the British and the French, and was obliged during the very strain of war to change its commercial interests from sugar to cotton, can be gleaned from these documents, until for a brief period Dutch rule again appears with the substitution of a Governor-General, writing to the authorities of the Batavian Republic, for a Director-General sending despatches to the Honourable the Directors of the West India Company, or their High Mightinesses the States-General.

At last, in 1810, Venezuela began to throw off the yoke of Spain, and Great Britain in 1814 obtained possession of the rights of the Dutch. New Governments in both countries brought forward varying conditions. The Capuchin missionaries were murdered in the savannahs where their churches were built and their villages of Indians had been collected, and the mission savannah became a desolate waste, from which no aggression need be feared on the British side. Venezuela had too much to do with everlasting revolutions in the distant provinces beyond the Orinoco. There was no population, no wealth, no enterprise in Guiana. Great Britain, too, confined herself more and more to the sugar plantations and the growth of cotton within narrow territories. A great crisis occurred when the slave trade was abolished, and the prosperity of the colony received a staggering blow. But a ray of hope came with the discovery of gold, which as an industry has become more and more important to the colony. With the discovery of gold, prospecting parties went out up the rivers and through the jungles, both on Venezuelan and British territories and the territories in dispute. A fixed boundary became more and more necessary, because no capital could be obtained for Venezuelan enterprise, and Venezuela always interfered by her expressed predominant claim with British enterprise. When no arrangement could be made, Great Britain had to say that within a certain portion of territory British subjects would be protected, even if they went to mine at their own risk; and within that portion, both in the Barima, Massaruni, and Potaro districts, placer and even quartz mines have been opened. All these mines are now confirmed to Great Britain.

The history of the diplomatic negotiations and the reasons for the action of the United States Government is long and complicated. Only a small portion of the correspondence is published in the appendices to the British and Venezuelan cases, but these letters serve to show the points at issue, and the methods of the statesmen who endeavoured to settle the question. Lord Granville, Lord Rosebery, and Lord Salisbury attempted by conciliation to come to an arrangement, but the claims of Venezuela, resting on inaccurate historical information, were persistently pressed, and it suited the political objects of the 'Ladronera' party to have a red flag which could be raised from time to time to divert public attention in Venezuela from more domestic interests. President Cleveland seems to have thought that the British Government had gone to sleep over the matter,

and the value of trained form in diplomacy and the importance of polished words in speech and despatch were not often better illustrated than by the bad effects temporarily following the methods adopted by Mr. Olney. It was perhaps fortunate for both countries that Mr. Bayard represented the United States in London. Finally, President Cleveland appointed a Commission to inquire into historical aspects of the dispute, under the presidency of Mr. Justice Brewer, who afterwards sat as one of the arbitrators.

This Commission, not finding that Venezuela, in spite of her claims, possessed any documents important to the proof of title, had to send representatives to the Hague, London, and Spain, and received material assistance from the British Government. The result of their labours tended to mark out the lines of the claims put forward by either side, which were afterwards argued under the provisions of the Treaty of Washington. Venezuela claimed the whole country up to the west bank of the Essequibo, on the ground that Guiana had been discovered by Spain, and that Spain had perfected the discovery by occupation and by incorporating the province of Guiana within her Empire. Any territory occupied by the Dutch had only been occupied by permission of Spain or by encroachment, which must be restricted to the lands actually occupied. Great Britain claimed that the Dutch came to South America and to Guiana on equal terms with Spain, and that occupation and political control indicated the amount of territory to which the Dutch and Spaniards were respectively entitled. The extent of territory belonging to each country could only be ascertained by an examination of the acts done by each country within the territory in dispute.

But apart from the long array of facts to which brief attention has been called, there are in the resulting arbitration some points which might be lost under the intricate tangle of history and law, but which should be useful or instructive in the future development and in the conduct of arbitration. The arbitration itself, too, was an actual practical illustration of the working of the theory which was so much discussed at the Hague. Its lessons for the future are valuable and will form a guide to statesmen. Its subject may help to decide what kind of disputes can properly be decided by international arbitration, and what rules should govern the settling of such disputes.

The settlement of the basis on which an arbitration is to be founded is one of the most important points in the

successful carrying out of an arbitration. In this case the Treaty of Washington bore grave marks of the haste and conflicting views prevailing at the time when it was concluded. This is a practical difficulty which it may not be possible always, or even generally, to avoid. War or peace may depend upon the speedy settlement of a basis of discussion or the reference of the question, and the acceptance or rejection of a phrase may mean at a crucial point arbitration or no arbitration, and, in the event of no arbitration, results which both nations desire to prevent. Nevertheless, it is the duty and business of statesmen to give anxious and thoughtful care, with avoidance of carping, to fixing the terms of reference upon a clear and absolutely intelligible basis, showing what the intention of the parties may be.

In this arbitration the treaty had been negotiated between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Olney, and as a guidance to the Tribunal contained three rules set forth in Article IV. Those rules gave rise to considerable discussion. The third article had said :

‘The Tribunal shall investigate and ascertain the extent of the territories belonging to or that might lawfully be claimed by the United Netherlands or by the Kingdom of Spain respectively, at the time of the acquisition by Great Britain of the colony of British Guiana, and shall determine the boundary line between the colony of British Guiana and the United States of Venezuela.’

Article IV. continued :

‘In deciding the matters submitted the arbitrators shall ascertain all facts which they deem necessary to a decision of the controversy, and shall be governed by the following rules, which are agreed upon by the high contracting parties as rules to be taken as applicable to the case, and by such principles of international law not inconsistent therewith as the arbitrators shall determine to be applicable to the case.

‘(a) Adverse holding or prescription during a period of fifty years shall make a good title. The arbitrators may deem exclusive political control of a district, as well as actual settlement thereof, sufficient to constitute adverse holding or to make title by prescription.

‘(b) The arbitrators may recognise and give effect to rights and claims resting on any other ground whatever valid according to international law, and on any principles of international law which the arbitrators may deem applicable to the case, and which are not in contravention of the foregoing rule.

‘(c) In determining the boundary line, if territory of one party be found by the Tribunal to have been at the date of this treaty in the occupation of the subjects or citizens of the other party, such effect shall be given to such occupation as reason, justice, and principles of

international law and the equities of the case shall in the opinion of the Tribunal require.'

These rules, especially Rule (b), seem to be very wide and to give great latitude for discretion. But Rule (b) refers back to Rule (a), and on Rule (a) a serious disagreement at once arose. On the first day of his long speech the Attorney-General for England seems to have taken his stand upon this clause. In language which left no room for doubt, and which plainly intimated that Great Britain went into the arbitration upon certain terms, which were revealed by the open or confidential despatches passing between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Olney, he claimed that Rule (a) had one interpretation, and one interpretation only. Venezuela, in their final written Argument, took a contrary view, although nothing of the kind had been suggested in their written Case and Counter-case. The British contention was that the Tribunal were to consider the fifty years to date back from the year of the Treaty of Washington. Venezuela contended that it dated back from the Treaty of London in 1814, when Great Britain acquired the colony.

'When the Argument of Venezuela appeared, which was delivered in December, 1898,' said the Attorney-General, 'we found to our surprise that a point was raised that nothing that Great Britain had done after 1814 could give her any right at all, and that the only way in which her acts could be used would be to throw light upon the nature of the previous occupation by the Dutch, or, in any other words, that Great Britain got no benefit whatever under Rule (a) of Article IV. The matter appeared to us to be so serious that we communicated with my learned friends in writing upon the matter, and we called attention to this fact—that this rule of the treaty was the outcome of diplomatic negotiations between the representative of Great Britain and the representative of Venezuela. With a fairness which I wish to recognise, the counsel for Venezuela have agreed that the diplomatic correspondence should be before this Tribunal.'

Thus the matter was settled. The correspondence was put in to explain an article which would not explain itself. The language of the Attorney-General, who spoke of the contention raised by Venezuela as a contention which the Tribunal 'cannot and ought not to accept,' and as a matter 'vital to this arbitration,' could leave little room for doubt that unless the British contention had been accepted the British counsel would have left the room, and no arbitration would have resulted. They could not give an inch and lose an ell, where the ell would certainly be lost.

But the incident indicates the importance of clear wording of initial treaties.

Then as to Rule (c) the Attorney-General remarked: 'If I may be perfectly frank, I have a difficulty in seeing what the limits of the powers of the Tribunal under Rule (c) are.' If the powers were to be unlimited, there was no use in the rule as expressed. If they were to be limited, surely the rule should have stated the limits. It may be suggested that the rule gave no hint as to compensation in money, if the Tribunal were to act partly in a diplomatic and partly in a strict legal character, however much the equity of the case might lead to such a decision as the most practical and just. Such omission might tend to throw the Tribunal into a strict legal decision which might be actually inequitable, and which possibly the judges in this case evaded by giving Venezuela the barren consolation of Barima Point, with the condition that the waterway on the Barima and Amakuru Rivers should be perfectly open. Nobody would, or perhaps could, land on many portions of this Venezuelan territory. but the gift of a few thousand pounds for its possession by Great Britain would not have hurt Great Britain, and might have practically aided in the soothing of Venezuela.

Articles VI., VII., and VIII. of the Treaty of Washington refer to the preliminary written documents, a Case, Counter-case, and Argument to be presented on each side prior to the commencement of the oral hearing. The printed Argument was to show the points and refer to the evidence on which each Government relied. Eight months were given for the Case, four months for the Counter-case, and three months for the Arguments. Any of these periods might be enlarged, and they were, as a fact, all enlarged by the arbitrators, by the allowance of thirty days additional. The establishment of such a length of time before the oral hearing is able to take place undoubtedly gives opportunity and also certain discretion to the Tribunal for the delay of a hearing or a decision until all acute phases of sentiment have passed. But the amount of material required by this method is difficult to produce, variable in quality, and liable to involve repetition. One, at least, of these steps could be omitted, since any Counter-case could well be set forth in the Argument, without the necessity of delay or so many written documents prior to the oral hearing.

Before leaving the treaty a last comment may be made. Article XII. provided that each Government should pay its own agent and counsel, and 'the arbitrators appointed by

‘it or in its behalf.’ In some respects this article is not unreasonable, but it may be suggested that the semblance of payment by one side to a judge is derogatory to the dignity and absolute integrity of the judge. There should be no opening for a feeling that the best should be done for the party who pays and from whom payment is received, however slight that feeling may be. It might be better that the money for the judge should be placed in a joint fund, and a nonentity be the conduit through whom the agreed salary for services rendered is to be paid.

It is interesting to note the tactics shown by either side. Great Britain put her strength into the Case, the first document published and the first which the arbitrators would read. Venezuela waited, and tentatively suggested her Case. In the second series of documents Great Britain replied, and adhering strictly to the Venezuelan Case, categorically and in terse language almost absolutely contradicted the Venezuelan suggestions, while Venezuela criticised the British Case, but still deferred her real answer. When the Arguments were published, however, Venezuela put forward all her strength, and in two long volumes attacked the British Case and Counter-case, alleged admissions and discrepancies, advanced long legal disquisitions involving reference to many cases, and claimed judgement. Great Britain, on the contrary, shortly referred to the documents on which she specially relied, and very briefly stated her main contentions. When the oral hearing commenced, the Attorney-General produced, as it were, a new story by the detail with which he was able to illustrate his contentions. Venezuela, on the contrary, had already relied upon writing, and not speech, for the developement of her main contentions, and Mr. Mallet-Prevost and Mr. Soley were obliged to resort to minute criticism of the British position without upsetting the basis of the British Case. Sir Robert Reid and Mr. Askwith stuck closely to the views put forward by Venezuela in the Venezuelan written Argument, and the contentions, so far as they had been developed in speech by counsel, and tersely urged reasons, legal and historical, against them, which the Attorney-General effectively followed up in his reply. When General Tracy at a late period advanced law on behalf of Venezuela, and General Harrison devoted himself at length to the basis and groundwork of the Venezuelan contention, their propositions had all been anticipated and the case practically settled. However long their counsel might speak—and

they occupied thirty-one days—the points against them were clear long before the end, the written Argument, which they could only repeat in slightly varied form, had been shattered, and the minds of the members of the Tribunal on matters of principle evidently made up. Great Britain, in fact, at the very outset had clearly laid down her propositions. Those propositions, as soon as the oral hearing began, were elaborated in the first speech. In the second and third speeches the propositions of Venezuela were answered and anticipated. Consequently, Great Britain was always in front, because Venezuela waited for the very last written document to produce any case, and for the last speeches to support that case orally. Criticism without an affirmative case is apt to pall; the affirmative case, too long delayed, comes to jaded minds and tired ears.

The omissions are far more important than the commissions of the treaty, and it may be doubted whether any matters before the Tribunal, however weighty they might be, will prove so important for the conduct of future arbitrations as the manner in which the subject of diplomatic correspondence was treated. From 1838 to 1898 a continual stream of diplomatic proposals had flowed backwards and forwards between Venezuela and Great Britain. Proposals of compromise, proposals of cession of territory, demands for this, that, and the other, had been freely discussed by the two countries. Until a recent date the idea of a legal arbitration and close scrutiny of these letters did not become a possibility present to the minds of the statesmen dictating them. Why was a proposal for settlement, prompted possibly by generosity, to be taken against the nation making it? The attitude taken up by Great Britain was speedily shown. In their written Argument counsel for Great Britain said:

‘The proposals which have from time to time been made in the diplomatic correspondence for an adjustment of the difference between Great Britain and Venezuela should not be taken into consideration by the arbitrators in coming to a decision upon the boundary line. They do not constitute any admission of right on the one side or the other; but were put forward as suggested adjustments or compromises between the two Governments, in which claims of right were not insisted upon. It would tend to prevent any nation making proposals, for the purpose of avoiding either war or the necessity of arbitration, if such proposals, in the event of arbitration, could be used against the Government by which they had been made.’

This statement was very moderate, but in view of the

enormous tracts of territory now assigned to Great Britain as a right, but from time to time offered to Venezuela by British ministers, it is difficult to see how a formula more stringent could have been claimed. The Attorney-General endorsed the statement on the thirteenth day with the following grave words :

‘ I say it with all seriousness, that if a country is to expose itself to the kind of criticism which has been addressed to the conduct of Great Britain in this Argument, in respect of entering into negotiations with a view to a settlement, and then in the subsequent arbitration those proposals are again criticised in the way that they are criticised, it will not only prevent diplomatic negotiations, but it will be a death-blow to arbitration, because no nation dare negotiate if those proposals are going to be subjected to the kind of criticism that they are subjected to on this occasion.’

The words of the Attorney-General sufficiently indicate the suggestions of Venezuela. The proposals of British ministers were treated as admissions. The line tentatively proposed by Lord Palmerston as a basis for survey was said to be the real British line. Lord Aberdeen’s line was claimed as an extension. Lord Granville and Lord Rosebery were supposed to have extended the line further, and Lord Salisbury was held up as the supreme culprit.

Every boundary line proposed by any British minister had been indignantly refused. Diplomatic negotiations had been broken off, and yet the first line surveyed, with slight modifications only, is found to be the line of right after most exhaustive inquiry. Whether or not these diplomatic offers influenced the minds of the judges the secret history of their meetings could alone reveal. It is to be hoped that they did not enter into their discussions, because the subject is of very grave importance. If letters written sixty years ago, under circumstances or pressure quite unknown to men of the present generation, are to be subjected to minute legal criticism, and, under a perfectly different state of affairs, are to be brought forward for consideration as if they were written yesterday, every nation must beware of arbitration and most minutely review every letter of every minister bearing upon the point at issue before they can consent to hazard the position of their subjects or the extent of their territory to any Arbitral Tribunal. A safety valve may be found in explicit directions to the Tribunal, but such directions were wanting in the Treaty of Washington.

These remarks apply to the open diplomatic correspondence

produced by either party, but a further consideration arises with regard to documents which are not produced, but which may be known to exist, or may be even alluded to in the correspondence actually produced. A striking instance occurred in this case, and the decision upon it is likely to form an important precedent. The facts appear to be briefly as follows. After Schomburgk had proposed his line, a long discussion arose whether it ought to be claimed or not, and Sir Henry Light, the Governor of British Guiana, argued in favour of it. He adduced his reasons in several letters, which were produced; but one of his letters was not produced, and yet was known to exist, because allusion was made to it by a later Governor in 1850 as the confidential despatch of Governor Light sent to Lord Aberdeen on March 25, 1842. As this confidential despatch was not produced by Great Britain, counsel for Venezuela claimed that the inference must be drawn that the despatch induced Lord Aberdeen, acting for the British Government, to propose the line of the Moruka River close to the Essequibo, instead of the Amakuru River close to the Orinoco, although Governor Light in his open letters supported the Schomburgk line.

In reply to the Chief Justice of the United States, who called attention to the absence of the document, Sir Robert Reid subsequently said :

‘ Documents which relate to or prove facts, or give an opportunity of forming an opinion on questions of title, we have produced, and think it is right for nations to produce, but I doubt if your Honour would consider upon reflection that an international arbitration involves the production of State communications relating to high policy as between the central Government of the country and its administrators in distant parts ’

This view did not apparently satisfy all the members of the Tribunal. Three days afterwards the President stated that some of the members of the Tribunal desired to see the confidential despatch. The answer of the Attorney-General was explicit—an absolute refusal.

‘ I state to the Tribunal that, having looked at the document, which we have carefully considered, it is one which I decline to produce.

‘ If it is supposed that documents of this character, of which there exist large numbers in every Foreign Office and in the Chanceries of every Embassy, can be called for, if inferences of fact are to be drawn against a country because of the justifiable claim of privilege made upon the responsibility of those who represent the country, arbitration would, I am sure, become impossible. Therefore I claim privilege

for this document, because it is a document involving matters of high State policy, and therefore a document which I cannot be called upon to produce.'

The President then said that all the members of the Tribunal agreed that if a Government refused in view of consideration of high policy to produce a document, it had not only the right, but from its own point of view the duty to refuse, and that it was sufficient for the Tribunal to have the statement that the document could not be produced in view of the consideration of high policy.

This decision will probably form a very important precedent, but it might be advisable that in any future treaties of arbitration the precedent should be embodied in a formal clause. In such manner a set of rules decided by great jurists can well be built up for the use of tribunals in the future. But at the same time a most difficult question must always arise how either nation is to be required to produce all the material documents relating to the facts that are in question. Venezuela not only did not produce documents relating to the later portion of the case, but, while asserting that they existed and yet deliberately withholding them, suggested that the extent of her political control would have been shown by these absent documents. The Lord Chief Justice of England pointed out that for a whole year there had been opportunity to apply for leave to put in documents relating to the period in question, and counsel for Great Britain warmly opposed any imaginative value being given to documents which were deliberately kept back. But if Venezuela chose not to produce them, however material to the facts they might be, how was she to be compelled to produce them, or how were the material facts to be before the Tribunal?

The President of this Tribunal claimed that twenty-four rules adopted at the Hague had been followed in the arbitration, as if a code of arbitration had already been established. If the discussions at the Hague are examined it will be found that the delegates discussed and considered rules of procedure under the titles of facultative and auxiliary rules. Although in a general sense the rules adopted by the delegates may have been followed at Paris, it may be doubted if these rules can give more than an indication of methods that may be pursued. Some portions of procedure must invariably be determined by the discretion of the judges or the agreement of the parties.

With more justice M. de Martens could claim the value of

a unanimous decision, and hold it up as ‘un idéal vers lequel il faut tendre, parceque, s’il y a force légale pour les Puissances en litige dans une sentence arbitrale adoptée à la majorité, il y manque cette force morale qui est d’un bien autre prix encore.’ In view of the fact that Great Britain received the Schomburgk line with very small variations, it can scarcely be said that this unanimity was gained by any yielding of the British attitude or by a compromise in the strict sense of the word. There may have been a little give and take. The modification in the interior was to select the river Wenamu in preference to the upper reaches of the Cuyuni, which Schomburgk had proposed as the best line for a boundary. The upper portion of the Cuyuni had not been surveyed, and was only marked by a dotted line upon the maps. Schomburgk descended the Wenamu, and not the Cuyuni, and in his first report proposed the Wenamu as the boundary river. No white man lived in the small district between the rivers. The site of the Spanish missions was much nearer than any Dutch settlement, and there was evidence tending to show that while the Dutch hunted through it for slaves, the Spaniards had raided through it for converts. As a piece of land, on which Venezuela warmly urged that a supposed Spanish fort had formerly existed, was assigned to Great Britain on the south bank of the Cuyuni, there was at least plausible claim for Spanish action in the immediate neighbourhood, and little or no evidence of Dutch control, except that the Carib inhabitants hated the Spaniards and brought slaves to the Dutch.

The modification on the coast was more important. The new line starts at Point Playa, a few miles down the coast from Point Barima, and runs across the river Barima to the river Amakuru, giving about thirty square miles to Venezuela which Schomburgk, who took the line up from the mouth of the Amakuru, included within his line. Almost the only portion of firm ground within this district is a small sandbank with a police station in the neighbourhood of Point Barima. This sandbank is fast being eaten away by the current of the Orinoco. Behind it the land is swamp, through which every tide soaks, and nobody but a few migratory Indians, living practically in the trees, can reside upon it. A few acres of land near the police station have been drained. The slice cut off is consequently, in its present condition, almost absolutely useless, and does not include any part of the great outward curve of the

Schomburgk line along the course of the river Amakuru, within which the goldfields of Arakaka and the Upper Barima, now being worked by British subjects and annually producing increased quantities of gold, have hitherto been tentatively developed. Barima may have had more solid ground in its neighbourhood in old days. Before 1648 the Dutch seem to have used the district as a starting-place for expeditions against the Spaniards, and about 1683 proposed the erection of a small post there. But they made no practical use of the spot, and in the following century the Governors of Essequibo doubted where the boundary line ought to be drawn, although they alleged that the Dutch held the right bank and the Spaniards the left bank of the Barima River. Gross confusion arose as to the position of the Barima River, because upon many of the early maps the Barima and Amakuru Rivers were transposed, and Great Britain had to say that the Dutch governors took the names from the maps, and meant the Amakuru when they said the Barima. The Spaniards, on the other hand, were too distant to exercise any continuous control over the district, but they did, at least on one occasion, send an armed boat to turn out some piratical Dutchmen, without any protest from the Governor of Essequibo.

In the present century neither side did anything there until, in 1836, the British Consul at Caracas actually asked the Venezuelan Government to erect a lighthouse on Barima Point for the safety of ships passing through the Grand Mouth of the Orinoco. The Foreign Office were not informed of this request, and subsequently repudiated it. But although Barima was generally included within British territory upon maps, no map extended the boundary to the Amakuru before Schomburgk selected that river as the best natural boundary, and in the attempts at arrangement with Venezuela every British minister proposed to give up the mouths of both rivers.

Barima lay close to the mouth of the Orinoco, in a position which some authorities claimed to be a strategical position; and Venezuela claimed it on the ground of national security, even if she was not entitled to have it by absolute proof of ownership or control. Within the last few years Great Britain had, indeed, put up a police station in order to guard the entrance of the Barima River and to protect the few Indians in the neighbourhood, who looked to the British in preference to the Venezuelans. This action, however, was strongly objected to by Venezuela, and as a question of

right the possession was contested and debated from very early times. On this matter, therefore, it would appear that the Tribunal have exercised a kind of equitable jurisdiction, for which on the strict wording of the treaty it might be difficult to find full authority. They found the starting-point of the line at Point Playa, probably after considerable debate, as the line was discussed for six days after the oral hearing had been concluded. The records do not say whether the offers of British ministers, the writings of a few British globe-trotters, and the unsupported claims of Venezuelan jurists were pressed as legal arguments in the discussion of the arbitrators against the possession of Barima Point by Great Britain, but there are traces to show that this debateable land was not at once and without question assigned to the territorial sovereignty of Venezuela. An open waterway up both the Barima and Amakuru Rivers was specially insisted upon, and Great Britain received a line in the interior going along the north bank of the Cuyuni, and not in the midstream or 'thalweg.' This line gives the islands and the entire waterway of the Cuyuni as far as the river Wenamu to Great Britain, and is an extension of the Schomburgk line. The result is scarcely worthy of the name of compromise, but it implies discussion. It may be hoped that the discussion was legal, and not too much tinctured by supposed admissions on the part of a country which had only sought a reasonable settlement with a refractory neighbour.

Whether Venezuela was in earnest or not in desiring a decision as of strict right may be open to question. It was a broad extension of the ideas of right to claim all the territory up to the Essequibo. But South America teems with jurists, and each State, as an inheritance from Spain, puts in the forefront of its action the theory of law.

It may be remarked that the decision of the Tribunal took no notice whatever of the status of the inhabitants of the district assigned to one side or the other. Individual occupation or adverse holding under Rule (a) for fifty years did not in the result affect the question. Such matters might possibly have done so in the interior if the red race, as distinct from the white, had entered into consideration. There was no white man resident between Wenamu and the Cuyuni, but there were some Arecuna Indians, a domestic and resident tribe. It might have been impossible to ascertain whether they had been there for fifty years, and whether they considered themselves, or were considered to be, British

subjects. Their position, except so far as it indicated evidence of control by white men, was not, however, considered. Before American judges, steeped in the views held by Chief Justice Marshall with regard to the Red Indians of North America, any contention would doubtless have been useless. No natives could hold sovereignty, confer territorial rights, or interfere with the claims of white men to sovereignty in the whole of America if that judge's views were to hold in the South as well as the North. It may be doubted whether the very wide language used by the Chief Justice as long ago as 1823 would have altogether commended itself to the treaty-making old Dutch settlers at New Amsterdam in 1623, and certainly both Spaniards and Dutch made and relied upon alliance with the natives in South America. The exact legal effect of such alliances it might be difficult to define; but they existed, and formed the groundwork of policy. Certain free tribes of Indians, such as the Caribs, the Akawois, and Warraus, were never enslaved by the Dutch; and where their tribes lived or wandered, Dutch influence and the tradition of Dutch brotherhood, largely fostered by the Dutch habit of seeking one or two native wives, spread, and were handed down from generation to generation. Far away in Spanish territory, when some unexpected expedition of Spanish soldiers was sent to watch the extension of the Portuguese and met with rude opposition from the slave-raiding Carib tribe, Caribs were heard to say, 'We will call in our brothers the Dutch.' The remnant of an expedition would return to say how the Dutch were invading the territories of Spain and cutting off the great hinterland of the Orinoco, though no Dutch Governor dreamed that the territory there could be lawfully claimed by their High Mightinesses the States-General; or if wandering Dutchmen had been killed, would have demanded redress from the Court of Spain. Such redress was, however, at once demanded when the Dutch were attacked in 1758 upon the river Cuyuni. It would be a difficult question to decide how far such influence is to be examined, and to lay down the principles upon which control can be definitely claimed. They are varied and complex; but as the elements of control gradually built up the Dutch rights in Guiana, so similar elements have tended to impress German rights in the Cameroons, Togoland, and Angra Pequena; and British rights throughout the vast Niger Protectorate, and in all the territories adjacent to the Gold Coast have progressed by gradual

extension of spheres of influence. No arbitration involving the native question in any important degree is likely to arise again in America, so far as Great Britain is concerned. In Africa the case may be different, and if so, and if there is any possibility of an American judge being chosen as an arbitrator, British statesmen will have to take care in the wording of any treaty affecting native subjects and Imperial rights through natives, since the voice of the dead judge still speaks through the land and imbues the American legal mind with a natural bias. The American lawyer has not had such experience as the sons of the Mother Country in varieties of Imperial interest and acquisition of rights by every method known to international law. Samoa and the Philippines may lead to other possibilities.

The Anglo-Venezuelan Arbitration will stand out as a monument of industry. Criticism of its length, of the proceedings of the Tribunal, the speeches of counsel, and the delays between the hearings is easy. It was unfortunate that the Conference at the Hague should claim the services of M. de Martens when they had already been given to another purpose. Two nations were kept waiting, the developement of a colony gravely hindered by a period of suspense at a critical time, and judges from the Supreme Courts of two great countries detained from their work. The presentment of the case for Great Britain might have been very seriously hampered by hindrance of the hearing. But whatever temporary disadvantages or avoidable errors may have been present, the arbitration as a whole is an interesting and instructive lesson, and the first great arbitration, unless the Behring's Sea arbitration can claim similar praise, in which neither side has shown signs of resentment at the award, and neither side impugned the reasons of the decision.

ART. VII.—1. *Lois Françaises et Étrangères sur la Propriété Littéraire et Artistique*. Recueillies par CH. LYON-CAEN et PAUL DELALAIN. 3 tomes. Paris: 1889–1896.

2. *A Bill to consolidate and amend the Law relating to Copyright (House of Lords), ordered to be printed March 4, 1898.*

THE helplessness of authors to secure and maintain what seem to many of them to be their just claims to the exclusive possession of the products of their wearied brains has often excited remark. Being themselves men of strife and contention, of words and windy warfare, they have espoused a hundred causes, not their own, and performed prodigies of valour on many a stricken field, but never on one that left them in possession of any of the spoils of victory. Their only reward is that every now and again the question of copyright crops up, excites discussion, and then usually modestly retires in favour of some better-supported interest.

None the less Property is a word still held in high respect among us. Landlords are still permitted to placard the Queen's highway with the positive statement, bad law though it be, that 'Trespassers will be prosecuted'; to enjoy your own, to provide for your family, are not these maxims of prudence and of piety? and yet they have never been held to apply to Shakspeare's Plays or Macaulay's history. What, we cannot but ask, is the weak point in the author's armour? Why are we all socialists where he is concerned? The answer is easy. It lies in the fact of Publication; for what is publication but an invitation to enter and enjoy? The central idea of property in all but perishable goods is 'Hands off.' 'Leave me alone,' cries the proprietor, 'to enjoy my own, or if you must have a bit of it, 'it shall be on my terms, and not yours.' But the author does not want to be left alone to read his own manuscript—he craves for recognition, he wishes the world to participate in his joy, and he would sooner be read for nothing than not read at all. Ay, there's the rub! The great world is never slow to perceive a weakness, or to take advantage of one. 'If you wrote this for me,' says the world with that cunning air that sits so well upon it, 'I will take it on my own terms.'

Just as the fact of publication is the initial weakness of the author's position, so the ease with which copies of a book are multiplied well nigh consummated his ruin. Property which has to be published and can be reprinted is indeed no

property at all, and never has been so regarded. Alas! poor author! he may search the compilations of Justinian from title-page to colophon without finding a trace of any law, rescript, or edict, of Consul, Emperor, or Prætor, prohibiting the multiplication of copies of books, pamphlets, or poems. Nor will he derive anything but a melancholy pleasure as he reads his Martial or his Juvenal and learns from them how the men of *esprit* in their time sold their wares and bargained with their booksellers. How many of the sweet songsters of to-day must be in a position to appreciate Martial's humorous disgust with the friend who expected to have presentation copies of the famous epigrams and refused to go and buy them at Tryphon's shop!

Exigis, ut donem nostros tibi, Quinte, libellos.

Non habeo; sed habet bibliopola Tryphon.

Æs dabo pro nugis? et etiam tua carmina sanus?

Non, inquis, faciam tam fatue. Nec ego.

(L. iv. cp. 72.)

Copyright, that is, the exclusive right of multiplying copies of a published book, was, it may be safely said, quite unknown to that vast body of our predecessors on the face of the globe whom we compendiously style but by no means describe as the Ancients.

The invention of printing came just at the time, as indeed such things usually do, when the contrivance it superseded had attained to a high pitch of perfection. The trade of the scribe or copyist was well organised and widely spread. Quite as large a fraction of the population had well-selected libraries of their own in the last days of the manuscript age as in these days of cheap printing. But no doubt the movable types did make the multiplication of copies even easier than it was before. It did more than this. The printing press created something like a panic in royal breasts. Princes, potentates, and powers began to tremble for their own. Nor was our Holy Mother Church free from fear, for it so happened that the invention of printing synchronised with the spread of the New Learning and with that restlessness of mind and lawlessness of disposition that at once produced and was fostered by the New Learning. A third feature of the times must not be forgotten, namely, the activity and mutual jealousies of the guilds or trade unions, each of which strove to preserve its uttermost to preserve its own particular craft exclusively for the use of its own members. Among these guilds, that of the stationers or booksellers or

publishers or printers had a leading place in all civilised countries. From the Crown sprang patronage, from the Church censorship, and from the trade monopoly. It is from the clash of these contending interests that copyright had its origin. The King protected, the Church revised, the trade circulated. Property, strictly so called, there has never been either in published manuscripts or printed books.

This statement, accurate though we are sure it is, flatly contradicts, so far as England is concerned, the well-considered opinions of Lord Mansfield and Sir William Blackstone and of some half-dozen other judges of the last century, who all resolutely held that at Common Law and apart from the first Copyright Statute of Queen Anne, the author of any book or literary composition and his assigns had, for all time, the sole right of printing and publishing the same, and could therefore prevent the reprinting and sale of any such book or composition by any person against the will of such author or his assigns. This view was, indeed, the judge-made law of England from 1769 to 1774, not obviously to the enrichment of authors, though much to the satisfaction of the Stationers' Company. Lord Camden, however, who was a furious 'anti-bookseller' man (as also was Mr. Fox), dealt this high doctrine a blow in the House of Lords in the great case of *Donaldson v. Becket*, decided in February, 1774. Lord Mansfield, it was noticed, did not take any part in this case (which did not come to the Lords from the King's Bench, but from the Chancery) and somewhat tamely allowed Lord Camden to mount his high horse and scamper unchallenged over the whole field. There was a timidity about this great Lord Mansfield; perhaps he was not quite certain he was right. Certainly, the better-informed opinion of to-day is that he was wrong.

A careful study of the history and methods of the Stationers' Company can hardly fail to satisfy the impartial student that perpetual copyright was a thing faked up, not for the benefit of the Miltons and Bunyans, the Spensers and Shakespeares, and the very few authors whose *ipsissima verba* are worth reprinting a hundred years after their deaths; but for the benefit of the smug citizens who were members of the Stationers' Company, and who did business in 'copies,' after the fashion so amusingly described in John Dunton's 'Life and Errors.'

The author properly so called, the fellow who produced the book or literary composition, had no access, in his own right, to the Register kept at the Stationers' Hall. No names but

those of members could be there inscribed as the proprietors of the books or 'copies' entered up against those names. What, then, was a Milton, or, for that matter, a Flatman, to do when he had composed his poem and sought to publish it? All he could do was to seek out a member of the Company and drive the best bargain he could with him for the right to the manuscript. The bargain struck, off went the publisher to his company, and registered himself as the proprietor of 'Paradise Lost' or 'Poems and Songs.' Once this was done, there sprang up, in the opinion of the Worshipful Company of Stationers, a perpetual and exclusive right in the publisher, being a member of the Company, and his assigns (being also members) to multiply copies of the book so registered, and did any publisher or bookseller disregard this right, he was a pirate, or, as we now call such a thing, a blackleg. You may search the records of the Stationers' Company in Mr. Arber's splendid volumes all a summer's day without finding a trace of the rights of authors. It is proprietors, proprietors, proprietors, from beginning to end. When a member of the Company died, or retired from trade, it was the custom to put his stock up for sale by public auction, but it was considered very bad taste for any 'outside broker' to attend. On these occasions the retiring publisher's 'copies' were exposed for sale. Titles were never examined; the original assignment from the author was rarely produced. We may read in the evidence submitted to a Committee of the House of Commons in 1774 how in 1748 a Mr. Johnston, being minded to start business as a London bookseller, became a member of the Stationers' Company and the purchaser, for the sum of 2,000*l.*, of the goodwill and stock of a Mr. Clarke. By virtue of this transaction, Mr. Johnston claimed to be the owner for ever of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' writ by one Bunyan. Mr. Johnston admitted frankly enough that he had never looked into the title to the 'Pilgrim,' and that he had no autograph of the glorious dreamer in his collection. But for all that he had stopped the sale of a 'pirated' edition. The language of Thurlow seldom left anything to be desired on the score of strength, but he did not, in our opinion, abuse his position when on one public occasion he described the booksellers 'as a set of impudent and monopolising men 'who had combined together in order to file bills in Chancery 'against any person who should endeavour to get a livelihood as well as themselves, and, although they had purchased "copies" from Homer down to Hawkesworth's

‘voyages, they were highly censurable for not having taken counsel’s opinion.’

The decision in the House of Lords in 1774 defeated the booksellers, and made it plain that copyright in this country was the creature of Statute and that consequently the term of its duration could only be defined and (if need be) altered by the will of the Legislature expressed in an Act of Parliament. On that footing the matter must now for ever rest. Perpetual copyright is an absurdity, unless indeed authors were content to have their works entailed upon them and their heirs for ever so as to make an out and out sale of them impossible. Nor would perpetual copyright put a penny on to the market value of a novel or a poem composed to-day. Lord Beaconsfield, in one of his delightful letters to his sister, tells a tale of Washington Irving demanding of John Murray a large price for one of his new books: ‘Murray murmured, Irving talked of posterity and the badness of the public taste; Murray said that authors who wrote for posterity must publish on their own account.’ Posterity is a splendid dream, a glorious hope, to fit yourself for its perusal is a high endeavour, but there is no *money* in it, and that indeed is its supreme excellence.

The first Copyright Statute that ever appeared anywhere is our own—the 8th of Anne, c. 19. Swift is said to have drafted the original Bill, but tradition reports it was much cut about in committee. That it was a booksellers’ and not an authors’ Bill is quite plain. The old licensing Acts had expired finally in 1694, and the booksellers were left without those summary processes which protected their rights to their registered ‘copies,’ and had nothing to fall back upon but the doubtful issues of actions at law, for a remedy in Chancery had not then occurred to anybody as possible. In 1703, in 1706, and again in 1709, the booksellers petitioned Parliament to protect their ‘copies,’ and, in their own exaggerated language, ‘to secure their families from ruin.’ They got their answer in the Statute of Anne, which recites that printers, booksellers, and other persons had, of late, frequently taken the liberty of printing, reprinting, and publishing books and other writings without the consent of the *authors* or *proprietors*, to their very great detriment, and too often to the ‘ruin of them and their families.’

There is an unreal ring about this recital, which, however, is remarkable for the introduction for the first time into matters of this kind of the word ‘author.’ After the recital come the terms of years during which protection was

granted. In the case of new books, the Act provided that authors and their assigns should have the sole right of printing for a term of fourteen years from the date of publication, and that if the author should be still alive at the end of that term another term of fourteen years should be added on. In a word, there was a maximum term of twenty-eight years and a minimum term of fourteen years. For old books there was a term granted of twenty-one years from April 10, 1710.

In exchange for these terms of years the booksellers got the summary processes in which their souls delighted, whilst the interests of that amusing figment of the legislators' fancy, the British Public, were supposed to be consulted by the insertion of a most elaborate provision enabling anybody who considered himself aggrieved by the high price at which any book was published to appeal to the Lord Chancellor, the Bishop of London, and many other dignitaries, to fix a fair price. The Statute of Anne remained the law of the land for nearly a century, but during the whole of that time no member of the public sought to fix the fair price of a book. It has been otherwise in the case of rents in Ireland.

In 1801 and in 1814 the law was altered, and in accordance with the new provisions the duration of copyright became the term of the author's life or twenty-eight years from the date of first publication, whichever was the longer.

So the matter stood in 1842 when the Statute (5 and 6 Vic. c. 45) which is still in force became law.

In the discussion that preceded the Act of 1842 distinguished men took part. Carlyle preferred a petition to Parliament on his own account and in his own peculiar style. Dickens took the question very much to heart. Talfourd advocated a great extension of the period of protection with a lofty if somewhat florid eloquence. On the other side were Philistine Members of Parliament, of whom Mr. Coroner Wakley may be taken as an example, who talked sad nonsense about the necessity for cheap books and the right of the people to have the products of other men's brains for nothing. Readers of 'Nicholas Nickleby' who remember Mr. Gregsbury, M.P., will not require any further notice to be taken of Mr. Wakley, M.P., yet it may well be that when the new Copyright Bill comes on for discussion in the House of Commons it will be found that we have still our Wakleys among us. The part played by Macaulay in these discussions, though it irritated some enthusiasts, was sensible enough. He was for a reasonable term of years. He pre-

sented his case after that heightened fashion of his which was natural to him. He perhaps expanded his facts. His story of a grandson of Richardson's, who would never have permitted the republication of 'Clarissa,' rests upon no surer foundation than the statement in a funeral sermon that this grandson (only one of many), being an Evangelical clergyman, had once humorously owned to never having read his grandfather's works—a damaging admission no doubt, but one which we fear could truthfully be made by many grandchildren of distinguished authors. But though Macaulay's embellishments and embroidery may not stand a matter-of-fact investigation, his argument carried conviction with it, and put the question of copyright on a basis from which it can never be disturbed.

The Act of 1842 bears touching witness in its preamble to the solemnity of the Legislature, always prone to magnify its office: 'Whereas it is expedient to amend the law relating to copyright and to afford greater encouragement to the production of literary works of lasting benefit to the world.' In order to accomplish this lofty purpose the Act gave the author, whom it did not venture to define, and his assigns, the longer of the two following terms—the author's life plus seven years, or forty-two years from the date of first publication. The protected term therefore cannot be shorter than forty-two years, but it may endure for the author's life and seven years after.

With all deference to the legislators of 1842, this double reckoning is irrational. The date of publication ought never to be considered in any possible event. As the law now stands, an author's books cease to be protected at different dates—the early works and editions coming on the open market at a time when the later works and corrected editions are still protected. As has lately been pointed out, anybody can now print Robert Browning's 'Pauline,' but the 'Ring and the Book' will not be free property till 1911, whilst 'Asolando' is protected till 1931.

There is general agreement on this head. The New Copyright Law when it comes must provide one period of protection, namely, the author's life plus a term of years, unless indeed life were disregarded altogether and a term of years simply granted. This latter would obviously be the fairer arrangement. Why should Keble have a longer term than Keats simply because Keats died in less than one year after 'Lamia, Isabella, and other Poems' whilst Keble

survived the publication of 'The Christian Year' for nearly four decades?

How long should this term be?

In considering this question we naturally look abroad.

In France, prior to the Revolution, authors had no rights at all, only privileges; but in the very throes of the Revolution, namely, on the 19th of July, 1793, the National Convention conferred upon all authors, artists and composers, painters and designers, irrespective of nationality, the exclusive right to sell and distribute their works in the territories of the Republic during their lives and for ten years afterwards. By subsequent legislation this ten years has grown into fifty. In Russia the law is now the same as in France.

In Germany authors suffered many things at the hands of many princes. To have anything like a protected market an author had to obtain 'privileges' from some thirty or forty sovereigns, and indeed it was not until 1870 that there was or could be any general law conferring a legislative protection upon books and works of art. As the law now stands, in Germany the protected period covers the life of the author plus thirty years.

In Spain by a law of 1879 the period of protection is the author's life plus 80 years.

In Italy, copyright lasts during the author's life or a term of forty years, whichever shall be the longer, and at the end of the longer of these terms another term of forty years begins, during which term the author's books can be published on terms of payment of a royalty. In the United States of America copyright lasts for twenty-eight years and then for a further term of fourteen years if at the end of the twenty-eight years the author or any widow or child of his be living. In Mexico copyright is perpetual.

These examples are sufficient to show that when we come to overhaul our own law we have a margin of choice, and it may well be that the discussion which must then take place will reveal some remarkable differences of opinion.

Up to this point we have been travelling along the old lines, as familiar to Dr. Johnson as to Macaulay. But since 1842 new ideas have been born, and new markets opened out. New industries have arisen, and new ambitions and greeds are stirred and excited. The growth of a huge English-reading public in America and our own colonies, the newspaper press and the magazines, ocean telegraphy, have all influenced the position of writers, editors, and pro-

prietors, and have enormously widened the horizons of the book market.

Europe has risen to the occasion. In the matter of literary property, if in no other, we are a happy family ; for, with the exceptions of Russia and Holland, all the important European States are members of the Convention of Berne, and constitute one great union for the protection of the rights of authors. It really is a sublime conception ; but it is more than a conception, for this union protects the European author against unauthorised editions and unauthorised translations, and if he be a dramatist—as who would not be if he could?—against unauthorised representations of his play. We now see one common law relating to works of literature and art prevailing in Germany, Belgium, Spain, France, Great Britain, Italy, Switzerland, Norway, to name no other states. This dates from the year 1886, and is an epoch in the history of authors. When we say one common law, we do not mean that the details of the law of copyright are the same in all the signatory states, but that each signatory state allows to the foreign author whatever measure of protection is allowed by the state to which the foreign author in question owes allegiance.

The Convention of Berne is perhaps sublimer in conception than lucrative in practice. Man is an animal that speaks but one tongue and does not greatly care for translations. Boswell's 'Life of Johnson' has never been translated into any foreign language, though Dr. Birkbeck Hill has just discovered an abridgement of it in Russ. From a commercial point of view, and in these latter days the commercial side of literature is not overlooked by its votaries, America and the colonies are for English authors the really valuable markets. Great was the rejoicing in 'literary circles' in Great Britain when our cousins across the water abandoned their piratical practices, and conferred upon all foreign authors who first printed their books in the States the same periods of protection as those enjoyed by American citizens. We often wonder how much solid gold this alteration of the law of the United States has put into the pockets of the British author. In the cases of two or three popular novelists (chiefly of the female sex) we do not doubt the results are satisfactory, but for the majority of authors the conversion of America (though a moral triumph) has not been followed by cash payments of any very startling kind.

With regard to our colonies some odd things have happened. The Act of 1842 was an imperial statute, and

conferred upon all authors who published their books in Great Britain or Ireland copyright throughout the British dominions, and any person who in any part of the British dominions failed to respect this imperial copyright was liable to pains and penalties.

Imperialism is a fine idea; one flag, one law, and so on; but self-governing colonies like to make their own laws, and Canada especially complained loudly of not being able to bring across her borders cheap American reprints of British authors, and her complaints were so far heard that in 1847 the Act of 1842 was suspended by statute in the case of those British possessions who by local legislation tried to do their best to give the British author a share in the plunder of his books. Canada accordingly passed a law allowing American cheap reprints to come within their borders on payment of a customs duty which was never collected. Nor did the Act of 1847 (the Foreign Reprints Act) satisfy the Canadians, who thought it hard measure that their publishers should be obliged to take American cheap reprints instead of reprinting the British author for themselves.

The real legal grievance of the colonies was that under the Act of 1842 a book published for the first time in a British colony had no copyright at home or in any other British colony. This wrong was remedied by statute in 1886, and now a book first published in a colony enjoys the same protection as a book published within the United Kingdom.

The Canadians, however, have always been hard to please about their supply of books, and have for years continued to complain of being insufficiently supplied with copyright British authors at cheap prices. Their complaints, indeed, were so much louder than any general love of reading would lead us to expect that it was hard not to believe that in many cases at all events the voice of complaint was not so much that of the Canadian book-lover bereft of his literature as of the Canadian printer and paper-maker robbed of a job.

In 1875 Canada passed a Copyright Act of her own, giving 28 years' protection to foreign authors, upon condition of their republishing in the colony, either simultaneously with or at any time after publication elsewhere. This Act, as it interfered with the imperial statute of 1842 was expressly authorised by a British statute. In 1889 Canada passed another Copyright Act which has given rise to an Iliad of troubles, and countless folios of correspondence between the

Dominion and the Home Government. The Act of 1889 provides (1) that, in order to obtain copyright in Canada, works must be registered with the Minister of Agriculture before or simultaneously with their first publication wherever such publication takes place, and must be reprinted and republished in Canada within one month of their publication elsewhere, and (2) if the author does not comply with these conditions the Minister in question may grant licenses for the publication of the work on the terms of a royalty of ten per cent. for the benefit of the author.

This is not the place to consider the equities of the question. To make imperial statutes harmonise with self-governing colonies is often difficult, and it would be a thousand pities if the friendly relations of the Empire should be endangered by a collision between British novelists and colonial printers. The colonies will probably get the better of the Home Government. In the bad old days our Colonial Secretaries used to snub the colonies, but under the present-day rule of Tory democracy Colonial Secretaries are more likely to be frightened of them.

The great increase in the production of Newspapers is a feature of the times not likely to escape observation. We are not quite so proud of the Fourth Estate as we used to be. We have been allowed too frequently to peep into the works. We have heard the pulse of the machine. There are not many secret processes now-a-days. The mystery that used to envelop editors and their proprietors has been dissipated. But there the press is, still a great fact and a far from untruthful mirror of the society it serves. Day by day it caters for its public, supplying it with war news, with sporting news, with trade news, and all at a great expense. It is easy to sneer at the press and to ridicule Mr. Cobden for his too famous remark about Thucydides and a copy of the 'Times;' but could that great historian revisit the world for a couple of brief hours we do not know that anything would be more likely to interest and inform him than to hold in his hand a copy of the 'Times' and to have explained to him the changes and discoveries that have made such a daily spectacle possible.

How far are the contents of a newspaper entitled to copyright under the existing law of 1842?

There is an axiom often in the mouths of the managing editors of provincial and evening papers: 'No copyright in news.' This soothing truth these gentlemen, so it is reported, are accustomed to murmur softly to themselves as they sit

snipping extracts from the morning issues of their contemporaries. The amount of 'uplifting' that goes on in the newspaper trade is amazing, even staggering. The axiom is sound enough. Copyright is a statutory monopoly of what, but for the law, would be in general circulation, and it would be intolerable were it to apply to general ideas or to bald statements of fact. If anybody is good enough to tell us that 'Man was made to mourn' or that the Sultan of Turkey is dead (a permissible hypothesis) we must be left at liberty to repeat the intelligence in talk, writing, or in print, as often as we like, and either with or without commentary of our own. But supposing the news has been specially obtained and transmitted at great expense by one particular newspaper—supposing horses have been spurred to death, and ocean cables set a-quivering at a pound a word to let Fleet Street know the result of a cricket match at the Antipodes a couple of hours earlier than in the ordinary course—what then? The answer surely must be that if the people of this country wish to protect the newspaper industry from the predatory instincts of rival editors they must do so by special legislation, and give not so much copyright as property in news specially procured and transmitted. The duration of this property need not be long. Twenty-four hours would suffice.

But newspapers are not all news, and almost every issue of a respectable paper contains much that is properly enough the subject-matter of copyright. It was doubted at one time whether a daily paper was a periodical within the meaning of sections 18 and 19 of the Act of 1842, which are the sections giving copyright to such things as periodicals, encyclopædias, and the like. But in 1881 Sir George Jessel held that a daily paper was within the section, and subsequent decisions have made it quite plain that the newspaper proprietor is entitled to a term of copyright in original articles written for and paid for by him, unless the terms of the bargain between him and the writer forbid the supposition that anything of the kind was intended. The proprietors of the 'Times,' the paper most exposed to the forays and excursions of its rivals, have on more than one occasion obtained injunctions restraining the reprinting of original matter purloined from their columns.

The feverish activity and more than feminine susceptibility of 'press men' have succeeded in imparting a spurious interest to a very recent decision of the Court of Appeal in the case of *Walter v. Lane*. Were we condemned to gain

our knowledge of legal decisions from the correspondence columns of the newspapers we might have supposed that the three distinguished lawyers who composed the Court had decided that at no times and in no circumstances can the compiler of a report of any public proceeding have a copyright in the report he has compiled. As a matter of fact, what the Court decided was that the gentleman who took down from Lord Rosebery's lips five short and highly finished addresses in the very words of the speaker, or as near thereunto as he could get, was not the author of these five reports within the meaning of the Act of 1842, and that, as a consequence, neither he nor Mr. Walter, his assign, was entitled to the exclusive right of multiplying copies of such reports.

Lord Macaulay, in his preface to his own edition of his speeches, bitterly complained that Mr. Vizetelly, who had published an unauthorised and incorrect edition, had not gone to the 'Times' for his reports. 'The least that he 'should have done was to consult the files of the "Times" 'newspaper.' The editor of Lord Rosebery's addresses was apparently of the same way of thinking as Lord Macaulay. As a matter of business the decision in the case of *Walter v. Lane* is of infinitesimally small importance, though some of the comments upon it in the press show how little respect is thought to be the due of the legal tribunals of this country if they wound the *amour propre* of any class of the community. One evening paper, which not so long ago was itself forbidden to steal from the 'Times,' had the impertinence to declare that the judgment of Sir Nathaniel Lindley in *Walter v. Lane* was a disgrace to his office of Master of the Rolls. Yet, if a poor Irish tenant were to curse the judge that fixed his rent too high, the moral indignation of this mid-day print would impinge on the sublime.

It seems now to be admitted that the time is approaching for Parliament to consolidate and amend the law relating to copyright. The Publishers' Association, a powerful and (on this matter) well-informed body of men, have long considered the subject and are ready with their own proposals. The Authors' Society, from another point of view, advocates reform. The big newspaper men are on the alert to protect their columns from the inroads of their evening contemporaries, whose evening begins with a second edition published at noon. Individual authors, artists, photographers, dramatists, and their sons and daughters not unnaturally are interested in what so nearly concerns them.

The subject was left in the hands of the late Lord Herschell, who knew it as he knew so many other subjects from beginning to end. Lord Herschell's too early death was a public calamity. He was the most useful man in the United Kingdom.

Lord Herschell introduced a Bill into the House of Lords, in March 1898, to consolidate and amend the law relating to copyright, both literary and artistic. Lord Herschell did not attempt to define an author; but the first clause of his Bill runs as follows:

'The author of an *original* literary or artistic work first published in any part of Her Majesty's dominions, or first published simultaneously therein and elsewhere, shall have copyright in his work throughout Her Majesty's dominions, whether he is or is not a British subject.'

And he adopted, with regard to the duration of copyright, the recommendation of the famous Copyright Commission, 1878, and proposed to make the term of copyright in a book last during the author's life and thirty years after the end of the year in which he dies. The Bill further provides that no one but the owner of the copyright is to be at liberty to make any adaptation or *abridgment* of a book, or any *translation* of it, or to perform any *dramatised* version of the book or any part of it, without the permission of the owner of the copyright.

Abridgments are not so popular as once they were, but these provisions as to translations and dramatisations are of considerable importance, for though translation appears to be an infringement of copyright in England, the point is one which it is desirable to have cleared up.

The dramatisation of novels without the permission of the novelist has given rise to a good deal of discussion and some litigation. The general feeling seems to be that it should be prohibited, although a difficulty is sure to arise in considering whether the dramatist has appropriated more of the novel than he is entitled to do. Plots and situations are usually 'old properties.'

The harmless necessary reviewer is to be protected by a special provision, which runs as follows:

'Provided that the making of fair and moderate extracts from a book which is the subject of copyright, and the publication thereof for the purposes of review, shall not be an infringement.'

Given two volumes of 'Reminiscences and Anecdotes,' sent out for review the day before publication, and actually reviewed in a newspaper appearing on the day of publication,

how many columns of extracts would be considered 'fair and moderate,' and what precisely is the meaning of the words 'for the purposes of review'? Furthermore, What is a review? We are well content to leave these questions unanswered and to hurry on.

Copyright in respect of a newspaper is to apply only to such parts of the newspaper as are compositions of an original literary character, to original illustrations therein, and to such news and information as have been specially and independently obtained.

This clause seems very loosely drafted, and is sure to be hotly debated. Yet it will be found difficult to find language of precision. To give copyright for a term of years in news and information appears to us highly irrational. Twenty-four hours' protection is all it requires.

That humble individual the lecturer, whose usual complaint against the press is that it cuts him down as if he were a flower of the field, is honoured with protective provisions too elaborate to be here stated. We are not aware that lecturers are an organised body, but if they controlled fifty boroughs they could not have more attention paid to them. After all, patient merit comes by its reward.

The feelings of our self-governing colonies are respected by the provision that 'nothing in this Act shall prevent the passing in a British colony of any Act respecting the copyright within that possession of works first published in that possession.'

There is, however, now before the House of Lords another Bill, introduced by Lord Monkswell, on whose shoulders the mantle of Lord Herschell has fallen in this matter. A good deal of evidence of publishers, lawyers, authors, and dramatists has been taken by the Select Committee of the House of Lords, to which this Bill was referred, and Lord Thring has devoted his great abilities and long experience to the further elucidation of a difficult subject. The differences between the two Bills are not very considerable.

It would be unwise to discuss at greater length Bills which may never be introduced to the notice of Parliament, but their proposed provisions will at least serve to show the direction any future legislation is likely to take. But it may be worth while to notice that Lord Monkswell's Bill does not employ the word 'original' in the clause describing copyright; but it adopts the same proposal as to the duration of copyright—namely, the term of the author's life and thirty years afterwards. Eighteen hours' protection is given

to news of any fact or event which has happened outside the United Kingdom, which news has been obtained by any newspaper or news agency 'specially and independently.'

The subject of copyright is at once both big and little. The commercial side of literature is its little side. The great books of the world were not written for money and have rarely produced any during the lifetime of their authors. The writers most interested therefore in just laws of copyright are the small writers. For example, had Mrs. Henry Wood been entitled to a share of the profits realised by the play of 'East Lynne,' it would have poured Pactolus into her lap. But the Legislature cannot draw distinctions between (to use Thurlow's imagery) Homers and Hawkesworths, or between Tennysons and Tuppers. The Legislature would go hopelessly wrong if it tried to do anything of the kind and would be certain by an overwhelming majority to put its money on the wrong horse.

Bad authors have a right to flourish on the bad taste of their contemporaries. The day labourer is worthy of his hire, and it is the duty of every civilised State to see to it that its municipal laws relating to the products of men's brains are just and reasonable. On the whole the law of copyright throughout the world is in a sound state, though, as we have taken the occasion to point out, improvement is still possible.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Writings of James Russell Lowell*. In Prose and Poetry. In 10 vols. Boston and New York: 1897.

2. *The Letters of James Russell Lowell*. Edited by CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. London: 1894.

3. *James Russell Lowell and his Friends*. By EDWARD EVERETT HALE. London: 1899.

4. *Impressions of Spain*. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Compiled by JOSEPH B. GILDER. With an Introduction by A. A. ADEE. 1899.

THE work, which has recently been published both in America and in England, entitled ‘James Russell Lowell and his Friends,’ and which we owe to Dr. Edward Everett Hale, is a fitting and interesting conclusion to the collected editions of Lowell’s works, and to permanent or ephemeral biographies, of which he is the subject. The Letters of Lowell, edited by Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, which were published in 1898, gave us an account of Lowell’s life from his own pen. So continuous and voluminous was his correspondence, from youth almost to the day of his death, that he tells his own tale. The Letters are, in fact, a complete autobiography. ‘I never wrote a letter ‘which was not a sincere portrait of my mind at the time.’ This is what he said in his earlier manhood, and though with advancing years there came some shrinking of the correspondence, and a less subjective tone, no man ever revealed himself in his letters more sincerely than did Lowell.

In the more recent volume we have a picture of him by one of his earliest comrades—of Lowell among his friends, of the society and the places in which he passed the best part of his life. That life was complete to a degree not frequently seen, and a knowledge of it will assist those on this side of the Atlantic to understand the growth during the last three-quarters of a century of the American people. It represents so many phases of national thought and feeling.

After a few hesitations and uncertainties, Lowell fell into a career absolutely suited to his mind and temperament. There were no modifications, no drawbacks, no chafing at occupations or cares unsuited to his nature. He became at a very early age a man of letters by profession; enjoying his work, ever enlarging his knowledge and interests, as much

at home in the old as in the new world, typically American in thought and sympathy, cosmopolitan in his literary and intellectual tastes.

There is a tendency to regard Americans as absorbed in money-making, and to believe that the pursuit of wealth is their main object, but in no country has so much been done for education by private persons, and nowhere are men and women of letters held in higher estimation. In no other country have letters been regarded as a passport to the holding of the highest posts in the diplomatic service. Ticknor, Motley, and Lowell—to recall three names only—have been accredited to some of the chief European capitals, and in thus honouring letters the American nation has done honour to itself.

It is necessary to recall the main incidents of Lowell's life. Born in 1819 at Cambridge, Massachusetts, he came of a well-known New England family. It is common to consider the people of this portion of the United States as severe, hardy, and puritanical, affected by the country and the climate, in which generations of them have been reared and lived. However true this may be of some New Englanders, it is not applicable to a large and cultured class—that from whom James Russell Lowell sprang. The character of his father is clearly shown in his delicate and refined features, which corresponded with

'the sweetness and simplicity of his nature. . . . He was a lover of books, and he possessed more culture, both literary and social, than most of the clergy his contemporaries. Mrs. Lowell was of an old Orkney family, and in her blood was a tincture of the romance of those solitary northern isles. It was from her that her son believed himself to have inherited his love of nature and his poetic temperament' ('Letters,' vol. i. p. 2).

The younger Lowell was born in the house—Elmwood—which remained, with varying intervals of absence, his home through life. The quiet village has become the town of Cambridge, a suburb of Boston, separated only from that city by the broad waters of the River Charles. But, town though it be, Cambridge still retains not a little of the original sentiment of the place. The elm-shaded streets, the quiet houses, the plain academic buildings of Harvard, all combine to recall and to perpetuate memories of an earlier phase of American life. In Lowell's youth and early manhood civilisation had not spread westward over the continent, and the Bay State, with Boston for its intellectual focus, was more markedly than to-day the centre of the

intellectual life of America. Of this society Lowell became a sharer at a very early age, for he entered Harvard College in 1834, when only fifteen. Harvard in those days contained a singular mixture of students—lads who may be regarded rather as schoolboys than as college students and also ‘grown men—rather sporadic instances indeed, but still a ‘good many of them,’ to quote Dr. Hale’s reminiscences. It was a wide collection of learners—so various indeed in age as to make systematic teaching somewhat difficult. To Lowell regular study was distasteful. In fact, in the early summer of 1838, he was ‘rusticated’ to Concord, though he took his degree in the following August. The exile from college was a blessing in disguise, for at Concord he became intimate with a remarkable group. There he met Emerson, poet, philosopher, and the mental guide of so many of his generation, and others of the transcendentalists who gathered at his house. There was Thoreau, the recluse; Margaret Fuller, whose strong personality weighed upon Lowell, if we take Miranda in the ‘Fable for Critics’ seriously; George Ripley, the friend of poets and thinkers; Theodore Parker, in whose prodigious labours for the freedom of slaves Lowell was afterwards to share, and other remarkable men and women. His taste even as a boy was somewhat too catholic for academic restraints—indeed, the early indications of that striking appreciation and love of the world’s literary masterpieces which characterise him in maturer years are very remarkable. When he was but seventeen we find him writing to a friend—

‘With some stray cash I have purchased Butler, and Beattie also; these, as well as Coleridge, belong to the Aldine edition of “British Poets.” Did you ever read “Hudibras”? It always was, and always will be, a great favourite of mine—an inexhaustible source of mirth from beginning to end. . . . I am reading the Life of Milton; his first taste (as well as Cowley’s) for poetry was formed by reading Spenser. I am glad to have such good examples, for Spenser was always my favourite poet.’

Then he springs away to Horace and then to editions of Shakespeare, finally concluding with astonishing enthusiasm, ‘By the by, Milton has excited my ambition to read all the Greek and Latin classics which he did.’

This extract indicates very well the general tendency of Lowell’s mind and occupations for many years. He was more than a reader—a student; he lived with his authors, and with their creations; they became a part of his life. It was unlikely that such a nature would ever willingly allow

itself to be harnessed to a profession which would take him from daily intercourse with the great writers of the past whom he loved. Though he made some genuine attempts to study legal principles and learn the practice of the law, his heart was not only in literature, he was steadily working at it.

'If I live,' he wrote in 1839, 'I don't believe I shall ever practise law. I intend, however, to study it, and prepare myself for practising. But a blind presentiment of becoming independent in some other way is always hovering round me. Above all things I should love to be able to sit down and do something literary for the rest of my natural life.'

Lowell, however, in 1840 took a degree in the Harvard Law School, that great seminary of legal principles, which in this country, the home of the common law, now forming the basis of the jurisprudence of half the world, we have no legal university to equal or approach. For two years more he was still nominally a lawyer, though literature was more and more absorbing his mind and his time. But the publication of the short-lived '*Pioneer*,' a magazine which he and his friend Robert Carter projected and published—and to which they obtained contributions from men now so famous as Hawthorne, Poe, and Whittier—and the appearance of a second volume of poems in December 1843 may be said definitely to have settled the course of his life. It is certain, however, that this legal education had valuable effects as a mental training at once bracing and broadening. But Lowell was characteristically a New Englander; he had the common sense and the perseverance which mark this striking section of the American people. He represented one side of it very accurately, its simple-mindedness and its culture, its honesty and love of learning, its patriotism and reverence for the treasures of the old world.

No man of letters was less of a Bohemian. He never for a moment imagined that he could be successful without the same everyday qualities which tend to success in other walks of life—moderation of living and perseverance. With all his imagination and almost feminine sympathy he was essentially sensible and sane; in that mingling of antagonistic qualities he was typically American.

At the end of December 1844 Lowell was married to Maria White. For some four years he had been engaged to her—a beautiful woman, of kindred taste and feelings. Up to that time his earnings by his pen had been insufficient to

justify him in marrying. In September 1842 he expressed a hope that he might 'safely reckon on earning four hundred dollars' by his pen during the next year. It may be doubted whether the year after he married Lowell's professional income was more than 100%. But he had a hopeful, energetic nature; he was not afraid of difficulties, and though singularly impressionable, no external circumstances were able to stop the flow of literary production. On the contrary, events which would have stunned and stayed the vital faculties of most men were an incentive to him. In expression he found solace. In a letter to his friend Sydney Gay, in March 1850, soon after the death of his second daughter, Rose, and writing to him in reference to the death of his correspondent's brother, he says :

'To show you that I am not unable to go along with you in the feeling expressed in your letter, I will copy a few verses out of my common-place book :

- " Yes, faith is a goodly anchor,
When the skies are blue and clear;
At the bows it hangs right stalwart
With a sturdy iron cheer.
- " But when the ship goes to pieces,
And the tempests are all let loose,
It rushes plumb down to the sea-depths,
'Mid slimy seaweed and ooze.
- " Better then one spar of memory,
One broken plank of the past,
For our human hearts to cling to,
Adrift in the whirling vast.
- " To the spirit the cross of the spirit,
To the flesh its blind despair,
Clutching fast the thin-worn locket,
With its threads of gossamer hair.
- " O friend ! thou reasonest bravely,
Thy preaching is wise and true ;
But the earth that stops my darling's ears
Makes mine insensate, too.
- " That little shoe in the corner,
So worn and wrinkled and brown,
With its emptiness confutes you,
And argues your wisdom down."

But enough, dear Sydney, of death and sorrow. 'They are not subjects which I think it profitable or wise to talk about, think about, or write about often. Death is a private tutor. We have no fellow-scholars, and must lay our lessons to heart alone.'

These lines were at a later time altered and added to, and published under the title of 'After the Burial,' thereby losing not a little of their spirit and their directness of feeling.

It was this peculiar temperament which ensured him success as a man of letters, added to that hard-headedness which is so characteristic of the people from whom he sprang: 'It gave me great pleasure . . . to find you a 'man of sense as well as genius—a rare thing, especially in 'one so young. Keep fast hold of the one, for it is the clue 'that will bring you to the door that will open only to the 'magic password of the other.' It is interesting to recall these words, for they were addressed to Mr. W. D. Howells, who has long ago attained a high place among the novelists of the age; and, while they may be urged on the attention of every man of ability in every station of life, they will remain also the clue to much of Lowell's success. To a remarkable and a versatile mind, to a disposition of singular sweetness and refinement, was added, it cannot be too clearly pointed out, a manliness and a force of character not always united with what amounted almost to genius.

The particular period at which we have now arrived in Lowell's life—namely, from his marriage in 1844 to his wife's death in October 1853—is that in which he may be regarded wholly as a journalist in the best sense of the word. He was a contributor to the Pennsylvania 'Freeman,' and from 1846 to 1850 to the 'Anti-Slavery Standard' of New York. For a weekly contribution in prose or verse he received a yearly salary of five hundred dollars. In a letter written in 1846 Lowell gives his own account of the commencement of this connection. Boston was the centre of that anti-slavery crusade which is chiefly identified with the name of William Lloyd Garrison. The movement attracted Lowell's honest and manly nature, and though for some reasons he felt reluctant to take up this work, for others he was glad of the opportunity which was presented to him.

'I was not only willing but desirous that my name should appear, because I scorned to be indebted for any share of my modicum of popularity to my abolitionism, without incurring at the same time whatever odium might be attached to a complete identification with a body of heroic men and women, whom not to love and admire would prove me unworthy of either of those sentiments, and whose superiors in all that constitutes true manhood and womanhood I believe never existed. There were other considerations which weighed heavily with

me to decline the office altogether. In the first place, I was sure that Mrs. Chapman and Garrison greatly overrated my popularity and the advantage which it would be to the paper to have my name attached to it. I am not flattering myself (I have too good an opinion of myself to do so), but judge from something Garrison said to me. It is all nonsense. However it may be in that glorious Hereafter (towards which no man who is good for anything can help casting half an eye), the reputation of a poet who has a high idea of his vocation, is resolved to be true to that vocation, and hates humbug, must be small in his generation. The thing matters nothing to me one way or the other, except when it chances to *take in* those whom I respect, as in the present case. I am *teres atque rotundus*, a microcosm in myself, my own author, public, critic, and posterity, and care for no other. But we abolitionists must get rid of a habit we have fallen into of affirming all the geese who come to us from the magic circle of Respectability to be swans. I said so about Longfellow, and I said so about myself. What does a man more than his simple duty in coming out for the truth? . . . In the next place (turn back a page or two, and you will find that I have laid down a "firstly"), if I have any vocation, it is the making of verse. When I take my pen for that, the world opens itself ungrudgingly before me, everything seems clear and easy, as it seems sinking to the bottom would be as one leans over the edge of his boat in one of those dear coves at Fresh Pond. But when I do prose it is *invita Minerva*. I feel as if I were wasting time and keeping back my message. My true place is to serve the cause as a poet. Then my heart leaps on before me into the conflict. I write to you frankly, as becomes one who is to be your fellow-worker' ('Letters,' vol. i. p. 123).

Work for newspapers, however, by no means absorbed Lowell's energies during this period. In addition to various general and critical papers contributed to magazines, he published 'Sir Launfal,' and also a 'Fable for Critics' and the first series of the 'Biglow Papers,' upon which something will be presently said, which were suggested by the annexation of Texas, a measure promoted by the Southern party in Congress and strongly opposed by the North. The difference presaged the conflict which was later to produce the Civil War.

But we must continue to sketch the course of Lowell's life and career. In the summer of 1851 he made his first visit to Europe, chiefly for the benefit of the health of his wife, but without avail. They remained in Europe till the autumn of 1852, and a year later she died.

The European period was one of absolute leisure. 'I am 'very well,' he wrote, soon after his return to Elmwood, 'and rather older; more inclined to stay in the quiet, if it 'may be, and lead purely a life of letters. I have written

‘ nothing since I left home, except a few letters and a journal ‘ now and then. I have been absorbing.’

From the autumn of 1853 Lowell’s career somewhat changed. He became less of a journalist and more of a professor. During the winter he delivered twelve lectures on the English poets at the Lowell Institute in Boston, and in February of 1855 he was appointed to the Smith Professorship of Modern Languages in Harvard College, the immediate successor of Ticknor and Longfellow, a professorship which is one among innumerable instances of the assistance which has been given to learning in the United States by the gifts of private individuals.

The close connexion between academic teaching and affairs which has existed in the United States has been an inestimable advantage to American education. The selection of Lowell to this professorship, and his subsequent appointment as Minister to Spain, illustrate this fact in a marked degree. It has kept the Universities in touch with the needs of the time, and it has, on the other hand, broadened mental cultivation among non-academical classes. It has been, perhaps, most visible in connexion with Harvard, which has formed, and still continues to form, a part of that remarkable community so varied in its pursuits and in its aspirations which is gathered in the town of Boston.

It was characteristic, too, both of Lowell and of America, that he accepted the position on the condition that, before entering on its duties, he should spend a year or more in Europe in preparatory studies. With the commencement of his work at Harvard, after his return from Europe late in the summer of 1856, the second period of Lowell’s life began. The next summer he married again; his second wife was Miss Frances Dunlop, a lady of whom many in England still have agreeable recollections. He had ceased to be a journalist; he had attained an assured position among men of letters and in the opinion of his countrymen. He had done this before he was forty, and he had done it by sheer ability and manly perseverance.

One of the most interesting chapters in Dr. Hale’s rather too discursive reminiscences of Lowell is that in which he tells of Harvard and Lowell’s life there—of the striking changes which had taken place between 1834 and 1855, how the College had developed from ‘a somewhat enlarged country ‘ “academy” ’ into the first of American Universities, and how Lowell himself, almost always on the threshold of the College, had witnessed its expansion. His association with it con-

tinued for his life. He resigned office in 1886 to be nominated 'Emeritus Professor.' During those thirty years the department of modern literature 'was under Mr. Lowell's 'general administration, excepting during his journeys in 'Europe and his diplomatic residence in Madrid and London.' In every stage of his life Lowell was not only an interesting and delightful personality—he stands out as a type. Just as he had been a type of the New England student, of the man of culture of the Eastern States, of the advancing tide of American intellect, so he was now a type of the academical teacher across the Atlantic—cultivated, sagacious, energetic, and eager, bringing to the teaching of the literature of the past the vigour of the New World, too often in other occupations devoted to the mere collection of wealth. How he appreciated England is shown by a passage in a letter which he wrote soon after he took up his work at Cambridge, touched by that feeling for English landscape which has been in these later days best expressed in the poems of Matthew Arnold:

'I will envy you,' he writes, 'your delightful two months in England; and a picture rises before me of long slopes washed with a cool lustre of watery sunshine, a swan-silenced reach of sallow-fringed river, great humps of foliage contrasting taper spires, cathedral closes, grey Gothic fronts elbowed by red-brick deaneries, broad downs clouded with cumulous sheep—nay, even a misty, murky morning in London, and the boy with the pots of porter, and the hansom cab just losing itself in the universal grey.'

The Englishman accustomed to the appearance of his own island and little appreciative of its charm ('to which,' said Hawthorne, 'our countrymen are more susceptible than 'are the people among whom it is of native growth') is apt sometimes to smile at the enthusiasm of the American for our landscapes and buildings. But it is an appreciation which begets international friendship; it is only because so few had the same opportunities as Lowell of knowing not only England but the English, that delight in the scenery of the British Islands has not been equalled by the cordiality of American friendship. It is an appreciation for which we ought to be grateful, since the more widely it increases the stronger become the bonds of sympathy between the two distant but kindred peoples.

To return, however, to Lowell's work at this time. Not only was he a professor at Harvard, he was the first editor of the 'Atlantic Monthly' from its foundation in 1857, and on resigning that post after four years of strenuous labour

he took up the joint editorship of the 'North American Review.' He worked upon the new literary venture with steadfast diligence, watching over it with extraordinary interest. Thus he is markedly identified with the rise of the periodical literature of the United States, which has now so much influence and circulates so widely over the Continent.

During this period Lowell had a good deal of work to do which was irksome. 'Our professors,' he said, in his admirable address delivered on the 250th anniversary of the foundation of Harvard, 'have been compelled by the necessities of the case (as we are apt to call things which we ought to reform but do not) to do too much work not properly theirs, and that of a kind so exacting as to consume the energy that might have been ample for higher service. They have been obliged to double the parts of professor and tutor.' In these words he succinctly states the character of his work at Harvard. He preferred letters to scholarship. 'If I must choose,' he said, in the same address, 'I had rather a young man should be intimate with the genius of the Greek dramatic poets than with the metres of their choruses.' It resulted, therefore, that Lowell, when he addressed a large audience on a purely literary subject, was more effective than when he was acting in the minuter academic business of a tutor. It was in the midst of this life that the Civil War broke out. Of the graduating class of 1860 sixty-four enlisted, and thirteen of them were killed. Lowell saw young men of the highest promise, boys whose budding lives as students or relations he had watched growing to manhood, gallantly devote themselves to their country's service—

'Rat-tat-tat-tattle thru the street
 I hear the drummers makin' riot,
 An' I set thinkin' o' the feet
 Thet follered cnce an' now are quiet;
 White feet ez snowdrops innercent,
 Thet never know'd the paths o' Satan,
 Whose comin' step ther' 's ears thet won't,
 No, not lifelong, leave off awaitin'!

'Why, hain't I held 'em on my knee?
 Didn't I love to see 'em growin',
 Three likely lads ez wal could be,
 Hahnsome an' brave an' not tu knowin'?
 I set an' look into the blaze
 Whose natur', jes' like theirn, keeps climbin',
 Ez long 'z it lives, in shinin' ways,
 An' half despise myself for rhymin'.

'Wut's words to them whose faith and truth
 On War's red techstone rang true metal,
 Who ventered life an' love an' youth
 For the gret prize o' death in battle?
 To him who, deadly hurt, agen
 Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,
 Tippin' with fire the bolt of men
 Thet rived the Rebel line asunder?

 'Tain't right to hev the young go fust,
 All throbbin' full o' gifts an' graces,
 Leavin' life's paupers dry ez dust
 To try an' make b'lieve fill their places;
 Nothin' but tells us wut we miss,
 Ther's gaps our lives can't never fay in,
 An' *thet* world seems so fur from this,
 Lef' for us loafers to grow gray in.'

It is not surprising that under all the circumstances—his personal interest in so many who were fighting for the North, his passionate belief in the righteousness of the cause, his appreciation of the Mother country from which New England had sprung—he should bitterly feel the sympathy which in many quarters was manifested in Great Britain for the South, though the extent of that sympathy was, we think, exaggerated in America. When material interests are regarded as international ties it is well to bear in mind the relations between England and America. It was the want of sympathy for the North, the real bone and marrow of the United States, which produced an international coolness for thirty years between the two nations; it was the sympathy of England in the Spanish War which finally healed the sore which was produced in the Civil War.

'I share,' wrote Lowell in 1866 to Mr. Leslie Stephen, 'with the great body of my countrymen, in a bitterness (half resentment and half regret) which I cannot yet get over. I do not mean that if my heart could be taken out after death *Delenda est Anglia* would be found written on it, for I know what the land we spring from and which we have not disgraced is worth to freedom and civilisation; but I cannot forget the insult so readily as I might—the injury of the last five years. But I love my English friends none the less—nay, perhaps the more because they have been *her* friends too, who is dearer to me for her trials and for the victory which, I am sure, she will be great enough to use gently.'

Lowell somewhat later, as we shall tell, did much to hasten the re-establishing of more cordial relations between the two countries, relations which it may well be hoped will not again be disturbed. He represented the quick, sympa-

thetic temperament of the American people, eager for sympathy, susceptible of its denial. In public discussions—more especially by the English Press—this temperament is too often forgotten, and things are sometimes said, and in a tone, which may do great harm on the other side of the Atlantic. Americans and English, who are personal friends, understand the natures which are beneath the manners; but a thing written by an anonymous writer of a leading article cannot be explained to millions of people. It is not possible to draw an indictment against a whole nation, but a nation may be influenced by an irresponsible writer in a morning journal to a degree which is often underestimated.

It is well, too, to remember that a national temperament which is sympathetic and demands sympathy, which is keenly appreciative of the goodwill of other countries, is necessarily equally quick to feel coldness, and even to magnify it into an active dislike, and to perceive in strenuous opposition evident hostility. The same temperament is inclined also to resent a tone of patronage, and to be suspicious of too ardent advances of prominent politicians on this side of the Atlantic. Thus, whilst Great Britain cannot set too high a value on the friendship of the United States, it is short-sighted to suppose that it cannot be interrupted or that incidents may not at any moment occur which may try the forbearance and the patience of both nations.

With Lowell, and many whose thoughts he expressed, it was less material injury from the fact that munitions and vessels of war found their way from England to the Confederates which caused this anger and regret, as disappointment at an absence of sympathy among many Englishmen for the cause of union and freedom.* In that one of the 'Biglow Papers' entitled 'Jonathan to John' Lowell expressed the feeling with a remarkable union of passion and humour:

* The same disappointment runs through Whittier's lines 'To Englishmen,' though it is expressed less with anger than with regret, as in the following stanza:

'O Englishmen, in hope and creed,
In blood and tongue our brothers,
We, too, are heirs of Runnymede,
And Shakespeare's fame and Cromwell's deed
Are not alone our mothers.'

‘ We know we’ve got a cause, John,
 That’s honest, just, and true ;
 We thought ’twould win applause, John,
 Ef nowheres else, from you.
 Ole Uncl S. sez he, “ I guess
 His love of right,” sez he,
 “ Hangs by a rotten fibre o’ cotton :
 There’s natur’ in J. B.
 Ez wal ’z in you and me.” ’

In the summer of 1872 Lowell went to Europe, and he lived in Paris during the winter, and ‘ really learned some-thing of the French and their ways.’ He made the usual visit to Italy, to places in France, and to England, not returning to Boston until July 1876. The stay in Europe had a curious effect upon him; it turned Lowell into a politician. It matters little how he was induced to take this new departure. It is, however, a proof at once of his versatility and his energy that at a comparatively late period of life he, a man of letters and a student, could begin to take an active interest in political affairs, and to face the resentment which he aroused. He began by writing two pieces of verse—‘ The World’s Fair, 1876,’ and ‘ Tempora Mutantur.’ They attracted great notice, and considerable hostile criticism. They were sincere attempts to point out shortcomings in the American body politic.

‘ Show ’em your Civil Service, and explain
 How all men’s loss is everybody’s gain ;
 Show your new patent to increase your rents
 By paying quarters for collecting cents ;
 Show your short cut to cure financial ills
 By making paper-collars current bills ;
 Show your new bleaching process, cheap and brief,
 To wit : a jury chosen by the thief ;
 Show your State Legislatures ; show your Rings ;
 And challenge Europe to produce such things
 As high officials, sitting half in sight
 To share the plunder, to fix things aright ;
 If that don’t fetch her, why, you only need
 To show your latest style in martyrs—Tweed :
 She’ll find it hard to hide her spiteful tears
 At such advance in one poor hundred years.’ . . .

Dr. Hale thinks that Lowell took a pessimistic view of public affairs in the United States at this time. It was a period, however, of the most rampant corruption. Honourable men had been shocked by the disclosures in regard to the Whiskey Ring, even General Grant’s private secre-

tary having been implicated in transactions which were nothing less than robbery of the revenue. Men so well known as William Cullen Bryant, Theodore D. Woolsey, Carl Schurz, afterwards a member of President Hayes's Cabinet, and others, had issued a circular to convene a conference to protest against 'the widespread corruption.' Lowell, taking a true view of the situation, joined in the fray, and was not afraid to act. Protests and action such as his, though for the time they may seem to effect little, have a permanent influence, and we cannot doubt that both his words and example at this crisis have had lasting results. Political machinery may still seem somewhat too much in evidence, but we feel no doubt that public opinion is generally stronger and public life purer than when Lowell threw himself into active political conflicts.

Lowell defined his position in an interesting letter to Mr. Benton, who had written in his defence in a periodical :

'I had just come home from a two years' stay in Europe, so it was discovered that I had been corrupted by association with foreign aristocracies! I need not say to you that the society I frequented in Europe was what it is at home—that of my wife, my studies, and the best Nature and Art within my reach. But I confess that I was embittered by my experience. Wherever I went I was put on the defensive. Whatever extracts I saw from American papers told of some new fraud or defalcation, public or private. It was sixteen years since my last visit abroad, and I found a very striking change in the feeling towards America and Americans. An Englishman was everywhere treated with a certain deference. Americans were at best tolerated. The example of America was everywhere urged in France as an argument against Republican forms of government. It was fruitless to say that the people were still sound when the Body Politic which draws its life from them showed such blotches and sores. I came home, and, instead of wrath at such abominations, I found banter. I was profoundly shocked, for I had received my earliest impressions in a community the most virtuous, I believe, that ever existed. . . . On my return I found that community struggling half hopelessly to prevent General Butler from being put in its highest office against the will of all its best citizens. I found Routwell, one of its senators, a chief obstacle to Civil Service reform (our main hope). . . . I saw Banks returned by a larger majority than any other member of the Lower House. . . . In the Commonwealth that built the first free school and the first college I heard culture openly derided. I suppose I like to be liked as well as other men. Certainly, I would rather be left to my studies than meddle with politics. But I had attained to some consideration, and my duty was plain. I wrote what I did in the plainest way, that he who can might read, and that I hit the mark I aimed at is proved by the attacks against which you so generously defend me. These fellows have no notion what love of country means. It is in

my very blood and bones. If I am not an American, who ever was? ' . . .—'Letters,' vol. ii. p. 177.

Lowell never stood still; his mind was always on the move. Even in this political activity he is, as he was so constantly, a type. He represents the dissatisfaction with those lower and less reputable forms of political life which thoughtful Americans condemn as strongly as any foreign critics. Perhaps he was a little before his time, and he was, perhaps, too, somewhat unduly severe on political machinery. He scarcely recognised the fact that the professional politician was a necessity in a community in the stage of national growth which the United States had reached about the middle of the nineteenth century. But undoubtedly he touched a weakness among public men in America of the present day. In his address on 'The Independent in Politics,' delivered in New York in 1888, he says:

'While we were yet in the gristle we produced statesmen, not indeed endowed with Burke's genius, though fairly comparable with him in breadth of view, and sometimes his superior in practical sagacity. But I think there is a growing doubt whether we are not ceasing to produce them, whether we are not losing the power to produce them. The tricks of management are more and more superseding the science of government.'

Lowell in this last sentence, in a memorable phrase, states succinctly the dangers, and, we may add, to some extent also, a characteristic not only of American but of English public life. A capable election manager is not necessarily a successful statesman. He is apt to think more of the effect of a policy on the constituencies than of the results of it from a national point of view. Fortunately, as Lowell has himself pointed out in his great address on Democracy, the good sense of the people is always to be relied on in the last resort. 'Of one thing at least we may be certain, that under 'whatever method of helping things to wrong man's wit can 'contrive, those who have the divine right to govern will 'be found to govern in the end. . . . An appeal to the 'reason of the people has never been known to fail in the 'long run.' It is not so much the people who go wrong as those who should lead and guide them.

Not satisfied with mere expression of opinion, Lowell braced himself to practical effort, setting an example of personal endeavour which has not yet been sufficiently followed. He became a delegate, first to the State and then to the National Convention at Cincinnati in 1876, when Hayes was selected as the Republican candidate for Presi-

dent. 'He was'—writing to the late Thomas Hughes—'neither unknown nor even unexpected as a probable nominee. He was not adopted as a compromise in any true sense of the word, but as an unimpeachably honest man, and the only one on whom we could unite to defeat Blaine, who had all the party machinery at his disposal. The nomination of the latter would have been a national calamity.' Lowell's main object in entering public life was to make it more honest, less full of political machinery—a task which he soon recognised must necessarily be slow and difficult. Attempts were made to get him to stand as Republican candidate for Congress, but he declined.

With the memorable election of President Hayes we come to a new and crowning period in Lowell's remarkable life. It was impossible that the activity in political affairs of a person so universally known throughout America as a man of letters could fail to attract marked attention. It resulted in the offer to him of the Embassy at Vienna or Berlin—he declined each. But he had said something of a willingness to have gone as Minister to Spain, and soon an arrangement was come to by which this post was offered to him. He left America for Madrid in July 1877. He went to Spain mindful of its splendid past to find it politically and economically lifeless. In a pretty little volume which has recently been published there may be read some of the impressions which he formed, and which are preserved in various official despatches at Washington. They are clear and friendly sketches of some political conditions of modern Spain, now chiefly interesting, however, as indicative of Lowell's remarkable versatility; they appear the work of a trained and temperate political observer, and would have done credit to a lifelong training in the diplomatic service. In Spain Lowell was popular; but in January 1880 he was transferred to London.

It was far more than a diplomatic appointment, for Lowell was now in a sense a uniter of two nations. He had many friends in England; he understood and valued the people. The literature of England was his own; his resentment and grief at the opinion of this country at the time of the Civil War arose to a great degree, as we have seen, because he said that English and Americans were sprung from a common stock—he expected a common feeling. Thus, when Lowell arrived in London, there was before him a mission of peace, the opportunity for work lasting and important, and during the five years that he was Minister to England his presence was of the utmost value. It was his intercourse

among various classes, and his great social charm, which generated much friendly feeling for America and her people. 'In his English stay he made several public speeches which 'did more good than any State paper, so called, could have 'done.' Sometimes he had a difficult task in his more official work, as in regard to the Fenians; these duties he performed with tact and firmness. But it is as what Dr. Hale has not inaptly termed 'a messenger to the people' that Lowell's great services lay. He had such intuitive tact that he could speak in public as the friend of both English-speaking races without hurting the susceptibilities of either. Some of his successors, with the best intentions, have not been so successful.

'He was always glad to meet the people and the men of the people, and he then knew what America really is. It is not the America of interviewers, of excursionists, of *nouveaux riches* millionaires, or of namby-pamby philanthropists attendant on international conventions. These are the individuals whom the people of England are apt most to see. But the people of America at home have wider interests than theirs, and affairs more important than they have. Lowell felt this in every fibre of his life, and if the Working Men's College in London, or some public meeting at Birmingham, or a Coleridge monument, gave him a chance to give the people of England his notion of what the people of America are and have in hand, why he was most glad to do so.'

We should have hesitated to write as Dr. Hale does of many very worthy Americans. But speaking with less exaggeration he was right, for the service which Lowell did was to make better known the two peoples to each other. The requisite for a permanent peace between England and America is a knowledge of each country by the masses of the other. Knowledge is the root of friendship, and nations which know and understand each other are more likely to show forbearance in differences. In private life sensible men do not go to law with their friends.

To return, however, to Lowell's work. It is unnecessary to catalogue the speeches to which Dr. Hale refers, but the dignified and pregnant address on Democracy, full of practical wisdom and matured statesmanship, is an admirable statement of the strength and the hopefulness of political society whether in America or in England.

Changes of American Presidents cause changes in diplomatic as in other posts, and thus when President Cleveland came into office in 1885 Lowell was recalled. But a summer did not pass without a return to England, and it was not

until 1890 came round that he was debarred from his annual visit. It was in the following year that he died at his old home at Elmwood.

The mere following out of Lowell's career makes it possible while so doing, to some extent, to estimate his place among his contemporaries. His public addresses form a part of his public life, and the happy blending of wisdom, experience, and bright flashes of insight, render them of permanent value. Both, however, as a poet and a critic, his work must be considered apart, as far as possible, from the man, though the man cannot be observed apart from his work.

Lowell would have been the last to wish to be judged by a provincial standard: he would have preferred that his work should be tested by the classics of that language which is common to the whole English-speaking world. And if we judge him by this standard, charming writer though he is, the verdict of posterity will be that he does not live among the great poets of the nineteenth century. Nowhere do we find the gemlike art, the perfect form, of Tennyson's lyrics, nowhere the classical feeling of Arnold, the wisdom of Browning. Very early in his career Lowell once wrote: 'I write with far more ease in verse than prose; I may be a bad poet (I don't mean by that I *think* I am), but I *am* a good versifier.' Emerson, when he was asked to review the poem entitled 'The Cathedral,' refused to do so: 'I like 'Lowell,' he said; 'I like it' (the poem), 'but I think he 'had to pump.' In this he was unjust in a critical sense—Lowell never had, to use Emerson's phrase, 'to 'pump.' Much that he wrote was thin, because he was, as he himself said, 'a good versifier.' He had the poetic faculty—a charming fancy, there are lines which live, sometimes as from an inspiration; no line has ever hit more suggestively the whole feeling of the great seas than that in which he addresses the

'Ocean men's path and their divider too.'

But in truth Lowell had almost a fatal facility of verse; he could turn every subject, grave or gay, every emotion, every glint of humour into rhyme, and, as he said of Wordsworth, 'he wrote too much to write always well.' Such a faculty, unusual and delightful, needed to be carefully watched; the course of Lowell's life, so far from confining it, gave it play, and prevented that perfect form, that strength of mental supply, without which poetry is not, and a man becomes chiefly a versifier. All that is good enough for to-day and for

a monthly magazine will not satisfy posterity. There can be indeed little doubt that it was the practice of supplying verses to current literature which has been hurtful to his fame as a poet. We have seen how, in an instance already referred to, the first burning lines were enlarged and lose their fire. Poetry, as Lowell himself more than once said, like every other art, requires that care should be given to its form; the amplification in cooler moments of expression which has been created by strong, though it may be momentary, feeling is quite as likely as not to lessen the force and beauty of the original lines, and in reading Lowell's verse it is impossible not to be often aware of an absence of concentration—on the contrary, of the weakening of the original thought. There is a great quantity of agreeable verse—feeling for natural beauty, a perception of the undertones of life. It is as walking through delightful but not remarkable scenery—we are never displeased, but we are never deeply moved. We are inclined rather to be struck with the personality of the writer than with his poetry. Among his works not one is better known in his own country than 'Beaver Brook'; it exemplifies very well what has just been said:

' Hushed with broad sunlight lies the hill,
And, minuting the long day's loss,
The cedar's shadow, slow and still,
Creeps o'er its dial of grey moss.

' Warm noon brims full the valley's cup,
The aspen's leaves are scarce astir;
Only the little mill sends up
Its busy never-ceasing burr.

' Climbing the loose piled wall that hems
The road along the mill-pond's brink,
From 'neath the arching barberry-stems,
My footstep scares the shy chewink.

' Beneath a bony buttonwood
The mill's red door lets forth the din;
The whitened miller, dust-imbued,
Flits past the square of dark within.

' No mountain torrent's strength is here;
Sweet Beaver, child of forest still,
Heaps its small pitcher to the ear,
And gently waits the miller's will.

' Swift slips Undine along the race
Unheard, and then, with flashing bound,
Floods the dull wheel with light and grace,
And, laughing, hunts the loath drudge round.

‘The miller dreams not at what cost
The quivering millstones hum and whirl,
Nor how for every turn are tost
Armfuls of diamonds and of pearl.
But Summer cleared my happier eyes
With drops of some celestial juice,
To see how Beauty underlies
Forevermore each form of use.’

The poet then turns to some reflections which are sufficiently summarised in the following stanza :

‘No more than doth the miller there,
Shut in our several cells do we
Know with what waste of beauty rare
Moves every day’s machinery.’

Lowell always wrote lovingly and truthfully of visible Nature, for in his constant rambles in fields and woods he observed minutely ; we see this trait very clearly in the ‘Beaver Brook.’ The birch tree, lighting by its delicate frailty the sombre shade of their evergreen forests, has always had an attraction for the poets of New England. To Lowell it was a delight :

‘Rippling through thy branches goes the sunshine
Among thy leaves that palpitate forever.’

If, when we turn over the hundreds of lines which Lowell wrote, we are inclined to think that it would have been better for his fame if he had curbed his facility of expression, we must bear in mind that he never wanted readers. It is a remarkable characteristic of the American people that they have always welcomed poetry as part of their daily reading. Everything which Lowell wrote was read. His poems did not appear in delicate volumes, to be perused only by a few enthusiasts. They were written for the people and were read by the people. The same work was being done by others. Throughout Lowell’s life, Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Whittier were each giving poetical expression to their thoughts and feelings. It would draw us into a consideration rather of the character of the American people than of their distinguished son, if we were to do more than indicate this particular intellectual trait, but in a review of Lowell’s life and work it cannot be passed by ; it is indicative of a national temperament unlike that of Englishmen, a temperament of which Lowell was a type and to which he ministered.

When we peruse the immense quantity of agreeable

verse in his collected works, and compare it with the comparative smallness of the 'Biglow Papers,' we cannot but be struck with the superiority of these poems. Their setting, in the shape of the letters of the Rev. Mr. Wilbur, is sometimes tedious to English readers, but the poems themselves will remain Lowell's most permanent addition to American literature. They are animate with the life of a great mass of the people; they are often a passionate and yet humorous expression of contemporary thought, the writer is voicing his age, and he is in earnest. A memorable moment has come, and a strong movement of feeling impels him to expression. The subjects are serious, large. The very fact that these poems are written in a dialect, that they realise types of the people, gives them a truth which adds to their completeness and their permanence. They were begun when popular feeling ran high—at the time of the Mexican war, which was regarded by large numbers in the Eastern States as the increasing and strengthening of slavery. The second series dates from even a still more stormy period, when the best blood of the Union was being shed in its defence; they are the products of a national convulsion. One cannot but regret that Lowell did not give more of his time to the picturing of his own people, that he was not more in his general verse the poet of New England. In the political poems he caught the feeling of an important section of the American people, and the same feeling he could have represented apart from politics. 'Despite its intense provincialism there is a truth to human nature in it which justifies its having been written;' so wrote Lowell in 1859 of the first series to the late Tom Hughes. The intense provincialism of the work was in a great measure its strength. In 'The Courtin',' which was a kind of sequel to the introduction to the first of the second series of these Papers—and was said to have been written to fill up space, and so hastily that Lowell did not keep a copy—we perceive how well he could represent the feelings of the countrypeople of New England. It has a simplicity, a charm, and a truth which makes it of greater worth than any of his more general work. It is a picture of New England life. We can see the snow long lying on the hills of Maine, the sparse farms, the warm parlour, the home of more than one generation of those sturdy farmers who still live prosperous and contented in this hard country.

' God makes sech nights, all white an' still
 Fur'z you can look or listen,
 Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill
 All silence an' all glisten.

' Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
 An' peeked in thru the winder,
 An' there sot Huld' all alone,
 'ith no one nigh to hender.

' A fireplace filled the room's one side
 With half a cord o' wood in—
 There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
 To bake ye to a puddin'.

' The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
 Towards the pootiest, bless her,
 An' leetle flames danced all about
 The chiny on the dresser.

' Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
 An' in amongst 'em rusted
 The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
 Fetched back f'om Concord busted.

' The very room, coz she was in,
 Seemed warm f'om floor to ceilin',
 An' she looked full ez rosy agin
 Ez the apples she was peelin'.

.

Then Zekle, 'six foot o' man,' is described, and then Huld' hears a foot 'a-raspin' on the scraper.'

' He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
 Some doubtfle o' the sekle,
 His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
 But hern went pity Zekle.

' An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
 Ez though she wished him funder,
 An' on her apples kep' to work,
 Parin' away like murder.

.

' He stood a spell on one foot fust,
 Then stood a spell on t'other,
 ' An' on which one he felt the wust
 He could n't ha' told ye nuther.

' Says he, " I'd better call agin ; "
 Says she, " Think likely, Mister : "
 Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
 An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her.

' When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
 Huldý sot pale ez ashes,
 All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
 An' teary roun' the lashes.

' For she was jes' the quiet kind
 Whose naturs never vary,
 Like streams that keep a summer mind
 Snowhid in Jenooary.'

.

Here is the true metal, nothing forced and nothing weak, far removed from those poetical efforts which, though they show cultivation and quick feeling, are without character. Whittier well said that Lowell was one

' Who in the language of their farm-fields spoke
 The wit and wisdom of New England folk.'

What the world regrets is that Lowell did not write more which could be regarded as distinctively American work.

As a critic, Lowell is what might be expected from his character and temperament. A critic is born, not made; no one can be a critic of the first rank without natural imagination, sympathy, and quickness of perception. Lowell had these qualities in a marked degree, and they were in constant course of expansion and activity. And he possessed a judgement matured and broadened by a wide knowledge of the literature of the world and by association with men of varied characters and occupations. Without the subtlety of intellect so characteristic of Arnold and Hutton—a subtlety which sometimes causes a critic to see things in the author's mind which were never there, but which, however, is so suggestive—he is a sound and safe guide. But the impression which his criticisms leave is that Lowell never delved very deeply into the subject of them. In his letters are constantly to be found flashes of insight which illuminate quickly and for the moment the book or the writer on which his intellect is turned. His more elaborate work has the same characteristics—it is scarcely sufficiently well pondered.

A comparison of Lowell's 'Essay on Wordsworth' with that of Mr. Hutton on the 'Genius of Wordsworth' in his 'Literary Essays' will bring out very well the character of Lowell's criticism. He is inclined to tell us what is almost obvious, just as Mr. Hutton is a little too prone to create as well as to criticise. Lowell is somewhat too objective. Thus, speaking of Wordsworth's finest lines, he writes, 'They seem rather the production of Nature than of man, and have

the lastingness of such, delighting our age with the same startle of newness and beauty that pleased our youth. Is it his thought? It has the shifting inward lustre of diamond. Is it his feeling? It is as delicate as the impressions of fossil ferns.' Nothing could be more accurate or even more suggestive than that some of Wordsworth's most memorable lines are the production of Nature. But how insufficient are the last lines when we read what may be called the answers to them which are given by Mr. Hutton!

The essence of Lowell's critical writings is a sympathetic and cultured common sense. Ambiguity of phrase, uncompleted thought producing embryonic ideas, a hostile frame of mind towards his subject, a narrowly bounded view, are never to be found in his writings. Thoughts are sometimes too quickly transferred from his brain to his paper, but they are always clear—not a very powerful stream, but pleasant, pure, and healthy. We have not to pause to think over his meaning—a proceeding which, however, is conducive to mental digestion—we see what he is aiming at in a moment. Concluding his essay on Pope he writes, 'He was the chief founder of an artificial style of writing, which in his hands was living and powerful, because he used it to express artificial modes of thinking and an artificial state of society.' We may carp somewhat at the phrase 'artificial modes of thinking,' yet in this sentence we see at once Pope's interpretation of his age, which is the strength of a poet.

But if there are some shortcomings in Lowell's purely literary criticisms, on the other hand, as a critic of men, of the movements of society, of the literature of life, he is admirable. Perhaps nowhere is this better exemplified than in the brilliant address on Thoreau; it is full of insight, it is marked by memorable and suggestive phrases. Thoreau 'was not a strong thinker, but a sensitive feeler.' Of the transcendental movement in which he was so noticeable, Lowell said, 'Communities were established where every-thing was to be common but common sense.' It would be difficult within the same space to find a keener yet a more sympathetic review of a remarkable man, and of a noticeable intellectual and moral movement, than is contained in this address. The same characteristic may be noted in the equally admirable essay on Gray, a writer as essentially English as Thoreau is American. There is much sound literary criticism in it, but throughout runs the same markedly personal note as attractive as it is suggestive:

‘Perhaps the great charm of the Elegy is to be found in its
‘embodying that pensively stingless pessimism which comes
‘with the first grey hairs; that vague sympathy with our-
‘selves, which is so much cheaper than sympathy with others;
‘that placid melancholy which satisfies the general appetite
‘for an emotion which titillates rather than wounds.’

It is natural that at the end of a century men should look back upon the past with a critical and a surveying eye. Among the writers known to the English-speaking race in the last fifty years no man arrests attention more than James Russell Lowell. If greatness be measured by signal achievements in a single branch of human endeavour, it cannot be declared that Lowell has attained the highest rank. But if with more catholicity of opinion we estimate greatness by remarkable efforts and results in various fields, Lowell reached a high position among men of letters of the nineteenth century. As a journalist in the best and widest sense, as an essayist and critic, and in some degree as a poet, he will long be memorable. But in a time of war, tumult, and international unrest, it may be that on both sides of the Atlantic his name will be most respected for helping to make America and Great Britain more closely united by national sympathies springing from a better knowledge of each other, and from the ties of a common literature.

ART. IX.—1. *The Life and Letters of Sir John Everett Millais, President of the Royal Academy.* By his Son, JOHN GUILLE MILLAIS. 2 vols. London: 1899.

2. *Sir John Everett Millais, his Art and Influence.* By A. L. BALDRY. 1 vol. London: 1899.

WE are still half barbarians in the memorials which we raise to our dead. We measure them by their mass not their beauty, and as, when a renowned field-marshal dies, we exact that his funeral car, whatever the fashion of it, shall weigh seventeen tons, when great men's lives are written, the first consideration is that they shall be of a certain bulk; as if we affected, not human entombments, but 'the graves of giants under hilly and heavy coverings.' Whereas there is but one worthy memorial we can raise to any man, king or cobbler, who deserves to be remembered, and that is a portrait in stone or brass, or be it in literature, which may be more imperishable still. Though that, indeed, is little likely to-day, under our present habit of entrusting biographies to some near relation of the dead, without much consideration for the literary ability of the writer, and with the necessity laid upon him to paint his portrait, in Tudor fashion, without a shadow.

To the ideal biography, Mr. J. G. Millais' two volumes of the life of his father, Sir John Millais—two quarto volumes, 957 pages—bears such relation as a stone of Avebury bears to a stelè in the Street of Tombs at Athens. The writer has no literary graces. Sometimes he offends positively against canons of taste and canons of style. More often he offends negatively by giving us little but trivialities, to the neglect of more important matter. It is indeed something of a feat to have filled so many pages as he has done, and to contrive at the end to present so meagre a portrait of his subject. There are portions of this book which are not much else than an expanded catalogue; others that might be compiled from a visiting list, and a third series again which are like an angler's daybook annotated and enlarged. But the writer is at least frank and manly; and, if perforce too uniformly a panegyrist, he is free from sentimentality and affectation. As regards the universal fault of biographies, their want of shade, this much must be said, that, by the consent of all who knew him, Millais' private character was as nearly free from blemish as a man's might be. Anthony Trollope, who in the course of his vast production wrote

many an excellent passage, never wrote anything finer or more pleasant to read than the record of his affection and admiration for Millais :

‘To see him has always been a pleasure. His voice has been a sweet sound in my ears. Behind his back I have never heard him praised without joining the eulogist; I have never heard a word spoken against him without opposing the censurer.’*

And then Trollope adds that which gives a force and a beauty to the foregoing: ‘These words, should he ever see them, will come to him from the grave, and will tell him of my regard as one living man never tells another.’

By the general testimony of Millais’ friends, there is no exaggeration in this praise; and his friends were all who knew him; he had no enemies. He was of that type of man which is called clubable; ready to join heartily in the outside pleasures of life, generous, full of manliness and kindness, with no need for close sympathies and no divine unfulfilled ambitions. If he had at times great searchings of heart and wrote of them to those who were about him, there is no record of such in this biography.

And then as regards the painter, he stands in no need of a monument, either of piled stones or piled sentences. His monument is all about us: in the 350 easel pictures which he has left, in the numberless illustrations in black and white of which the magazines of twenty or thirty years ago were full. Though he did not live to be old, Millais’ achievement was immense; only Turner among English painters has left a greater mass of work behind him. The period of Millais’ production extends over exactly half a century—from 1846 to 1896. During only two years out of the fifty was he in any degree in bondage to previous schools, or a follower of evil traditions. With the rise of the pre-raphaelite revolt in 1848, he shook off the last of these chains, and at once appeared a force and a presence. From that moment he obliged attention, even if it were the attention of abuse. And, from that moment till his death, no year has been without some important work from his hand; usually out of all the pictures shown in any year his have attracted the most notice. Thrice we have seen galleries in London filled with his work alone: the Fine Art Gallery in 1881, the Grosvenor Gallery in 1886, and the Royal Academy two years after his death. In many other exhibitions, apart from the official shows, such as the Manchester Exhibition in 1887, those at

* Autobiography, vol. i. p. 199.

the Guildhall during recent years, he has been fully represented; and certain of his works have been exhibited separately. It is probable that any amateur of pictures, reasonably diligent in his attendance at shows, must be familiar with three parts at least even of Millais' vast production.

For all that, the reasoned criticism of Millais' work has not been great; the mere current notices of the year's exhibitions cannot be called reasoned criticism. Sir Walter Armstrong has devoted a number of the 'Art Journal' to the subject. Mr. Spielmann wrote a 'Catalogue Raisonné' to the Academy Exhibition of 1898, as Mr. Andrew Lang did to the Fine Art Exhibition of 1881. And now we have a work by Mr. Baldry, 'Sir John Millais, his Art and 'Influence.' In no one of these instances is a very judicial standpoint assumed; each of the four studies reads more like a panegyric than a criticism.* Perhaps it is too early yet to attempt a final judgement upon so vast a body of work; and time must be left to do its office of selection and oblivion. Perhaps the great popularity of the painter has blinded the eyes of his judges; and the half royal position which Millais long held, as by far the most noted among English painters, has almost compelled censure to keep itself out of sight. Millais was, likely enough, no whit more sensible to criticism than the great majority of the sensitive race of artists and poets and men of letters. But the frankness of his nature forbade his ever hiding what he felt. And he would have been other than human if he had not in his later days come to think that anything like censure in the mouth of a young man savoured of impertinence. Howbeit, there are probably added reasons for the contrast, in respect to the discussions which their pictures have evoked, between Millais and some of his contemporaries; between him and Rossetti for example. With the Frenchman, Jean François Millet, the contrast is still more marked.

In the outwardly quiet lives of artists, of students, of men of letters, that which supplies the place of adventure is the record of their early struggles and discouragements, often, to an understanding mind, a more moving history than one of physical suffering. Mr. Holman Hunt, in some delightful

* Many of the remarks in Mr. Lang's pamphlet and in Sir Walter Armstrong's study are, however, full of pertinence, more especially what the latter says of Millais' relation to the pre-raphaelites (p. 4). Later on his study degenerates into a catalogue,

and modest papers of autobiography which he contributed to the 'Contemporary Review,'* lets us divine rather than distinctly trace the difficulties which beset his early career; lets us see him reduced to drawing realistic flies—pre-raphaelite flies, we may be sure—upon an office window 'looking out on three blank walls.' And we see the narrowness of the chances by which he escaped being condemned to such a life of drudgery for ever. Millais knew scarcely any of these disabilities. There were a few years of his life during which it seemed to him, looking back, that he had been 'dreadfully bullied:' these were the years when he was reckoned the protagonist of the pre-raphaelites; they were probably the most valuable in his whole career. Taken in the sum, his life was one of almost uninterrupted success, of going from strength to strength. His talent was so precocious it was impossible to blink it. There is a tolerably well-known story, repeated here, of how when the two little Millais, William and John, were living at Dinan—William eight years of age, John only six—the latter made some sketches of the soldiers of the garrison, and, the sketches falling into the hands of the officers, they were taken to the barracks. Those who had not seen the boy at work swore, and were ready to wager, that their brother officers were taking them in; until John Millais was brought to the mess, and, by making a drawing of the colonel, settled the question and the wager.

Unlike the father of Holman Hunt, John Millais' people not only did not discourage, but did everything to forward the boy in his artistic leanings. The Millais were Jersey folk. Mr. John Guille Millais speaks of the artist's father as a man of great personal beauty and considerable gifts, especially as a musician, but without ambition, 'content to lead the life of a country gentleman.' Howbeit, he gave up this life that his son might have an artistic education in London. And, later on, apparently, his means decreased; for in 1849-50 we find the father more or less dependent upon his son. At nine years old John Millais began to draw in the British Museum; the same year (1838) he gained a silver medal from the Society of Arts. He attended Sass's school, and, the year following, was admitted to the school of the Royal Academy. We have a pleasant picture of him at this age, a little boy in a jacket and a 'goffered collar,' the youngest of the Academy students and

always known as 'the child.'* John Phillip painted his head about this time, a beautiful portrait executed in the impressionist manner before impressionism, such as we not seldom find in the work of this not enough appreciated artist. Millais, handsome to the day of his death, was altogether beautiful in his youth, with the 'face of an angel,' as Rossetti said. This gift, allied to his precocious talent, made him a natural leader to the band among whom he found himself. During all these early years he never ceased gaining medals and honours of all kinds. At seventeen he received the gold medal of the Academy for an oil painting, and, the year following, he exhibited his 'Pizarro and the Inca of Peru,' which a French critic spoke of as the best historical picture in the show. When, in 1850, Ruskin wrote his first letter in defence of the pre-raphaelites, he spoke of Millais as the leader of them, and as a man simply weighed down by the medals and the honours he had received.

It was in 1846 that Millais and Holman Hunt, his senior by two years, first became friends. At this time they were closely allied, and were painting together. The two years which followed, 1847-8, were the epochal period of Millais' life, the one which influenced his whole after-achievement.

It is known that Millais always repudiated, and with some warmth, the suggestion that the pre-raphaelite brotherhood owed its existence above all to Dante Rossetti. And this view of the matter is supported also by Mr. Holman Hunt in his published reminiscences. Rossetti, who had been hovering between literature and art, was at the moment of the founding of the brotherhood scarcely out of the pupil stage. Mr. Hunt speaks of him as 'my pupil,' but he also attended the studio of Ford Madox Brown. Hunt and Millais, on the other hand, were doing independent work side by side, even helping each other, Millais painting a head or two for Hunt's 'Madeleine and Porphyro,' and Hunt some of the draperies in Millais' Ettyesque 'Cymon and Iphigenia.' 'And it is curious,' says Mr. J. G. Millais, 'to notice how alike their work was in those days: so much so that, when Hunt examined the picture in the Millais Exhibition of 1898, he could not distinguish the parts he had painted.'

These two determined, at the beginning of 1848, to adopt a style of absolute independence as to art dogma and convention. 'This we called Pre-Raphaelitism,' says Mr.

* It was a name which stuck to him among his familiar friends.

Holman Hunt. 'But Rossetti began by calling it "Early Christian,"' because that name was current in Madox Brown's studio.* Truth to tell, the determining influence in this first pre-raphaelitism (for there were in a sense two pre-raphaelitisms) came neither from Millais nor from Hunt, but from Ford Madox Brown. Madox Brown was senior by some years to any of the original members of the 'brotherhood.' His style of painting, learnt in Flanders, and thoroughly Flemish in inspiration, so greatly infected Hunt—unconsciously no doubt—that the younger artist has never shaken off that influence. And all the succeeding painters who followed the lead of Millais and Hunt, Messrs. Val Prinsep, Martineau, and the rest, were, artistically, the children of Madox Brown. On another side, the intellectual side, Ruskin's prophetic voice, then not long arisen on the world, was a factor of immeasurable importance. Brown never joined the association; as an older man with a style of his own, and a certain reputation of his own, he considered it beneath him, and offended the clique by refusing. 'What 'a crabbed old fellow he is!' Millais exclaimed when the refusal was reported. (The 'old fellow' was then twenty-nine.) But Madox Brown contributed to 'The Germ,' the short-lived pre-raphaelite organ, that priceless relic of aspirations long ago fulfilled or disappointed, and of a revolution whose very meaning our day cannot easily understand.

A good deal of legend clustered round this movement even from the outset, so that we need not be surprised to read in M. Ernest Chesneau's '*La peinture anglaise*,' † that 'the religious and even mystical element in the Pre-Raphaelite school entered not only into the works but into the life of its followers. They separated themselves from the world and worked in solitude. . . . And at the time when their austere enthusiasm was at its highest, that is to say, in the earliest days, they added, as a sort of confession of faith, a distinguishing mark, the three letters P.R.B.'

As a fact the name and the signature of the brotherhood was adopted half in jest. With Holman Hunt and with Millais the movement signified a search after sincerity, an escape from the fashionable academic conventions. But Rossetti's poet's and seer's eye saw much more in it than this. It was he who had the spirit of the propaganda; it was his talk

* Howbeit Madox Brown alone among the set of 'The Germ' had come into contact with the German pre-raphaelites of a past epoch. 'Life of Madox Brown,' by Hueffer, p. 43.

† P. 186.

which set the legends going, and prepared the storm which was to fall upon the heads of those of the unhappy brothers who exhibited, so soon as their secret became known. And this prophetic vision of Rossetti's was the true one; for out of pre-raphaelitism great births were to proceed.

Every fresh generation witnesses its changes of taste in art as in literature. The changes which have taken place in the theory of painting since the days of the pre-raphaelites are something much more than changes of taste, whether for good or evil. They constitute in the literal sense of the term a revolution; men have been taught to adore what they burned, or would have burned, and to burn that which they adored. In intellectual centres, where people love pictures (but chiefly the Old Masters), and criticise them, but know little of the actual business of painting, Ruskin is still a great name and a great power. With the most part of the working modern artists, with Paris-nurtured painters 'in the movement,' he is a synonym for all that is false in the theory and practice of their craft. Whichever view the future of art may find the most right, no capable student of intellectual development can misconstrue the importance of that upheaval which we call pre-raphaelitism; of that epoch in the history of art which is marked on the one hand by the early writings of Ruskin, on the other by the first pictures signed with the initials P.R.B., Hunt's 'Rienzi,' Millais' 'Lorenzo and 'Isabella,' and the 'Christ in the House of His Parents.'

On this practical side Millais appears as the undoubted champion of the movement, though a little strangely, when his character is considered. And he had to bear the brunt of the attacks against it. The war which raged round his pictures, and Holman Hunt's in a less degree, is in every way comparable to the greatest among known battles of the books. It bears, indeed, a close resemblance to the famous battle of 'Hernani,' which had been fought eighteen years before. The story got about that these young painters desired to upset all prescribed judgements on art; and people who had no real interest in the subject roused themselves to chastise their impudence. One of the most savage onslaughts was Dickens's in 'Household Words.' Mr. J. G. Millais only refers to this slightly, perhaps because Dickens and Millais were afterwards friends. But as a fact the article is amusing enough in its very violence. The writer arrays before him the young men, and, as it were, threatens them with the great names of their day, most of which names have for us sunk into a mean, a secondary place. 'You,' he

says to his readers, 'come in the Royal Academy Exhibition, which is familiar with the works of Wilkie, Collins, 'Etty, Eastlake, Mulready, Leslie, Maclise,' and so forth—the list ends with 'Herbert, Dyce, and Cope.' 'You come 'in this place to the contemplation of a Holy Family' (that is to say, 'Christ in the House of His Parents,' otherwise called 'The Carpenter's Shop'). 'You will have 'the goodness to discharge from your minds all post-Raphael ideas, all religious aspirations, all elevating 'thoughts, all tender, awful, sorrowful, ennobling, sacred, 'graceful, and beautiful associations, and to prepare yourself, 'as befits such a subject—Pre-Raphaelly considered—for 'the lowest depths of what is mean, odious, repulsive, and revolting.' Thus he begins. The child Jesus of the picture is for him 'a blubbering red-headed boy in a bed-gown,' and Mary is a monster who ought to be exhibited in a show. And Dickens goes on in his better vein to suggest the formation of a Pre-Perspective Society, which is to do away with the laws of perspective, a Pre-Chaucer and Pre-Gower Society, which shall discard all admired poetry. 'A society to be 'called the Pre-Newtonian was lately projected by a young 'gentleman under articles to a civil engineer. But being 'expostulated with for the timidity of his conception, he has 'abrogated that idea in favour of a Pre-Galileo Brotherhood 'now flourishing, which distinctly refuses to perform any 'annual revolution round the sun.'

This is not so very terrible, this bullying, seeing that the writer has no pretence to understand the subject he is treating of. A modern painter would not be much distressed thereby. There was, no doubt, some real reason for this display of passion; not so much in Dickens the man, as in Dickens feeling the beat of the general pulse. There was some hint of rationalism in the realistic treatment of sacred subjects which the world would not put up with. For, otherwise, how can we explain that a picture so charming and simple, so naïve and yet so admirably drawn as 'The Carpenter's Shop' should have offended so? Questionless the pre-raphaelitic principles in painting were not sound. But the best of their production, and Millais' pictures constitute the best, has an infinite charm.

This great uproar began in 1850. The brotherhood gathered many accessions to its ranks—William Michael Rossetti, James Collinson, a painter of small merit, W. H. Deverell, Woolner, F. G. Stephens, J. L. Tupper; and their

organ, 'The Germ,' was set on foot.* Madox Brown, as has been said, was likewise a contributor. If we judge the artistic aspirations of the society by the plates of 'The Germ,' we find Madox Brown's influence predominant, though the most beautiful plate of the four is the one on which Holman Hunt has etched two illustrations to Woolner's poem 'My Beautiful Lady.' But the literary side of the movement was already beginning to elbow out the artistic side. Several of the artist contributors were poets also—Woolner a better poet than artist. Collinson and Deverell write verse. Madox Brown publishes one sonnet at least of high excellence. William Rossetti and Stephens send criticisms, and these as often of poetry as of painting. And Dante Rossetti crowns the soon-to-be-strangled magazine (unsaleable then, unpurchaseable now) with an immortal garland by giving forth in it the first form of his 'Blessed Damozel.'

And so it is that this 'Germ' is from the outset a dicotyledon, enfolding two births—one the purely artistic reform of Hunt and Millais, the other a literary-artistic one, which was Rossetti's own, and which, through another set, represented by another magazine, 'The Oxford and 'Cambridge Magazine,' was to become the pre-raphaelitism of Morris and Burne-Jones—of Watts also in a great degree—and, of the lesser men, the Strudwicks, the Stanhopes who followed afterwards. But this second movement we must call a revolution rather than a reform. Rossetti had in him the character of a revolutionist, a *révolté*. Millais had at heart nothing of this. The predominance of the literary element in the brotherhood almost from the outset might have served as a warning to Millais that he had no place there. For it was to be Millais' mission to demonstrate the eternal truth that a painter is before all things else an eye—an eye with a mind at the back of it if possible, but an eye first of all. And so far as it was a great propaganda of ideas, Millais soon, and wisely, separated himself from the society. 'Now is our round table dissolved for ever,' Rossetti wrote after the election of Millais as an Associate of the Royal Academy. But Rossetti deceived himself in thinking that the association ever was so close, the creed of the sect as earnest as they appeared to his imagination. 'My father and Rossetti were never 'very close friends,' writes the present biographer. For us

* The numbers bear the dates, January to April 1850.

it is both a dream and the awakening under a cold douche, first, in imagination, to follow that wayward and mystic figure of Dante Rossetti towards its other companionships and other developements; towards its ferocious solitudes, its night wanderings and opium dreams; and then to read that Millais tried a few years later to revive the association—the ‘Germ’ set—as a sketching club, and to include in it two new members—the beautiful Marchioness of Waterford and Mrs. Boyle (E. V. B.).

Thus we must separate ourselves from the greater associations of the movement to find again the real Millais, ‘the ‘child,’ in his correspondence with the Combes—still, so far as friendships go, quite in the ‘set;’ for Combe, the manager of the Clarendon Press, was the chief patron of the pre-raphaelites, the buyer of the ‘Light of the World’—and in his diary. (‘Coventry Patmore tells me I ought to keep a ‘diary.’ Accordingly Millais begins one in October 1850, and it lasts till the end of that year.) For, after all, Millais was still but twenty-one. In outward character he was much of the Thackerayan painter, the Dick Tinto type, the most loveable species of such a general pattern. But he was never bohemian. This pre-raphaelite movement was closely allied with the religious movements of the time, sometimes most with the Broad Church party and the readers of Carlyle, sometimes with the High. Charlie Collins, the brother of Wilkie, Millais’ chief companion just now, became, as his friend records, more and more ascetic during this epoch. The Combes were somewhat in the Oxford movement, and Millais is careful to record the churches he attends and the sermons he listens to. He is staying the summer of 1850 in various places in the country, in lodgings at Botley, near Oxford, afterwards at a farmhouse in Surrey, with Charles Collins alone, then with Charles Collins, Hunt, and his brother William, reading poetry, on the one hand, and working with that immense and conscientious labour of the Brotherhood at ‘Ophelia,’ at the ‘Huguenot.’ Then again playing ‘with all ‘the children together till bedtime’—their bedtime—and sitting up afterwards talking with Hunt till midnight. Millais’ love of children comes out delightfully. In another passage of his diary he writes, ‘Played with the children ‘after breakfast, and began painting about nine.’ And again:—

‘Lavinia, beaten and put under the garden clothes-pole for being naughty, to stay there until more composed. Perceiving that to be an

uncertain period, I kissed her wet eyes and released her from her position and sat her by me—quite dumb for some time, suddenly tremendously talkative. These are some of her observations: "We haven't killed little Betsy (the pig) yet; she means to have little pigs herself. Ann (the servant) says she is going to be your servant, and me your cook when you get married." Upon asking her whether she could cook, she answered, "Not like the cooks do."

When we remember how beautiful in person was the writer of this passage, we may guess if he had the gift to make himself beloved.

A little later Millais travelled in Scotland, his brother William, Sir Thomas Acland, and others, coming and going. And there he first met the Ruskins. For all this period there is a record kept by sundry sketches of William Millais and more valuable ones by John. These last are enough to show that already pre-raphaelitism sat very lightly upon him. The drawings are almost as free in handling as a present-day sketch by Forain or Herman Paul. Three years later Millais makes friends with Leech, and that means his introduction to the world of sport, for he began hunting under Leech's persuasion.

But for a long time after this another Millais is still treading carefully the stony steps of pre-raphaelite tradition and exactness. With Collins in Oxfordshire in 1850 he painted the background for 'The Woodman's Daughter' (the stiffest and most primitive-germanesque of all his productions, except the 'Dove returning to the Ark'); with Hunt later on he is working at the background of 'The Huguenot,' an ivied wall, and Hunt is making elaborate arrangements to get effects of lamplight and moonlight on his ivied door in 'The Light of the World'—admirable efforts, had only the outcome been commensurate! 'But 'which should an artist seek,' pertinently asks M. Chesneau,* 'the anatomy of life which is death, or the appearance 'of life?' And of what good is the most beautifully painted of ivied walls when the figure in front of it, admirable as a separate study, is as clearly stuck over the background as a stamp is stuck upon an envelope?

In this portion of the biography appear one or two descriptions of Millais' craftsmanship in those days which have no small interest. Mr. F. G. Stephens records the intense ardour with which the painter worked upon his 'Ferdinand 'lured by Ariel;' and Mr. Barwell describes the technical processes whereby he gave luminosity to his colouring.

* *La peinture anglaise*, p. 200.

How 'white mixed with copal was laid on where he intended 'to work for the day,' then painted into, 'the whole drying 'together.' For the night-dresses in 'The Rescue' 'strontian 'yellow was mixed with the white, and then rose-madder mingled with copal, floated as it were over the solid but 'wet paint.'

The moment when Millais parted company with the pre-raphaelites should be reckoned less by his change of technique than by the change in the sources of his inspiration. Of course years with the great majority of men, more especially with successful men, are wont to bring not so much the philosophic mind as the prosaic one. We may be sure that the young man with the face of an angel whom we find in Worcester Park farm reading Tennyson 'with 'ever increased veneration,' reading the 'Blot on the 'Scutcheon' and 'Christabel,' did so from genuine love of poetry, not only because his comrades had the same tastes. But the intellectual change of Millais' later years was too great to be the result altogether of internal evolution. It is evident that the little band of enthusiasts stimulated him beyond his nature, in the same way that they kept his painting in quite a different stage of development from his pencil sketches. The 'moral purpose' of Ruskin and the pre-raphaelites was likewise long with Millais. His celebrated, by many greatly admired, 'Rescue' was suggested to him by the sight of the destruction of Meux's Brewery by fire (1855), but not by any observed effect of light or of grouping. He was impressed by the heroism of two firemen who lost their lives while at work.

'One day in 1855,' writes Mr. Arthur Hughes, 'the moment I saw him (Millais), he began to describe the next subject he proposed to paint—"to honour a set of men quietly doing a noble work—firemen;" and he poured out, and painted in words of vividness and reality, the scene he put on canvas later. I never see it or think of it without seeing also the picture of himself glorified with enthusiasm as he was describing it.'

Even in respect of Millais' intellectuality, however, no precise moment of transition can be assigned from the earlier manner to the later, from Millais the pre-raphaelite to Millais the realist, or, as some would say, Millais the philistine. If 'Ophelia' be about the high-water mark of the first manner, with its intense purity of line and something heavenly in its stiff grace,* nothing could be more

* Millais repainted parts of Ophelia in 1873, among other parts the face. But the drawing was not altered.

commonplace—from an intellectual standpoint, that is to say—than the ‘Prescribed Royalist’ of one year later. And the ‘Prescribed Royalist’ is followed in two years’ time by ‘Autumn Leaves,’ which is always reckoned the last word of pre-raphaelitism in the treatment of nature, and by the ‘Blind Girl,’ on which Ruskin lavished deserved praise. Two years after that came ‘Apple Blossoms’ and ‘The Vale of Rest,’ while there was a number of pictures painted during the same period which, for all that touches their intellectual quality, should be classed with ‘Raleigh’ or ‘The North-West Passage:’ such pictures are ‘The Order of Release’ and ‘The Random Shot.’ Finally, many of the technical methods of his pre-raphaelite days Millais preserved as late as 1867, and displays in those uninspired productions, ‘My First Sermon,’ ‘My Second Sermon,’ ‘Sleeping,’ and ‘Waking.’ Thus is it impossible to draw quite hard and fast lines in the history of Millais’ artistic evolution.

The year which followed the Highland tour was the year of Millais’ marriage. After that came the last setback which he experienced on his road to popularity. It was not a very serious check, and Mr. J. G. Millais immensely exaggerates the state of things when he speaks of his father’s livelihood being threatened thereby. What Millais himself writes implies precisely the reverse. It is because people are envious of a young artist making nine hundred guineas by his pictures that they make these ‘wicked’ attacks upon him, he says. It would not be difficult to find young artists who would consent to take the wicked attacks if they might take also the occasion of them. Millais had probably other and private causes for irritation and ill-ease. In any case, he shows at this moment a sensitiveness to criticism which is beyond all measure, and which leads him into the only serious offences against taste of which there is any record in these volumes.

The ten years which followed this momentary trouble were not eventful ones in Millais’ art or in his life. But, no doubt, the necessary changes in the last, which resulted from his marriage, were not without their effect upon the former. His intimate outside friendships became naturally less close, and as we have few letters from him to the members of his own family, the effect produced upon our minds is that of a certain stiffness, a certain turn towards conventionality, towards sport and the ordinary social pleasures. It was through his wife that Millais got firmly

attached and, as it were, rooted to the soil of Scotland. At first, when they were poorer, their annual holiday was spent at Bowerswell, the home of Mrs. Millais' father. For some time after that he hired shootings. In 1881 Millais became the tenant on a long lease of Murthly Castle; and henceforth passed as much time as he could spare in Scotland as a kind of laird, a thane, and 'a prosperous gentleman.' It is to his life in Scotland that we owe almost all Millais' landscapes.

The year 1867 is chosen by Millais' biographer as that which marks the most decisive change in his art. 'Sleeping and Waking,' exhibited in this year, did, indeed, as has already been said, retain much of the pre-raphaelite manner. And with a bound the painter sprang from his minute work to the free or even coarse handling which we find in 'Stella' and 'Vanessa'—pictures, howbeit, of immense technical merit, had they been frankly presented as portraits or studies from models and made no pretence at claiming historical interest. They are all the more remarkable for the moment at which they were painted. In his choice of subjects the artist continued to turn to illustration, either of well-known passages in literature or of commonplace events in real life, treated during this period for the most part in a dull, commonplace way. But he was soon to find a resting-place in almost a new source of inspiration, the one on which his permanent fame will mostly rest. This was in portraiture.* One of Millais' friends, giving an appreciation of his character, says that to the painter the human element was always the most important in life: that even in Millais' landscapes he discovers some trace of it. And Millais' portraits show that the artist, for all that his friendships seemed not very intimate, seemed to rest upon the outer side of life, had a real gift of seizing character. To produce work of first-rate merit such as his portrait of Gladstone, of Hook, of Sir James Paget, or of Sir Henry Thompson, he needed to be helped by the character of his subject. Happy for him that the opportunity for such reinforcement came at a moment when his technical powers were at their height. In the case of children, Millais' natural love for childhood was inspiration enough. One of his best early child-portraits is that of Miss Nina Lehmann, exhibited in

* Not, of course, that Millais had not done some portraits since the beginning—Mr. Wyatt and his grandchild in 1849, Ruskin in 1854, and others.

1869. His great series of portraits begins in 1870. The Marchioness of Huntly gives not much more than the externals of a beautiful face. Mrs. Heugh, painted in 1872, is of higher merit, and in 1873 we get the best of all Millais' portraits of women—his Mrs. Bischoffsheim.

Millais' second inspiration came from a source already indicated—landscape. It went hand in hand with his growing attachment to Scotland and to Scottish associations. So that now we find him performing, like some marvellously skilled flute-player, upon three instruments at once, and exhibiting, year by year, portraits, landscapes, and subject pictures in a number which no other artist has equalled; with varying degrees of merit, indeed, but with little sign of diminished powers almost to the end of his life.

Of course, his strong bias to portrait-painting brought Millais more than ever into contact with great men, his contemporaries. It would be pleasant, if there were space, to say something of the men and women who were his friends, of whom we get some glimpses, slight, alas! in the present volumes. Of Leech, one of the earliest friends, we have a delightful vision—the tall, thin, grave, courteous Irishman, a picture altogether different from what Leech's public work would lead us to expect. Of Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, something is said. Du Maurier has a chapter to himself; and there are letters with sketches and doggerel verses that passed between the friends, not very impressive or very enlightening;* for Mr. J. G. Millais has none of the biographer's art, to give the mind's complexion in a few touches. John Bright, too, spent a time with Millais at Stobhall, and in his cherished sport of salmon fishing; and his host painted a fine portrait of him. But of Bright likewise we get little that is memorable.

It is a happy, genial, kindly, generous life; but it is a thousand miles removed from the days of early striving and half-understood ambition. And on these smooth waters it drifts slowly towards the end.

Here is a charming letter which Millais writes in the autumn of 1895 to Frith. He is bored. Alas that it should be so! for this, if he knew it, is the last time that he will stay in his northern home.

'Now, I see, Sala is going,' he writes, 'not so long after Yates—whilst our friend C—— defies the grasp of the skeleton hand. His

* Millais' parody of 'The twa doggies' is excellent; but nothing else of the kind printed here.

coat-tails somehow always give way, and he escapes. I come up to town the end of this month, to paint—*perchance to die*. My ailments make the club almost impossible, so I am restricted in all my joys, old man, as you are. I hear bad accounts of Leighton, whom (with a father between 90 and 100) I thought good for 190; and the newspaper correspondents alone know what is to happen in the Royal Academy if anything in the shape of a new President is demanded.*

‘And now,’ says Millais’ biographer in a passage which makes us pardon many foregone defects, ‘the door of Bowerswell closed behind him for the last time. Never again would he see the green terraces and yew hedges of his northern home; never again the fir woods and the rushing Tay, which had been to him both his joy and his inspiration; never again the familiar faces of the many friends that he left behind. All were to be no more, for the Great Reaper had stepped across the threshold and marked him for the sickle.’

There are published some pleasant letters of congratulation to Millais after his election as president from old friends and the sons of old friends. But, as we know, the momentary rally which allowed him to accept this great office, was no more than a prelude to the final fall of the curtain. He continued to waste slowly away, and died ‘in the afternoon of August 13 in the presence of his wife, ‘my brother Everett, and two of my sisters.’

‘During his long illness his frame, once so robust, had wasted away to a mere shadow of his former self; his beard and moustache, too, had been allowed to grow; and as he lay in his last sleep, with the lines of care and suffering all effaced, his face looked like that of a mediæval saint. . . . Lord Rosebery noticed this in a most kind and sympathetic letter to my mother: “But in any case my memory of your husband must always be one of charm without alloy, for even of his death-bed my recollection is one of divine beauty and patience.”’†

And Mr. Val Prinsep, who writes the best out of three or four short reminiscences and appreciations which close this biography, speaks of the same saint-like beauty of Millais’ face just before death:—

‘As he grew older he did not lose his beauty. In later life, though his figure had somewhat changed, though age had added weight and destroyed elasticity, he still carried himself without stooping. With his grey hair and whiskers, keen look, and singularly erect carriage of his head, he looked like an old lion, and he resembled the royal beast in his roar. During his last illness, when he was lying speechless in his bed, and his grey beard had already grown, I never saw a more beautiful head. The touching affection with which in mute demonstration he greeted his old friends was enough to unman the firmest nerves, and, I confess, though I had hoped by cheerful talk to enliven

* Life and Letters, vol. ii. p. 325.

† Ibid. vol. ii. p. 336.

the sick-room, I was quite overcome, and could say nothing; nor was I the only one touched. The eminent surgeon who performed the operation which prolonged his life told me that when the operation was successfully completed, Millais insisted on embracing him. "I," he said, "am from the necessity of my profession quite without emotion; but I confess I was quite overcome." *

Here and there in the volume we get glimpses into Millais' family life, little touches which illustrate the boyishness of the man, a certain frank egotism ('As a speaker,' says Mr. Val. Prinsep slyly, 'Millais was wonderful. It is true he rarely spoke of anything but himself; but how dramatic 'and excellent it was!')—a certain frank egotism and a certain impatience, as when he is watching his son playing a difficult salmon, but gets so impatient that he insists on taking the rod and finishing the job himself; and of the good nature which underlay it all, the 'chaff' to which he was subjected in his home from his own children.

A certain journal in 1886 set the story afloat that Millais had travelled in Australia along with Woolner and Lord Salisbury (both of whom *were* in the Antipodes), and that he had for a time worked with his own hands in the Bendigo Goldfields, and 'presently every tit-bitty paper in the 'country repeated the tale, with all the rhetorical adornments at the command of the writer. "The frenzied energy "of gold-seekers" was one of their phrases, which 'specially pleased us, and we never failed to throw it at my 'father's head when he was in a bit of a hurry.' †

And here again:—

'Another nuisance to Millais was that, owing to the similarity between his Christian names and those of two of his sons, one of whom was a dog-fancier and the other a naturalist, his time was occasionally wasted over letters in which he had no interest. After struggling for some minutes over hieroglyphics familiar enough to us, he would spell out, perhaps, some such question as this: "Why has the name of Savonarola the Sixteenth, my famous basset-hound, been omitted from p. 527 of the Kennel Club stud-book," or "Will you write us an article on the scarcity of owls in the Inner Temple?" And then, flinging the letter from him, the master of the house would, I grieve to say, mutter to himself some words that were neither complimentary nor considerate, seeing that *we* never complained when our time was wasted over such frivolities as a flattering invitation to open a new Art school in an unknown neighbourhood, or to deliver a lecture on the fine arts in some wretched educational centre; and this right in the middle of the shooting season!' ‡

* Ibid. vol. ii. p. 390.

† Life and Letters, vol. i. p. 81.

‡ Ibid. vol. ii. p. 246.

These are the little touches, a twopennyworth of bread, which help us to form some picture of the man. They make a whole of which the very weaknesses are endearing, yet a whole which would put no great strain on the psychologist to understand it. Thackeray, it has been said, loved to sketch his painters much after such a pattern; though it is to be noticed that, when Thackeray entered upon a serious study of one of the confraternity, he chose a very different type. That which puts the psychologist upon his mettle is the difficulty in reconciling Millais the man and Millais the painter.

It would, in the case of any great man dead not four years, be rash to attempt an appreciation of his work. When the production is so vast and so varied as was that of Sir John Everett Millais, the task is ten times more hard. A fair judgement of the work of Sir Edward Burne Jones might be made by a critic who had never seen but half-a-dozen of Burne Jones's pictures. But what half-dozen could we choose out of Millais' *œuvre* which should in any fair degree represent him? 'Gladstone'* or 'Hook' and 'Mrs. Bischoffsheim' might perhaps show him not so incompletely as a portrait-painter. 'Murthly Moss' and 'Over the Hills' would give no inadequate idea of his landscape. When we came to the subject pictures we should have to choose two extremes, and leave out all the gamut which separates 'Ophelia' from the 'North-West Passage.' Seeing but these two pictures, one beside the other, any man would be as sceptical as were those officers at Dinan, and ready to wager the two could not have come from the same hand. It is fair to assume in the reader familiarity with a large portion of Millais' work. But it is not fair to assume that of any given picture he can recall the characteristics at any moment. Yet it is impossible to speak of Millais' art at all without citing a great many of his pictures.

Probably no artist that our country has produced was more highly endowed than was this one with all the natural and quasi-physical gifts which go to make a great painter. This is not saying that in the narrower sense of the word Millais' *technique* was exceptionally good. M. Chesneau, whom we have already cited, in noticing one

* The earlier 'Gladstone' is, judged by all intellectual standpoints, far the best of the two portraits of the statesman; the later, best as an impressionist portrait. This was the one Millais himself preferred. *Life and Letters*, vol. ii. p. 166.

of Millais' very strongest works (strongest in his opinion, likewise), 'The Yeoman of the Guard,' says of it that it is 'exécuté dans une facture qui doit sembler très gauche à la 'vive dextérité de nos peintres français,'* though he acknowledges afterwards that the 'timidity' of the workmanship is apparent rather than real. In respect to this *facture* of his, it must be remembered that Millais was born in an execrable age—artistically—without any shred of the fine tradition which helped to make up a Titian, a Rembrandt, or a Velasquez. That a modern artist will get much practical teaching by examining the works of the old masters may be questioned. It is not with a 'Prix-de-Rome' of to-day as it was with Velasquez when he visited Italy. In any case, Millais did not reap such benefit as might be got of this kind. He disliked travelling, and spent little of his time out of England. He got still less technical good from his association with the pre-raphaelites, who were, most of them, but indifferent draughtsmen and worse colourists, and for whom atmosphere does not exist. The intellectual benefit, the moral stimulus which the pre-raphaelite movement had to bestow, Millais reaped in no great measure.†

But the painter's natural gifts were so immense that they overrode all defects of teaching, and shook themselves free from every influence which threatened to limit or cramp them. There is enough in his black and white work, had he never touched a brush, for the making of a great reputation. It is an endless delight to look at some of Millais' quite early drawings, and to note how true they are. His craftsmanship soars far above that of his contemporaries—the Kenny Meadows, the Doyles, the Leeches, the H. K. B.s—first by the correctness of his drawing, secondly by his knowledgeable use of chiaroscuro. Millais was wont to complain of the woodcutting of his day. Now, face to face with the mechanical processes of reproduction which we use, these old blocks have an especial, an historic charm; in the hands of Millais they have an excellence which can hardly be matched. Take the delicious St. Agnes which was cut to illustrate, not Keats, but Tennyson, and which is reproduced

* *La peinture anglaise*, p. 224.

† Mr. Spielmann says that Millais frequently declared to him that, contrary to what was often said, he got more harm than good from pre-raphaelitism. If this were true it could only have been true because he was Millais. More probably he had forgotten the intellectual stimulus of that time.

in Mr. J. G. Millais' book.* Or, if etching be the mark, take any of those plates which Millais etched for various series, for the Junior Etching Club and the like. One, 'The Young Mother,' almost perfect in its kind, belongs to his early years. Of Millais' work in wood there is a vast series, mostly of illustrations done for 'Once a Week,' for 'Good Words,' for the 'Cornhill,' for 'Dalziel's Bible,' for Tennyson's poems, and for Anthony Trollope's novels, such as 'Framley Parsonage,' 'Orley Farm,' 'The Small House at Allington,' 'Can you forgive her?' &c. Taken together, the illustrations to 'Orley Farm' are the best among these. There are certain defects inherent in all the black and white work of this age. Millais, no more than any of his contemporaries, is free from the tyranny of the outline. He, as they, will distinguish a coat from a waistcoat, not because at that particular moment, in that particular light, they would have been clearly distinguishable, but because the owner of them could take off the one garment and leave the other on. Again, the unimpressionism of that time makes the artists compose their pictures in parts. We know how the pre-raphaelites were wont to make an elaborate study of a wall one day (or month) and the next month make a study not less elaborate of the man who was to stand before the wall. On Millais' black and white work the chief effect of this unimpressionism is that in his groups the figures are unduly crowded, the perspective very frequently wrong. In one of his parables, the 'Unjust Judge,' we see in the foreground the figure of a secretary, and far away, beyond the monarch and a group of courtiers, are the heads of two other men, talking apart, taking no heed of the importunity of the importunate widow. And yet the measurement of the remotest of these two heads is but one-sixth less than that of the secretary in the foreground. Many another instance might be given of such faults in Millais' black and white groups—the encounter between the Duke of Omnium and Lady De Courcy ('The Small House at Allington') is an excellent example. Such defects in perspective, combined with the elaboration of detail which Millais gives, admit of no excuse.

As we might surmise, there is rarely anything of this in Millais' paintings; for such errors by declaring themselves would be compelled to disappear. Yet in 'An Idyll of 1745'

* Not very satisfactorily; and still worse in Mr. Baldry's work, p. 90.

there is a trace of the same fault. In Millais' painting, however, a different but conspicuous failing is always more or less perceptible; that is Millais' slight love for decoration as such. It is a defect which marks him off sharply from all that artistic school which may be distinguished as the later pre-raphaelite, with its allies, from Watts and Rossetti to Burne Jones and Morris. Millais' eye for distinguishing shades of colour was exquisite. It is never more conspicuous than in his treatment of the most daring themes, such as 'The Yeoman of the Guard.' But he seems to take delight—and this has a certain correspondence with his character—in crude and violent colouring. He did so from the first. The crying violet of the 'Huguenot' is not an effect of pre-raphaelite tradition: we get precisely the same tendency in such different subjects as the brocades of 'Stella' and 'Vanessa,' in the print dress of 'New-laid Eggs.' While it is crude, this colouring of Millais is not in any true sense brilliant, as the colouring, for example, of Rossetti is brilliant.

Such are the painter's technical defects. Yet even out of these defects spring corresponding merits; his courage in handling subjects of all kinds, his fearless realism, which if at times it oversteps the borders of vulgarity is at other times splendidly vindicated by its success—as it is in 'The North-West Passage,' one of the finest realistic pictures of our day.

Millais' very defects of mind have some corresponding advantages. He lacked, we will not say idealism so much as that passionate unrest of desire and regret, that eternal *πρόθος* which is the child of genius. Perhaps we ought to say that Millais lacked genius itself; if, that is, we accept Hegel's definition, that talent is specialised genius, genius universalised talent. It was the want of this eternal dissatisfaction which gave Millais his strength and his courage, and which is half the secret of that enormous production whereof it may be said there is hardly one item, even to the slightest sketch, which we could spare, which is not at the very least interesting.

The strong personality of the man, his ignorance of his own limitations, these impose themselves upon us. While we are looking at his pictures, we accept his point of view; and they seem as plausible, nay, as necessary, as the works of Nature herself. It is only when we go home and think, and compare his work with that of other artists, that our critical faculty reasserts itself.

In portraiture it is difficult to say by whom Millais is to

be measured, unless we accept the modern theory that the decorative qualities of a portrait are of more consequence than its intellectual quality, its rendering of the personality of the sitter; for, of course, in its decorative quality the work of Millais is far behind that of Whistler. Millais' portrait of Carlyle, for instance, is infinitely less agreeable to look at than the impressionist painter's portrait of the same man. But it is safe to say that if all other likenesses of Carlyle were destroyed, the first would be the more valuable document, for all that it is an inferior specimen of Millais' workmanship. Whistler's 'Carlyle' is exquisite as a picture, but as a recognisable likeness?—that is another matter.

It is right that art should hold its own as against literature. To-day art is holding its own in this contest as it has never done before. But surely it is hard to accord full freedom to art in the matter of portraiture: *that* one is compelled to think should be documentary before all else. Millais' portraits are documents. His only rival is Mr. G. F. Watts, far more gifted than Millais is in seizing the intellectual qualities of his subjects. But then, maybe, Watts is too literary, too poetical in his work. Perhaps it is as bad to sacrifice overmuch to poetry as to sacrifice overmuch to decoration. And we must add on the side of Millais the vast superiority of his drawing. It is pleasant to read of Millais how much he got absorbed by his sitters. When he was painting 'The North-West Passage' he could talk of nobody but Trelawny.

If it be true that Millais felt nothing so strongly in life as its human interests, we must pronounce him not well advised in turning to landscape. Yet it would have been a loss to the world if he had never done so. The purely realistic landscape is a thing that needed to be painted, and painted by a master in his craft; and at the moment when Millais set about this work almost all our landscape painters were doing little else than trying to imitate Turner the imitable. Here, once again, the artist's independence of view and his self-confidence were his friends. But the pictures he produced are never likely to have imitators, at any rate among wise artists. For a new appreciation of the light and shade of objects as giving the effect of distance—a new and keener appreciation, or at any rate a revived one,* had

* Nothing is new: that which we to-day call a sense of values springs from a closer study of the Japanese, married to a better

begun, long before Millais ceased painting, to find its way into art.

This new sense is what we call a sense of values. And another sense, a sense of the necessity of choosing some point of view in a landscape, more or less what we mean by impressionism—this had also been acknowledged. Millais had so good an eye that his values are generally correct, or err but a little from correctness; the most conspicuous failure is in the bank of trees in the middle distance of 'Chill October.' But the slight errors in other landscapes this way and that are enough to give us the assurance that the painter of them had not what would to-day be called a true sense of values. There is also no point of view in any of Millais' landscapes. All the objects in the foreground are rendered with the same tiresome distinctness, so that the result of the whole is to give us the sense of looking at some miraculous coloured photograph rather than being present in a scene itself. It is well enough to say that you can if you please see all the details of a landscape as clearly as Millais gives them. In real life you would, while taking in these details, have all the concomitants of your vision, the motions and the sounds of Nature; without such the scene would be dead. The only way to save this sense of deadness in landscape is to give the effect of a momentary vision under the keen excitement of our sense of seeing, and then to make the moment an eternal one. Most modern landscape aims at this. Turner came to see the necessity of this.

Millais' portraits and his landscapes belong to one period of his career,* and are by far the easiest to criticise. His subject-pictures—*genre* and historical *genre*—belong to the whole period of his working activity. They vary so enormously in character and merit, that it is very hard to believe that they were executed by one man. Anybody who pleases may judge for himself of their merits and demerits merely by going to the Tate Museum and looking at two of Millais' pictures hanging side by side, 'Mercy' (perhaps the worst thing that Millais ever painted), and 'The North-West Passage,' probably the best. Millais has been written of as a highly poetic and highly imaginative painter, but of course this is the language of panegyric. What we should mean by a appreciation of certain among the old masters, more especially Velasquez.

* Not exclusively, of course, as has been said above.

highly imaginative painter is a painter such as Mr. Watts in England, M. Henri Martin in France. The most that can be said of Millais is that in his best moments he was highly sensitive,* while in his worst moments he was very much the reverse. And in a strange way the two elements—poetry and vulgarity, for we can only name them so—often fought or joined hands together in the same picture. ‘Ophelia’ is without a hint of vulgarity. We cannot say the same of the ‘Vale of Rest,’ though here the poetry predominates. There is a touch of theatricality, however, in it, in the chapel at the side, in the crudeness of the greenery and of the sky. This sky seems to foreshadow all the operatic *décor* of the ‘Evil One Sowing Tares.’ Yet even this picture—‘The Sower of Tares’—has qualities of imagination. It is interesting as the last of Millais’ pictures in which he seems to aim at poetic creation. With its good qualities and bad it probably reflects the mind of the painter, under the influence of his individual inspiration, as does no other of his works. Some might wish to count ‘Victory, O Lord!’ also among the number of Millais’ imaginative pictures. But it is in truth only an illustration. For throughout the greater part of his productions in this *genre*, Millais shows himself content to be merely an illustrator. It satisfied him to do excellently well what the public taste in art cried most loudly for, what, perhaps, it still cries for most loudly. In the judgement of the mass of the people, Art should content herself with being the handmaiden to Literature; just as, in the judgement of the same public, Literature should be the servant of practical life. Painting, therefore, is relegated to a third place, and to a double servitude. Millais was willing to work on these terms, just because he did not realise that art could be understood differently. We even—it has been said—so long as we are looking at Millais’ pictures, look with his eyes, and content ourselves to judge them by their execution only. When we turn away from Millais’ pictures and compare his inspiration with that of, say, the French peasant painters, with Millet or with Bastien, we see how differently art and

* This is, we imagine, Mr. Spielmann’s opinion likewise. Of ‘Mariana’ he says that it ‘is an example of the artist’s dependence for his inventive imagination upon others, his artistic receptivity being at the same time more keenly sensitive to the emotional class of our nobler written poetry than, perhaps, any painter of his eminence who ever appeared in England.’ ‘Millais and his Works,’ by M. H. Spielmann, 1898, p. 28.

inspiration were understood by them. Then it becomes a wonder to us that a man who could see so wonderfully could understand so little, and so ill.

Wherefore, after all, though Millais seemed at first sight so simple, so pellucid a personality, he turns out in the end to be something of an enigma. It may be that the instinctive sense that this was so, that as an artist at least Millais is something abnormal, phenomenal, has saved him from imitators. And perhaps in the history of our art he is destined to stand very much alone; alone in the immensity and variety of his productions, alone also in the curious limitations of his mind. It will require the lapse of something like a century before another can come among us gifted as he was with all the physical attributes of the greatest painters. When such a one does come, art will have flowed into far different channels from any that Millais knew; and his example will serve neither to encourage nor to warn the voyager.

ART. X.—*The English Radicals: an Historical Sketch.* By
C. B. ROYLANCE KENT. London: 1899.

WHAT is a Radical? A would-be root-and-branch reformer of the constitution—a politician who advocates measures which are considered ‘extreme;’ that is, which go far beyond the desires of the average political opinion of the day.

It is impossible for practical purposes to define the word ‘Radical’ except with reference to this ever-changing sentiment. Household Suffrage, the Ballot, the Abolition of the Property Qualification for members of Parliament, State Education, and much else that is now upheld as useful and even fundamental in our national system were formerly considered the extravagant aims of a few ‘advanced’ politicians. Now, since in this country great reforms are seldom carried into effect till they have ceased to seem extreme in the eyes of large numbers of ordinary citizens, it follows that by the time any reform is ‘ripe’ it has largely lost its Radical character. What once was a Radical ‘fad’ comes gradually within the scope of ‘practical politics.’ It rises to the dignity of a Liberal or Whig or Conservative ‘reform,’ and its final passage into law is made the boast of one or the other great parties in the State and of the statesmen who have had the wit to see not merely the merits of the measures proposed, but that the hour for giving them effect has come. Thus it has often happened that the true pioneers of reform—the men who have fought the battle when it was an uphill one—have received far less credit than they deserved.

It is not, of course, every Radical nostrum that ripens or ever will ripen into practical reform. Many of the aspirations and of the violently demanded measures of the Radicals of former days are now completely forgotten—sometimes because what was advocated was utterly unsound in principle, and has been shown to be so; sometimes because the changed circumstances of the time evidently no longer demand the remedies for which Radicals once clamoured. Who is now found to denounce the institution of a standing army or to shout himself hoarse in favour of annual Parliaments? The bold thinkers, writers, politicians whose names are the ornaments of historic Radicalism, were certainly not always right, but no one can question the value of the work they did for modern England. Mr. Kent is not inspired with any excess

of admiration for the Radical creed in any of its developments; yet no impartial reader will rise from his interesting account of 'The English Radicals' without a renewed sense of the great debt that our country owes them for their fearless adherence to their political principles and for the ability with which they set them forth.

We have in this volume a sketch of English Radicals, not a history of the Radical party. Indeed, the Radicals have never constituted 'a party' in the sense which belongs to the word when applied to Whigs or Tories, Liberals or Conservatives. In the past Radicals in Parliament have been but a section or a wing of the Whig or Liberal party—sometimes more important, sometimes less important—its importance depending upon the influence it could bring to bear upon the joint counsels and actions of the whole. So far as Radicals in the House of Commons have ever formed a separate group of members, it may be said without paradox that the weight of Radical opinion in the counsels of the party has varied inversely with the importance of the group 'below the gangway.' The more Radical the composition of the ministry the less power to unofficial and independent Radicalism outside it. A thoroughly Radical ministry—that is, a ministry *mainly* composed of Radicals and bent on objects considered in general opinion extravagantly in excess of the requirements of the day—this country has not yet seen. In short, Radicals have had of necessity to influence politics and legislation, not so much by the numerical strength of their own party or group—which, parliamentarily speaking, has always been small—as by the gradual conversion to their own way of thinking of the statesmen and leading members of the great party in the State of which they themselves were merely an advance wing.

Mr. Kent accepts as approximately true the statement of Mr. Lecky that the year 1769 saw the birth of English Radicalism and the first attempts to control Parliament from the outside, making its members habitually subservient to their constituents.* Parliament had been the great assertor of the public liberties against arbitrary authority; but times were changed, and Radicals began to recognise that the true obstacle to a system of government which reflected the will of the people did not lie in the prerogative of the monarch or the privileges of the aristocracy, but in the unreal character of popular repre-

* The English Radicals, p. 17.

sentation in the House of Commons. In the first of the three periods into which Mr. Kent divides his history, viz. from 1760 to 1789, the great battles fought by the Radicals were fought against what was in theory the popular branch of the Legislature. In this period, as throughout his whole volume, the author finds the greatest difficulty in tracing the action of the 'Radicals,' apart from that of statesmen and politicians who have never been accounted Radical. If Wilkes, Horne Tooke, and Beckford are typical Radicals, they did not fight the great battles of the rights of the electorate against the so-called privileges of the House of Commons by themselves; nor were they the only men who sought a sweeping change in its constitution. Chatham had often declared for reform, had described the small boroughs as 'the rotten parts' of the Constitution, and would have liked to see a large addition made to the county representation, 'which he thought the purest portion of the system.' The language even of Burke—as, for instance, when he spoke of the people 'as masters,' and declared 'he liked a clamour 'where there was an abuse'—had something of the Radical ring. The younger Pitt, in the period we are considering, favoured what was, having regard to the time, a very far-reaching reform indeed. In the fierce agitation which sprang out of the Middlesex election, and the contests as to the printing of House of Commons debates, typical Whigs such as Rockingham and Savile put themselves at the head of the movement. But if often their immediate ends were the same, a very fundamental difference existed between the Whig and the Radical theory of politics. The latter held that the right to the suffrage was a natural and personal right; that a parliamentary representative was a mere delegate or mouthpiece of those who elected him; and that therefore the House of Commons itself was nothing more than the machinery by which the will of the public outside could be automatically carried out. Mr. Kent, in his search for some kind of root principles by which Radicals are always to be distinguished from other reformers, thinks he finds them in this basing of the theory of the suffrage upon the natural rights of man, and in the theory of delegation by the electors to members of parliament of the duty of acting for them in the character of mere attorneys or agents. Wilkes was amongst the first, as Mr. Kent truly observes, 'to show that the House of Commons might be no less inimical than the Crown to the liberties of the people,' and that 'parliamentary privilege might be turned into an engine of

‘oppression.’ But so far the leading Whigs were on his side, and the Wilkes agitation was only Radical in character because the question fundamentally at issue was that of the control of Parliament by pressure from without.* To Chatham, to Pitt, to Burke, and to almost all the Whigs, the doctrines of personal right to the franchise, and of the delegation by electors to representatives of functions, which withdrew from them the sense of all responsibility to their own consciences and judgements, were abhorrent.

It has often been said that it was the Wilkes agitation which gave rise to public meetings as part of the recognised system of bringing public opinion to bear upon the government of the country. It certainly brought them into vogue, and in other ways it did much to advance the democratic cause. But as to Wilkes himself—this first of Radicals—was he in truth a Radical at all? In many respects, at all events, he did not go beyond the moderate reformer. ‘He opposed universal suffrage, which was the irreducible minimum demanded by the Radicals of a thoroughgoing type; he accepted Pitt’s proposals for reform, and he was certainly not a republican in theory. But in so far as Radicalism means the popular control of Parliament he was a Radical indeed, for his whole public life was directed to amplify and strengthen that control.’† With Horne Tooke, Wilkes founded the ‘Bill of Rights Society’ in 1769, a body which contemplated the double object of rendering pecuniary assistance to Wilkes himself, and of obtaining parliamentary reform, based apparently on manhood suffrage, and it drew up a list of pledges which parliamentary candidates should be required to take. This society, however, did not last long, for a violent quarrel arose between Wilkes and Tooke, and a new society had to be formed, from which the Wilkites were excluded. It seems to have been then considered that to ask a candidate for a pledge was to render him a very bond slave to his constituents, and great was the indignation of statesmen at the attempt by this means to turn a ‘representative’ into a ‘delegate.’ The Bill of Rights Society was thus faithful to those two essential principles of Radicalism, which according to Mr. Kent have never varied—viz. the abstract right of man to vote, and the right of the people to control Parliament by pressure from without.

It cannot be said that doctrines as to abstract rights have

* *The English Radicals*, p. 45.

† P. 50.

ever been much relied on by English politicians, and it would not be easy to show that the theories of Cartwright, Price, and Priestley greatly influenced the exertions of practical reformers engaged in the battle of political life. That the suffrage should be universal, that parliaments should be chosen for the year, or for the session, and that members should be delegates, were doctrines that commended themselves to theorists. In Major Cartwright's eyes, a member of parliament was a 'proxy' or 'attorney' of his constituency, 'to transact its business and receive its wages;' and he indignantly asked whether 'an instrument' could 'pretend to originality or independence of action.'

Burke, on the other hand, with most statesmen of the day Whig or Tory, indignantly repudiated the notion that a member should receive instructions from his constituents or in any way pledge himself for his future action. In the debates on the Reform Bill of 1832, it was repeatedly urged that submission to pledges to constituents was 'a degradation,' while it was known to every one that a very large proportion of the so-called representatives of the people were in no sense independent, but were the mere mouth-pieces of the patrons who in fact returned them. It cannot be truly affirmed that Radicals of mark, engaged in active politics, have generally accepted the theory of delegation laid down by some of their writers, viz. that the sincere opinions or honest judgement of the representative should count for nothing against the representations of his constituents; and Joseph Hume, strong Radical as he was, declared that, however great might be his respect for those who sent him to Parliament, 'he was not bound to vote as they desired' 'unless his own convictions went with them.'*

It was of course in pursuance of their object of controlling Parliament from the outside that Radicals used to make so great a point as to shortening the duration of parliaments. Nobody nowadays falls foul of the Septennial Act, long the object of fierce Radical denunciation. Mr. Asquith a few years ago, whilst in opposition, did, it is true, introduce a Bill to provide for triennial parliaments; but the proposal was never taken seriously, and when, shortly afterwards, its author, holding high office and having a majority of his own party in the House of Commons at his back, seemed to be in a favourable position to carry out his reform, nothing more was heard of the Triennial Bill. Yet if the Radicals failed

in carrying the measures they thought essential in order to gain their great end of the popular control of Parliament, that end itself has been completely won. 'Their final cause, 'their *raison d'être*, has gone; they have reached the promised land of fulfilment and fruition,' says Mr. Kent; and he goes on to point out that even this doctrine of popular control was never in the exclusive possession of the Radicals.

'The difference between Whigs and Radicals was rather one of means than of ends, but it was a difference that cut deep. The former sought for the means of control in the "delegate" theory of parliamentary representation, a theory which they tried to carry out in practice by the plan of taking pledges from parliamentary candidates. The question of the relationship of members to their constituents is at the present time perplexed and undetermined; for, though the control of Parliament by the people is an indisputable fact, yet it is maintained by means of quite another kind from those which the early Radicals proposed. The result is somewhat paradoxical, for while the system of pledges has been contemptuously rejected, yet the theory that the member is a delegate tacitly prevails in English politics.'

We should not ourselves have put the results arrived at quite in these words. A member of Parliament is undoubtedly to some extent a mere delegate to carry out the wishes of his constituents, who have returned him to Westminster because he has professed his adherence to the views held by the majority of the electors. But the opinions a candidate expresses are accepted by the electors, and, in the vast majority of cases, in fact, *are* the opinions he honestly holds; and were he to present himself to any constituency and indicate to them that his own opinions were of no importance, and that he would be willing on every occasion to act upon the instructions sent to him by the electors, he would have no chance of election. In what sense, moreover, can it be said that the system of pledges has in practice been rejected? A candidate necessarily deals with the chief topics of political interest in his addresses to the electors, and the expression of his opinion upon each is naturally and rightly considered 'a pledge' from which he could not without very good cause depart; but it is certainly not the practice of electors to pledge candidates to particular details of measures, whilst if the theory of representation is to be carried out at all, it seems necessary that candidates should be frank in explaining their general attitude towards the principal questions of the day, and thus virtually pledge themselves upon most of the matters in which the consti-

tuency takes an interest. We should doubt whether Burke's view is not still held by the great majority of self-respecting members of Parliament: viz. that on great and important questions the member owes to his constituents not his 'industry only, but his judgement; and he betrays instead of 'serving them if he sacrifices it to their opinions.'* There has been a good deal of idle discussion of the question of 'delegate' versus 'representative.' To some extent the member must partake the character of both. It is because he shares with the electors their general views of politics that he is elected. Probably the more educated a constituency the more it will wish to know the candidate's opinions on a wide range of topics; but, in fact, there must always be left a considerable margin for the exercise of independent judgement and discretion.

In Mr. Kent's second period, viz. 1789-1831, he finds that a different kind of Radicalism prevailed. The French Revolution changed the course of English history, and, by the fears to which it gave rise, the steady progress of reform was kept back for a generation. In imitation of French demagogues, too many English Radicals were now rivalling each other in the extravagance of their political theories, and in their hostility to all settled authority, human or divine. The hatred of Jacobinism possessed the great mass of the British public, and it was natural and easy for the enemies of Reform to associate English Radicalism with Jacobinism. With the first efforts of the French reformers the English Whigs were in hearty sympathy. It was not only Horne Tooke and his friends who rejoiced at the fall of the Bastille. If the former treasured in his study a fragment of stone from that famous prison, we find a good Whig like Sir John Stanley, in the enthusiasm of 1789, himself borrowing a pick-axe from a workman and digging out a few old stones from the foundations as relics of the great victory that had been won over ancient tyranny.†

England was at first full of hope for France, and saw in the National Assembly the rise of a new and happier era for that country and the world. The work of Radicals like Price and Priestley was almost over, but their sanguine spirit remained with them to the end, and greatly did they rejoice

* This subject is well discussed in Mr. Lecky's recently published 'Map of Life,' London, 1899.

† The Early Married Life of Maria Josepha Lady Stanley, London, 1899.

that they had lived to see the rise of liberty in the long downtrodden kingdom of France. Perpetual alliance between France and England would take the place of the old jars, now that the passions of kings and ministers would no longer be allowed to involve nations in war. From Price and Priestley and Cartwright we advance to the Radical republicanism of Tom Paine, who would sweep away king and House of Lords as useless incumbrances, and who denounced, above all things, the views and the methods of moderate and constitutional reformers. The 'Rights of Man' and the 'Age of Reason' threw into the ranks of the opponents of all reform multitudes of moderate men who were scandalised by the anarchical and irreligious doctrines to which their author endeavoured to lead the people. Godwin's direct influence with the lower classes was far less, for he appealed to a far narrower circle; but however little his philosophical dissertations may have been read by the multitude, their tendency was universally recognised, and they helped to identify, in popular eyes, attacks upon the constitution with hostility to all religion. The earlier Radical writers, Cartwright and Jebb, Price and Priestley, were religious men, all of whom professed some form of Christianity, and a great change had come over Radical leadership when French revolutionary principles were upheld as worthy of British imitation. As Mr. Kent very truly says:—

'The advocacy of Radicalism passed at this time out of the hands of the Dissenters—who, whatever else they did, never forgot that men in their terrestrial journeys require celestial charts—into the hands of the necessitarians and of the materialists. In consequence the Radicals never made the progress which they might otherwise have done; they never obtained a firm hold of the allegiance of the people as a whole, even when in times of distress and discontent the crisis favoured the reception of Radical ideas. As Coleridge said, "it was God's mercy to our age that our Jacobins were infidels, and a scandal to all sober Christians. Had they been like the old Puritans they would have trodden Church and King to dust—at least for a time." As it was, they alienated more persons by their crude atheism than they did by their political principles.' *

Thus Radicalism fell on its worst days in the years that followed the excesses of the French Revolution. Arbitrary—almost despotic—rule, due to the fears of the Government of the day, was warmly supported by Parliament, and it not infrequently happened that mob violence was on the same

* *The English Radicals*, p. 131.

side as authority in the effort to hunt down all who were supposed, rightly or wrongly, to favour the doctrines of anarchy. In short, the violence of the representatives of Radicalism had played, as it has often done, into the hands of the opponents of all reform. When the moderate section leave, or are drummed out of, the Liberal ranks, it is not always the advanced or the Radical party that gains by the removal of the supposed drag upon its reforming zeal. In the eyes of Paine the *Foxites* were but a Whig clique striving for power and place. In short, Liberals and Radicals were fighting among themselves about the differences, and they were great, which divided them; while they refused to act upon that principle of give and take which in this country is essential to the carrying of reforms. Little wonder that in 1801, Fox should have written to Grey that till he saw the public had some dislike (indignation he could not look for) to absolute power, he saw no use in stating in the House of Commons the principles of liberty and justice.

With the new century began the rise of the influence of 'philosophical Radicalism'—the 'utilitarianism' of Bentham handed on to a later generation by James Mill, and brought in a modified form by his son, John Stuart Mill, into relation with the politics of our own day. It was from Priestley that Bentham first learned 'the sacred truth' that 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number is the 'foundation of morals and legislation.' The great means towards securing the wise government of the people the early Utilitarians thought lay in establishing identity of interest between the governors and the governed. Self-interest was the guide of men's actions; hence democracy, or the government of all by all, was the only system under which the general interest could be safe against the private self-seeking of individuals or classes. Thus they favoured universal suffrage, protected by the ballot, and short parliaments; and they found no place in an ideal constitution for an aristocratic House of Lords. They were strongly individualist in feeling, and the socialistic leanings of a later generation of Radicals they would have vigorously repelled. Francis Place, the active organiser of the Radicals of Westminster, expressed the sentiments of the Utilitarians when he urged that 'all 'legislative interference must be pernicious. Men must be 'left by themselves to make their own bargains; the law 'must compel the observance of contracts. There it should 'end.' No restrictive laws should exist; and he held that even in the liquor traffic there should be absolute free

trade. There is much truth in Mr. Kent's observation* that 'philosophical Radicalism was, in its general view of 'the organisation of society, antagonistic to the type of 'thought now vaguely called collectivism' to which undoubtedly much modern Radicalism leads. The Utilitarian gospel was not likely to captivate popular feeling with its hard mechanical methods of approaching the great problems of human well-being and government. Nevertheless, the Utilitarian philosophers greatly and usefully influenced their age, and by the fearlessness of their inquiries, and their determination to bring every institution to the test of utility, they prepared men's minds for far-reaching reforms in many departments of the State.

We need not follow Mr. Kent's account of the Radicals of his 'second period,' which ended with the great Reform Bill. Amongst the thinkers and writers the Radicals numbered some of the greatest names of the day, but in active political life in and out of Parliament they played a far less influential part. Joseph Hume, Roebuck, Sir Francis Burdett, and John Cam Hobhouse in their several ways were no doubt exceedingly active in the House of Commons, but they did nothing to weld themselves, their Radical colleagues, and their supporters in the country into a political force. Burdett's extravagant conduct must have often brought ridicule on their cause; as when in 1810 he met the order of the House of Commons for his commitment for breach of privilege in an article written for Cobbett's 'Weekly Register' by preparing to fortify his house in Piccadilly against the officers sent to arrest him. The soldiers having effected an entrance, it is narrated that Sir Francis was discovered reading 'Magna Charta' in Latin to his son!

For a time the efforts necessary to carry the Reform Act of 1832 produced hearty co-operation between the Whig statesmen and the more responsible amongst the Radical leaders; but with such men as Orator Hunt, to whom agitation was the breath of life, it was impossible for practical reformers to work; and the breach between some of the wilder extremists and the moderates became more violent than ever. Then, as always in England, the practical men carried the day, and the Whig Reform Bill received the vigorous support of the best of the working-men, not less than of the great bulk of the middle class. It may be noted

* P. 242.

that the Radicals of Birmingham, under the leadership of Attwood, now became a real force in politics, the great city of the Midlands beginning to hold the place in the very van of Radicalism formerly occupied by Westminster and the City. Mr. Kent, commenting upon the period 1789–1832, points out that

‘the Radicals of the time of the Reform Act differed from those who gloried in the fall of the Bastille in some essential characteristics. The general philosophy of life, the *Weltanschauung*—to borrow an expression from the Germans—of the two were not the same. For whereas the former looked at political affairs from the point of view of the abstract rights of man, the latter regarded them from that of practical utility. Both theorised and both tended to democratise the country; but the former gradually gave way before the latter. Of the older tradition, after Godwin had ceased to write on political philosophy, Shelley was the most conspicuous representative. Yet “that beautiful and ineffectual angel beating in the void his luminous wings in vain” cannot be taken seriously from the political point of view. His practical influence was as nothing compared with that of Bentham and James Mill, with their utilitarian materialism. This change in their outlook of life is the cardinal fact in this period of the history of the Radicals. The altered standpoint led, moreover, to some rearrangement of their practical demands. Their ultimate aim—the control of Parliament, that is to say, by pressure from without—remained the same; but, whereas formerly they asserted the existence of some supposed innate and natural rights, and laboured to obtain their universal recognition, they subsequently put the claim to those rights into the background, and made the obtaining of better securities for good government the immediate goal of their desire.’ (P. 320.)

With the passing of the Reform Act we arrive at Mr. Kent’s third and last period, reaching down to the present time. The very able Radicals who sat in the earlier Parliaments obtained far less influence than might have been expected. Hunt and Cobbett, though they both sat in the reformed House of Commons, soon passed from the stage; and the Radical party was represented by men like Sir Francis Burdett and Hobhouse, John Arthur Roebuck, Joseph Hume, Grote, Sir William Molesworth and Tom Duncombe, among whom there was certainly no lack of varied ability and energy for the accomplishment of great things. Burdett, however, was soon to become a Tory and Hobhouse a peer. Grote was a doctrinaire philosopher of a type that rarely acquires parliamentary weight. Joseph Hume, by his great persistence which wearied the House almost to distraction, undoubtedly as an individual did much

to diminish the abuses of our national finance. Roebuck, whose failings of temper prevented his cordial co-operation with others, quarrelled bitterly with Grote. Molesworth and Duncombe, in language of the utmost virulence, denounced the Whigs who had just accomplished such magnificent work, and whose goodwill it was absolutely necessary to conciliate if further progress were to be made in the path of reform. Indeed, the Act of 1832 would appear to have embittered the extreme Radicals against the Whig statesmen. All attempts at hearty conciliation failed, in large measure on account of the impossibility of combining English Liberals with the followers of O'Connell. In short, there probably never was a time when Radicalism enjoyed less consideration or was less felt as a power in the State, than in the period preceding the Corn Law discussions and the rise of the 'Manchester School.'

Here, indeed, was a veritable new departure in the Radical party. With the older Radicals, and with Bentham and James Mill, the great object was to bring the whole constitution of the country into line with their political theory. Good government could only be obtained by building upon sound principles. Once adopt sound principles and a constitution based upon them, good and wise government for the benefit of the people would follow as a matter of course. With the new school of Radicalism it was quite different. Bright and Cobden were not political theorists, but ardent advocates of a practical reform which they contended would ameliorate the material condition of the people. It was because they were essentially practical that they were so successful. Their agitation killed that of the Chartists, who were never in any degree identified with the Radicals, though the leading Radicals in Parliament agreed with the main, if not with all 'the points of the Charter,' however little they may have approved Chartist methods. The new leaders had the firmest belief in political economy, and they argued out the whole question of Free Trade versus Protection on business principles. The commercial spirit, indeed, in which the whole of the Manchester School regarded national and political problems was a marked characteristic of the new Radicalism, and laid it open to the taunt that, in its eyes, England was but a large shop. The Manchester School undoubtedly exercised much influence in its day, yet in some respects it was out of sympathy with the generality of the people, and never therefore obtained any predominance over other elements in the Liberal party. Bright and Cobden were

personally and in habit of thought singularly unlike the stamp of Radical who in the days of the French Revolution, and subsequently, had represented the opinions of political extremists. Paine and Godwin, Bentham and James Mill, were sceptics, while the new leaders were eminently religious-minded men. They objected indeed on principle to what they considered the unjust privileges enjoyed by the National Church, and their following was, therefore, very largely drawn from amongst the Nonconformists, but no one could honestly question their zeal for the welfare of the Christian religion.

‘Cobden from first to last was a staunch, though not a blind, adherent of the Anglican communion. Bright was a Quaker in every fibre of his being, whose political principles were based, it may be truly said, upon a firm foundation of earnest Christian morals. It was indeed upon grounds of religion and morality that Bright and Cobden, at the risk of being accused of cant, tried to justify themselves. A high seriousness indeed was theirs. Cobden said that he believed that a “moral and even a religious spirit” might be infused into the Anti-Corn Law agitation which “the gross pocket question” had reduced to a somewhat sordid level. Bright was even more emphatic; he declared that there is no permanent greatness for a nation unless it be based upon morality; he claimed that the political creed of his party was more advanced, and its political morality higher, than that of the remainder of the country; he averred that the great object of his life was “to square the policy of the country with the maxims of common sense and a plain morality.”’ (P. 378.)

With all this there was associated much narrowness of view. The long struggle ending in the repeal of the Corn Laws had done a good deal to strengthen the dislike, not uncommon in men of their class, to the landed interest and the country gentry, of whom in truth they knew very little. Their blind hatred of what they considered the ‘feudal ‘privileges’ secured to the gentry, and the ‘ecclesiastical ‘privileges’ assured to the Church by the constitution and laws of the land, was hardly worthy of that ‘common ‘sense’ which they professed to prize so highly. These ‘privileges,’ instead of being examined and criticised, were denounced in language of much vituperation; and the Manchester School had itself to thank for raising up a spirit of opposition to Radicalism scarcely less bitter than its own. On foreign questions and on questions of the relation of the colonies to the Mother-country, the Manchester leaders held doctrines which were never generally popular, and which were in distinct opposition to the views of Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston, who reflected far more truly than the Radicals the general sentiments of the Liberal

party. In foreign politics absolute non-intervention was at this time the Radical watchword; and as for the colonies, the sooner they shook themselves free from all connexion with the Mother-country the better. Mr. Kent is, we think, sometimes unduly severe in his criticism on the Radical party, and gives very scant recognition indeed to the immense services they have rendered to their country; but there is truth in his comments on the 'bourgeois type' of Radical statesmanship of a generation or two ago.

'The Radicals,' he writes, 'who held the field during the middle portion of the century were, to speak in general terms, well-intentioned Nonconformists, immersed in the business of the office or the mill, who thought that the main object of the statesman should be the discovery and establishment of the conditions of profitable trade, and so indirectly to raise the standard of existence among the masses of the people.'

However great the virtues of its leaders, he considers that the party as a whole was not inspired by 'great ideals' or elevating sentiments, and that, after all allowances are made, 'the Manchester School will be rightly remembered by posterity as being, of all the types of Radicals, the one of the dullest imaginative power, of the narrowest mental vision, and the least animated by high conceptions of the future of the Anglo-Saxon race.'

This is, we think, far too severe a criticism on men who, however 'narrow' and 'unimaginative' they may have been in some respects, held up before the people, in a way very few politicians have done, the identity of true policy with high morality, and a keen sense of right and wrong between citizen and citizen and nation and nation. When complaint is made that the Manchester party was a party wanting the inspiration of a high ideal, let it be remembered that with them a wise or a foolish policy was never so much a question of expediency or in expediency as a question of absolute right or wrong; and let us recognise that teaching such as this raises the whole tone of political controversy, and is itself an attempt to lead the nation to a higher 'ideal' than has sometimes been involved in the pursuit of a policy of more glittering and popular attractiveness.

Bright and Cobden of course agreed with the historic Radical party in desiring a very wide extension of the franchise, though, unlike their predecessors, they desired it for practical reasons, not as a consequence of their acceptance of some doctrine of abstract right. They believed in the ballot as a necessary protection to the voter; they would have preferred shorter parliaments; but, strong men

as they were, they would listen to no 'delegate theory,' which would make it the duty of a representative to oppose in Parliament his own honest convictions. They were strong 'individualists,' and held that, as a general rule, men's own interests could be better looked after by themselves than by the constant interference of a well-intentioned paternal government. They did much to *popularise* politics; that is, by constant public speaking to bring before the people that they themselves, and not merely Parliament, were directly concerned in good government and wise policy, setting in this respect an example which all statesmen nowadays necessarily follow. As Mr. Kent puts it: 'The Manchester Radicals familiarised the people with the habits and the instruments upon which self-government must ultimately rest. To have done this was the great merit of the Manchester School, and in the general history of Radicalism this is a fact of great importance.'

Radicalism of the present day is certainly marked by very different traits from those which specially characterised it half a century ago. The objects of Bright and Cobden have been largely accomplished. Absolute free trade, the establishment of a very wide suffrage protected by the ballot, and a sweeping redistribution of seats, have long been won, and many of those 'privileges' of classes and institutions against which they warred have been swept away. But how about their 'ideals'? Are the Radicals of to-day inspired by the beliefs and hopes that animated their fathers and grandfathers? Is 'liberty' according to John Stuart Mill, the freedom of the individual from government regulation as it seemed good in the eyes of John Bright, deemed precious by the leaders of democracy at the end of the nineteenth century? 'Laissez-faire' has long since ceased to be attractive to 'advanced' politicians, and socialistic dreams no longer repel our latter-day Radicals. Democracy having in fact got control over government, it not unnaturally is much more inclined to believe in the benefits of all-pervading government regulation than in the days when the governors of the nation belonged to a limited class to whom the Radicals imputed interests distinct from, and often adverse to, those of the governed. The new Radicals, having succeeded in crowning democracy as their king, view without jealousy the strong and even arbitrary rule of their new monarch.

If there has been this fundamental change in Radical ideas as to the true functions of government in matters of domestic politics, the change has been no less marked in their way of regarding the foreign and colonial interests of

the nation. The very idea of large armies and powerful fleets was hateful to politicians of the Manchester School. They disbelieved altogether in the necessity of war, in the dangers of possible attack by rival or hostile nations, and they regarded the maintenance of the army as a sort of huge aristocratic job by which salaries were found for the younger sons of a selfish land-owning gentry. In all this they differed widely from the general sense of the people. Whilst Radicals were preaching the doctrines of peace at any price, the Volunteer movement was converting hundreds of thousands of peaceful citizens into a powerful army of national defence. The more extended the suffrage, the more determined has the nation shown itself to provide, at any cost which may be necessary, naval and military establishments on a scale previously undreamed of in times of peace; and during recent years it would be difficult to point to any Radical of mark who has lifted a finger in the cause of the reduction of armaments, or the retrenchment of our gigantic military expenditure.

There has been no less change in the sentiments with which the modern Radical regards the Colonial Empire. The conception of a 'Greater Britain,' an expression made common first of all, we think, by Sir Charles Dilke—a true Radical of the new type—has taken possession of the minds of Englishmen, the idea of a great and world-wide and ever-expanding empire, of which the United Kingdom is the heart, owing allegiance to one throne and one flag. Lord Rosebery raises the cry of 'Liberal Imperialism,' whatever precisely that may mean, and there is hardly a prominent Liberal or Radical in the country who raises a protest against it.

Mr. Kent disputes the claims made by the Radical party to arrogate to itself all credit for reforms and improvements due to the changed circumstances of the time, and the onward march of democracy. All parties, he declares, have had their share in shaping the system of government which now prevails. And this is so far true; inasmuch as it would have been clearly impossible for a party which never numbered more than a small minority in Parliament and in the country to give legislative effect to its aspirations without the co-operation of other parties in the State. It is true also that the Radicals never had a monopoly of the cause of parliamentary reform. Reform Acts have been passed by Whig governments and Tory governments, and from the middle of last century onwards distinguished statesmen, who were very far indeed from being Radicals, are known to have

advocated very wide changes in popularising the electoral system of the House of Commons. Yet it would be monstrously unfair to deny that in the fierce early struggles against the stolid resistance to all change as likely to destroy the constitution and produce anarchy, the Radicals bore the burden and heat of the day. They did more 'than sow the seeds from which posterity has reaped the crops.' They brought popular opinions, perhaps sometimes popular prejudice and popular passion, to bear; and so gave to the reformers the power necessary to achieve their ends. With regard to the great battle of Free Trade versus Protection, can it be really said with truth that Sir Robert Peel in a single session did as much for the cause that ultimately won as did Messrs. Bright and Cobden in ten years? Sir Robert Peel himself, with a truer sense, recognised that the real conqueror in that great battle was not himself, but Richard Cobden. So with Reform it seems to us impossible to hold with Mr. Kent 'that from the strict and narrow point of view, the purpose of the Radicals has failed, and still in its main points awaits fulfilment.' Short parliaments, pledged representatives, the reform or abolition of the House of Lords, universal suffrage, the payment of members. True that, strictly speaking, these particular changes have not been effected; but surely something very like complete satisfaction has been given to the spirit in which these Radical claims were advanced. We have not got triennial parliaments, but we have reached a state of affairs where it is most improbable that a House of Commons will last longer than three years, unless it has very clearly behind it the support of the country. Members *are* virtually pledged to their constituents on all questions of great public interest. If we have not got manhood suffrage, we have gone a very long way towards it. The House of Lords has not been touched by the legislative reformer; but it now interprets its own functions as those principally of revision and correction of measures coming from the other House, and of delaying or rejecting fundamental measures which have not been approved by the people. This is not the theory which was held or acted upon by the House of Lords in the days of Lord Lyndhurst following the great Reform Act. More and more has the whole power of the State centred in the House of Commons. More and more have we approached, and are we still approaching, the extreme Radical ideal as the basis of that House, manhood suffrage and equal electoral districts. When we hear of the old Radical attacks upon 'privilege,' we ask ourselves, What 'privileges' are

now left? Bright and Cobden, indeed, bitterly resented the 'feudal privileges' of the country gentry. Have the latter now any privileges beyond those of the dwellers in towns? Democratic principles of government, such as were dear to former Radicals, and to Radicals alone, are now accepted by all parties as the only possible foundation in a democratic age for national or local government. No wise political reformers probably ever expected in every detail quite to realise their ideals, but surely it would be difficult to imagine a much more complete triumph of the Radical hopes of a generation or two ago in the direction of democratic government than the present age has witnessed.

On the other hand, whilst Mr. Kent holds that the 'Radical purpose' has failed, he thinks that, owing to the general democratisation of affairs, the Radicals have captured and absorbed the Liberal party. We should say, rather, that what used to be considered Radical ideas in matters of domestic government have gone far to capture *both* parties, Liberal and Conservative alike. The truth is that the effect of the successive Reform Acts and of other changes that have been made in our system of government has rendered the old division of parties entirely obsolete. No party could nowadays entrench itself behind privilege; all parties now seek power from the same source—that is, the general approval of the people. It may be at present that Radicals are more ready than Conservatives to interfere by legislation and by Government regulation in matters once left to individual discretion. To limit the hours of labour by Act of Parliament has been made, we believe, 'a plank' in some of the Radical programmes; but it must be remembered that the early Factory Acts were passed by Conservatives, and their extension is almost as likely to be undertaken by one party as by the other. The comment that the old Radicals were possessed by a strong faith in the principles they avowed, and by a spirit of optimism as to the blessed effects which their adoption would produce—'They knew exactly what they wanted, and knowing it, they pursued it with unconquerable zeal'—is a true one, and indicates another wide difference between them and their successors.

'The new Radicals are not agreed whether they wish for Home Rule all round or Home Rule for Ireland only; it is, indeed, by no means certain whether it has been abandoned altogether or only for a time. They are not agreed whether they wish to end the House of Lords or only to amend it; whether they wish to strengthen it or weaken it; whether they desire two legislative chambers or only one. . . . They insist on the principle of one man one vote; but of that of

one vote one value, which a fair system of redistribution would involve, they will not hear a word. So, too, with regard to the new Imperialist idea; for, while some clamour for foreign intervention, a remnant still keep the ancient faith; but whether the former are prepared to find the necessary means by increased armament is not so very certain. This is not statesmanship, but what Junius would have called "the ominous oscillation of a pendulum."

Substantially the programme of the old Radicals has been very largely accomplished, and many of the principles which distinguished them from other political parties have now become common ground. The present condition of the Radical party is one of transition, or perhaps it would be more true to say that the condition of political parties generally is one of transition; for the dividing lines which separate Unionists from Home Rulers, and Conservatives from Liberals and Radicals, are singularly ill defined. Liberals hardly any longer profess a desire to establish a National Parliament and Executive in Ireland; and it is not on such lines as these that the leading men amongst them hope to reconstruct the party. Mr. Kent's book is however mainly concerned with the history of the Radicals, not with an attempt to examine the condition of existing party divisions. Perhaps one of the most striking facts in the history of our parliamentary institutions is the fidelity with which, on the whole, Parliament has always represented the national feeling. However imperfect the machinery, even with a system of representation that seemed to make a mockery of popular election, a strong wave of national feeling always and quickly made itself felt in the House of Commons. The admission from time to time of new classes to the franchise, and the widest measures of redistribution, have never brought about any breach of continuity in our history. The reforms have never happily so operated as to confirm the fears of those who opposed them, whilst, on the other hand, beneficial though they have been they hardly realised the sanguine expectations of reformers who dreamed that at last Utopia was at hand.

Mr. Kent's volume is full of interest. He has given us a valuable sketch of the remarkable personalities who in thought or in action have led the democratic advances of our age. He has undoubtedly his partialities; but he has endeavoured to discuss his subject apart from prejudice, and the result is a book from which readers cannot fail to acquire a better understanding of the causes which have brought about our present constitutional system.

ART. XI.—1. *The History of Lord Lytton's Indian Administration*, 1876 to 1880. Compiled from Letters and Official Papers. By Lady BETTY BALFOUR. London: 1899.

2. *The Making of a Frontier*. By Colonel ALGERNON DURAND, C.B., C.I.E. London: 1899.

3. *Life of Sir George Pomeroy Colley*, 1835–1881. By Lieut.-General Sir WILLIAM BUTLER, K.C.B. London: 1899.

4. *The Second Afghan War*, 1878–79–80. By Colonel H. B. HANNA. Vol. I. London: 1899.

5. *Indian Problems*: 1. *Can Russia Invade India?* 2. *India's Scientific Frontier*. 3. *Backwards or Forwards*. By Colonel H. B. HANNA. London.

WHATEVER may be the ultimate verdict of history upon Lord Lytton's Indian Administration, there can be no doubt as to the charm and grace of the volume in which Lady Betty Balfour has laid before the world the vindication from his own papers, practically by himself, of her father's much-assailed government of India. For our own part we are altogether of opinion that, at least from a military point of view, and probably from a political, Colonel Hanna is right when he says—

‘No! there is only one way of helping Afghanistan without arousing her jealousy, and probably in the end justifying her suspicions, and that is to tell Russia that we intend to regard any act of aggression committed against the territory of our ally as an act of hostility directed against ourselves, and to avenge it by attacking her in her only vulnerable points—her sea-board, her commerce, and her fleet.’ (‘Backwards or Forwards,’ p. 119.)

We agree with Colonel Durand when he says—

‘Every point of possible attack gained is to her (Russia's) advantage, and every man of ours who can be kept locked up in India, or guarding its frontier, when the battle of Armageddon does come, must be withdrawn from the real chessboard, wherever that may be. That to my mind is the crucial point’ (p. 3).

Since Colonel Hanna wrote Russia has in various ways exposed herself to our attacks at new points. The present war in South Africa, despite many of the checks which have attended it, is a demonstration greater than we have ever made before, and far greater than any other country has ever made of power for acting by virtue of navy and mercantile marine with a large army at an immense distance

from home. When it is remembered that Russia, though her land frontier actually marches with that of China for more than two thousand miles, and though she would have met with no resistance had she chosen to move her garrison and her guns by land to Port Arthur, was yet obliged, by the inexorable conditions involved in the difficulties of land transport, to send to that distant shore every man and every gun that she required by sea under the guns of our fleet, her 'sea-board' is an expression that requires considerable expansion in order that its importance may be realised. The 'battle of Armageddon' can only in our judgement be fought with advantage to Great Britain in places where, as Mr. Kinglake used to put it, 'land and sea do much intertwine.' Therefore our positive conviction is, like that of Colonel Durand, that all Indian frontier policy must be judged from the point of view which he has so well expressed. It cannot be a question of the facilities which it presents to us for aggressive action against Russia, but only of the defensive security of our own frontier, of the smallest number of men that can be used for that defensive purpose, and of economy for the finances of India. By those standards, and by those alone, these questions can be safely judged, and that being our own point of view, it is only fair that we should state it at the outset, in order that we may not pretend to be impartial judges of the chief incidents of Lord Lytton's frontier administration.

Far more strongly, nevertheless, do we share Colonel Durand's feelings when he writes—

'I am no believer in catchwords, though they are useful as terms of abuse. The "Forward Policy" and that of "Masterly Inactivity" have been wrangled over quite sufficiently. No sensible man nails either colour to his mast. Circumstances, and the races you have to deal with, decide cases.' [For instance,] 'Successive Cabinets in England, Conservative and Radical, agreed with the Government of India, that in the case of the Gilgit frontier certain steps were necessary, and the steps were taken.' ('The Making of a Frontier,' p. 3.)

There is a well-known story of a man and his wife who had had a quarrel about some question connected with a pair of scissors. It had reached a point of savagery at which he threw her into the water and threatened to drown her if she did not cease to throw at him the word 'scissors.' As fast as she came up to the surface she repeated the word, and he thereupon pushed her under. At last, when she was dying and could not speak, she put up the fingers of her right hand in the shape of a pair of scissors and sank

clipping them. There seems to us to be a large element of 'scissors' in much of the discussion between the two great schools of Indian policy. It does not appear nearly so often in the admirable and powerful papers that have been left by the great statesmen and soldiers who on both sides have contributed their share to the discussion of a singularly difficult and complex problem. It is rampant—so far as we have observed equally rampant—on both sides among the followers. None of them seem to be able to imagine that to be possible which Mr. Chamberlain recently asked his Dublin audience to believe, that a man should differ from them in opinion and yet be neither a knave nor a fool. Yet it seems to us that there never was a controversy in which the mere names of those who took part in it would give pause in his abuse to any man who did not look upon himself as infallible, no matter how strong might be his personal convictions. On the one side we have, in different degrees perhaps, the Duke of Wellington, Sir Charles Napier, Lord Lawrence, Sir Henry Lawrence, Sir Richard Temple, Sir Henry Norman, Sir Lepel Griffin, Lord Sandhurst, Sir Henry Durand, Sir West Ridgeway, Sir Edward Hamley, Lord Northbrook, Lord Cromer; on the other side Sir Henry Rawlinson, Sir Bartle Frere, Jacob and Green, Lord Salisbury, Lord Beaconsfield, not to mention Lord Lytton himself, as being in some sort under accusation—though we are much mistaken if this volume does not, as an able administrator and a writer of statesmanlike papers, raise him much higher in the estimate of his countrymen than he has hitherto stood—and Sir George Colley, whose memory, despite the disasters which attended his gallant end, has by the care of his recent biographer been placed on a pedestal of honour such as all those who really knew him have always erected for it, and certainly raised above the sneers of those who judged him only on imperfect information. Among these we regret to observe that Colonel Hanna is to be reckoned.

In both of those lists there are men from whom one would not willingly differ, and some in each of whom, if they were not balanced by the other, we should be almost inclined to say that one would rather be wrong with them than right with most others. We cannot therefore be too grateful to Lady Betty and the able men who have assisted her that they have raised this volume far above the region of vulgar controversy, and by the fairness and impartiality with which they have stated the views of those from whom they differed have set a model which we very much regret to find has been not

always followed by some reviewers of her volume, with whom on the broader lines we are much more inclined to agree than we are with Lord Lytton himself. The following passage will give a fair specimen of what we mean :—

‘All schools of Frontier Policy are alike agreed that Russian influence should be excluded from Afghanistan at any cost. Lord Lawrence never doubted this. In a memorandum, dated November 25, 1868, he said : “No one, of course, can deny that the advance of Russia in Central Asia is a matter which may gravely affect the interests of England in India. No person can doubt that the approach of Russia towards our North-West Frontier in India may involve us in great difficulties, and, this being the case, it will be a wise and prudent policy to endeavour to maintain a thoroughly friendly Power between India and the Russian possessions in Central Asia. Nevertheless, it appears to me clear that it is quite out of our power to reckon with any degree of certainty on the attainment of this desirable end.” “And,” he added, “I feel no shadow of a doubt that, if a formidable invasion of India from the West were imminent, the Afghans *en masse*, from the Amir of the day to the domestic slave of the household, would readily join it.”’

‘These were the views expressed by Lord Lawrence in 1868, when the only danger apprehended was the establishment of Russian influence in Afghanistan by forcible means, and when the public presence of the Russian at Kabul, not as the foe, but as the avowed friend and ally of the Amir, was a danger wholly unforeseen. Nor did Lord Lawrence counsel passive acquiescence in such a situation when it actually occurred. What he contended in 1878 was, that Russia rather than Sher Ali should have been called by us to account. And in this he was consistent; for what he had advised in 1868 was, that Russia should be plainly told “that an advance towards India beyond a certain point would entail upon her war with England in every part of the world.”’*

That, we submit, is *not* ‘Masterly Inactivity’ in the sense in which it is often attributed to Lord Lawrence both by friends and foes. It is surprising how the use of catch-words and the mental attitude of ‘Scissors!—there!’ tends by a gradual but sure process to divert parties using them completely from the ideas and thoughts of the chiefs from whom they originally received them. Meantime whilst they are snapping at one another the question is settled. As it was put in an article in the ‘Edinburgh Review,’ January 3, 1898 :—‘For good or for evil we have abandoned the

* ‘Lord Lytton’s Indian Administration,’ pp. 8-9.

‘Lawrence policy on the frontier, and adopted another policy, ‘all of us alike, whatever our political creed,’ except, we may add to that, ‘Colonel Hanna, faithful alone among the faithful found.’

Treated as Lady Betty has thus treated it, this monograph becomes not merely a most interesting piece of biography or a study of an important period of Indian history, but a very necessary element in judging now and always of the considerations which affect the future of our Indian policy. Properly speaking, it ought to be read in conjunction with the great papers which have been written on the other side. As these are not conveniently accessible for most people, we would commend as a corrective all the volumes which we have placed at the head of our list from which a fair judgement may be formed of the principal points raised by the soldiers and statesmen who were of another school. We only regret in Colonel Hanna’s volumes, valuable and important as they are, that there is in them a little too much of the sound of ‘scissors,’ as used by the drowning wife. Nor, though his thesis, as we have set it forth in the extract we made at the beginning of this article, is one that has our entire sympathy, are we prepared to think that no mistakes were made and no responsibility was incurred in changing the friendly sentiments of Sher Ali, the Amir of Kabul, into bitter hostility by the time of the second Afghan war, by those whose policy was opposed to that of Lord Lytton. Colonel Hanna himself, in fact, admits almost as much, though he would probably say that it was due rather to a failure to carry out Lord Lawrence’s policy in its integrity than to the original policy, had it been consistently applied. There is practically almost entire agreement between Lord Lytton’s view of the situation as he took it over and that of his fiercest opponent. Colonel Hanna says, ‘With his father’s kingdom, Sher Ali had ‘inherited his father’s desire to have the British Government for a friend and ally.’* He himself attributes the fact that by the time Lord Lytton arrived in India Sher Ali had become bitterly alienated to—

1. What is known as the ‘Seistan award’—that is to say, the award we made between the rival claims to territory of Afghanistan and Persia, which, being in the nature of a compromise, satisfied neither, but made the Amir fiercely indignant because he had expected to be favoured by us.

* ‘The Second Afghan War,’ p. 13.

2. Lord Northbrook's protest against Sher Ali's treacherous treatment of his rebellious son, who had come to him under a safe-conduct and had been then thrown by him into prison. This Sher Ali regarded as a breach of our pledges not to interfere in the internal affairs of his kingdom, and, as even going beyond this, as almost lifting the sacred Purdah, because it was interfering in a purely family affair.

3. The sense of want of security against the Russians produced by the vague promises given him by both Lord Mayo and Lord Northbrook.

The expansion from this statement of the facts is not great if we pass to Lady Betty's summary of her father's case. After describing the other instances in which Sher Ali seemed to him, as practically to Colonel Hanna, to have been at least unfortunately handled, she goes on to describe how Sher Ali, becoming seriously alarmed as to the Russian progress towards his dominions, and as to the Russian messages of doubtful import that he was continually receiving from General Kaufmann, proposing to establish a regular communication with Kabul, 'oblivious of the fact,' as the Amir put it, 'that Khiva and Bokhara intervened,' appealed in 1872 for assistance and instruction to the Indian Government. He was then told by Lord Northbrook to thank General Kaufmann for his message. Lord Northbrook expressed his own conviction that Russia would carry out her pledge, recently given to Lord Clarendon, that she regarded Afghanistan 'as completely outside the sphere of 'Russian influence.' Lord Northbrook yet again refused to interfere, and the then acting Governor-General, thus encouraged, wrote, 'I entertain the hope that the high 'Governor-General will not refuse your request, and that he 'will represent to H.M. the Emperor your endeavour to 'become worthy of the grace of my august Master.'*

'At the close of that year (1873) the Amir's disregarded apprehensions had been justified by the Russian conquest of Khiva. From the Governor-General of British India, to whom he had so recently confided those apprehensions, he received no communication whatever on that rapid realisation of them which closely concerned his interests and deeply affected his feelings. But from the Governor-General of Russian Turkestan he received a long communication, frankly recognising in the fall of Khiva an event which his Highness could not reasonably be expected to regard with indifference. Sher Ali did not consult the Viceroy about his reply to General Kaufmann. And this

* Lord Lytton, p. 11.

was only natural. For he must have clearly gathered, first from the language, and then from the silence of the Viceroy, that on this matter the views and feelings of the British Government were altogether different from his own. But it was immediately after Sher Ali's receipt of General Kaufmann's communication about Khiva that the first significant change occurred in the tone of his own communications with the Viceroy. Till then no Amir of Kabul had ever ventured to address the Viceroy of India in letters not written in the Amir's own name, and bearing the Amir's own signature. Disregarding this established etiquette, Sher Ali now, for the first time, addressed the Viceroy indirectly, through one of the Afghan Ministers, in a form for which there was absolutely no precedent. While Sher Ali was thus beginning to display his estrangement from the Government of India, these are the terms in which he was addressed by the Government of Russian Turkestan, in the spring of 1873 :

"I hope," writes the Russian authority at Tashkend, "that after your death Sirdar Abdullah Jan will follow your example, and make himself an ally and friend of the Emperor"—the ally and friend, that is, of a Power pledged to treat Afghanistan as a State entirely beyond the sphere of its influence. This letter was quickly followed by another from General Kaufmann himself on the same subject. "I hope," writes the Russian Governor-General, "that the chain of friendship now existing between Russia and Afghanistan will in future increase and become firm, owing to the recent alliance between the Emperor of Russia and the Queen of England;" and he adds: "I doubt not that this alliance of the two Powers will be an omen for those countries which are under the protection of the Emperor of Russia and the Queen of England."

'While appreciating the skill with which a matrimonial alliance between two reigning houses is here represented as a political alliance between two empires, and the significant anxiety of the writer to convey assurances which would have come more naturally from the Viceroy of India, European readers might not be disposed to attach to the phraseology of this letter any special importance. But Asiatics are accustomed to weigh such utterances with scrupulous attention; and its native agent at Kabul reported to the Government of India that on the receipt of this letter the Kabul Durbar observed: "The Russian Government has now made itself partner in the protection of Afghanistan."' ('Lord Lytton's Indian Administration,' pp. 11-13.)

That sequence of events, then, up to the time of Lord Lytton's arrival in India appears to be agreed upon on both sides. The question is as to its significance, as to the extent to which it had already determined Sher Ali, or was about to determine him, to throw in his lot with Russia and distinctly to join with her against us. It was a question on which the facts were likely to produce a different impression on public opinion in England and Scotland on the one hand, and on the other both on the native mind in India and on

those Englishmen who were familiar with it. From that point of view a story which has been told of General Nicholson during the Mutiny has always seemed to us of peculiar significance. It is thus recorded in Lord Roberts's 'Forty-one Years in India.'

Nicholson had arrived with his force at Jullundar, where Major Lake, the commissioner, had accepted the offer of the Raja of Kapurthala to garrison the place with his own troops, in view of the fact that the British troops had been ordered on to Delhi. The native garrison

'evidently thought the British soldiers had gone never to return, and swaggered about in swash-buckler fashion, as only natives who think they have the upper hand can swagger. . . . In order to pay a compliment to the officers and principal men with the Kapurthala troops, Lake asked Nicholson to meet him at his house. I was present on the occasion, and was witness of rather a curious scene, illustrative alike of Nicholson and native character.

'At the close of the ceremony General Mehtab Sing, a near relation of the Raja's, took his leave, and, as the senior in rank at the Durbar, was walking out of the room, when I observed Nicholson stalk to the door, put himself in front of Mehtab Sing, waving him back with an authoritative air, preventing him from leaving the room. The rest of the company then passed out, and when they had gone Nicholson said to Lake, "Do you see that General Mehtab Sing has shoes on?" (No native in native dress keeps his shoes on when he enters a room, unless he intends disrespect.)

'Lake replied that he had noticed the fact, but tried to excuse it. Nicholson, however, speaking in Hindustani, said: "There is no possible excuse for such an act of gross impertinence. Mehtab Sing knows perfectly well that he would not venture to step on his own father's carpet save barefooted, and he has only committed this breach of etiquette to-day because he thinks we are not in a position to resent the insult, and that he can treat us as he would not have dared to do a month ago." Mehtab Sing looked extremely foolish, and stammered some kind of apology. But Nicholson was not to be appeased, and continued: "If I were the last Englishman left in Jullundar, you" (addressing Mehtab Sing) "should not come into my room with your shoes on." Then politely turning to Lake, he added, "I hope the Commissioner will now allow me to order you to take your shoes off and carry them out in your hands, so that your followers may witness your discomfiture." Mehtab Sing, completely cowed, meekly did as he was told. . . . Five or six years after this occurrence I was one of a pig-sticking party at Kapurthala given by the Raja. . . . The Raja then asked me if I knew Nicholson. On my telling him I had been his staff officer, and with him at the Durbar at Lake Sahib's house, the Raja laughed heartily and said: "Oh! then you saw Mehtab Sing made to walk out of the room with his shoes in his hand? We often chaff him about that little affair, and

tell him that he richly deserved the treatment he received from the great Nicholson Sahib." (Lord Roberts's 'Forty-one Years in India.')

Now imagine the effect on public opinion in Europe if it had happened that Saxony before her absorption in Germany had lent to Austria a contingent, and that a comparatively junior Austrian officer at some commander-in-chief's levee had gone up to the Saxon commander, covered him with opprobrium, made him take off his shoes, and asked him how he dared to appear in that way in a room with the commander-in-chief. Imagine further that a few years later, when peace had been restored, the King of Saxony should chuckle over the incident and declare that his own commander had been rightly served. We only present the analogy in order to suggest that in point of equity and of that final verdict of history which can be arrived at only when the passions of the passing hour have subsided and when party cries are hushed, a popular audience in Britain is not the most adequate court of appeal before which to establish the principle of the *chose jugée* in regard to Indian transactions when they come before it. We have our own differences of opinion with Lord Lytton and his advisers, but the tone which we have seen adopted on this subject in some quarters, where we should have expected better things, commends itself neither to our taste nor judgement. The exquisite and powerful diction of many, if not all, of Lord Lytton's despatches was at least a thing that ought to have been recognised and appreciated by those who most disagreed with him. It is at least a fresh proof of the beauty of language which is so frequently to be found in the prose of poets. Nor can we see that in statesmanlike grasp of the question, despite certain very important points which seem to us to have been ignored, the despatches lose because of the masterly English in which they are expressed. For the purposes of the excited hour it may have been convenient to treat the Governor-General as a moon-struck poetaster. We do not think that that will be the verdict of history upon this volume. Nor are we more ready to believe in the imputation of motives in which Colonel Hanna has indulged. These are the fancies of disordered brains. It appears to us certain, and we write after seeing various private documents which we have not placed upon our list, that Lord Lytton and his most confidential friend, Sir George Colley, left England firmly set upon maintaining peace if it were possible with the Amir, firmly convinced that he had been badly handled in the past, and anxiously

resolved if possible to compensate him as far as they could for what seemed to them the mistakes of the past. They do not seem to us to have ever grasped the true underlying thought of Lord Lawrence's policy. Curiously enough, you may search in vain through all their correspondence to discover a hint that they ever regarded India from the point of view of a great dependency of the British empire which could never by any possibility have to go to war with Russia on her own account, without involving the whole of both empires in the contest, so that the question at bottom always is, in that event, not where can India strike the most decisive blows, but where can the empire as a whole best strike them. They apply to India alone the sound strategic principle that no purely defensive war can ever be anything but disastrous. They ignore the equally sound strategic principle, sound alike on the smaller scale of a campaign and on the larger one of empire, that you should maintain a defensive attitude on that part of the theatre of war which will oblige your enemy to make slow progress and get few advantages whilst you are bleeding him to death elsewhere. They seem certainly to have had a considerable fear of what a few Russian cruisers might do to our commerce. They seem never to have taken into account what the true sea power of Great Britain is, when she chooses that it shall be worthy of her. Absolutely and literally it is never so much as once alluded to. Certainly in those days Captain Mahan's wonderful volumes had not roused England to know her strength and to put on her armour, but there were Englishmen who had realised it before then. One man at least was three times offered the commander-in-chiefship in India, and though once the offer was blocked half-way, twice when it reached him it was refused by him, largely at least because he believed that, if the struggle with Russia was ever to come, it was not in India that the aggressive war should be waged. It is to us an incomprehensible thing that so much power and so much ability as is here shown should have been accompanied with such an incredible incapacity for appreciating an opponent's point of view. That, for them, was buried under a catch-word 'Masterly Inactivity.' Yet the words which Lady Betty has herself quoted from Lord Lawrence are surely plain enough to read. Herat may not be, as on both sides there are those that assert and those that deny that it is, 'the gateway of India,' but again it is phrases with which we are struggling. Sir George Colley, who, quite as strongly

as Sir Henry Durand,* repudiated the phrase, afterwards recognised that both Merv and Herat, when developed, become an advanced base for Russia, which indefinitely relieve her of the difficulties of her previous position. Herat is not now at all a country of many resources, but it may easily be made so. Lord Lawrence felt this as strongly as anyone. He would have saved Herat and Afghanistan, whether united or separate, by making interference with either of them a *casus belli*. Under those circumstances, looking back from a merely military point of view, it seems to us that the Indus, with complete command of both banks and the desert covering large part of its extent, was a safer and better frontier than any we now have or are likely to have. We fully agree that a frontier stretched along the foot of the hills was not a good one. Nevertheless it is impossible to accept Lord Lytton's or rather, doubtless, Sir George Colley's analogy from Napoleon's campaigns in the Alps. In the first place, you might as well draw analogies from the Alps to the Himalayas or the Hindoo Kush as from the Rhine to the Channel. The Rhine or the Danube have no doubt been forced again and again; the Channel—except because of the laches or personal squabbles of its defenders, at all events since the days of Harold, when all the inland conditions were different—never. Secondly, it needs something more than this loose statement about Napoleon's campaigns to justify the expression. In his first great campaign in Italy, he passed the Alps at a point where they practically disappear. During the successive campaigns which followed in that year he most brilliantly demonstrated the advantages of a defensive force acting behind a mountain frontier by defeating army after army as it debouched from mountains. In the campaign in which he crossed by the St. Bernard he struck completely in rear of the army opposed to him. Now no point, from which a Russian army can debouch, can be found among the Himalayas analogous in any way to the gentle slopes which led Napoleon to Montenotti and all that followed it, and no Russian army, debouching from the Himalayas, could strike in rear of or in any direction disadvantageous to an army holding the line of the Indus. Frankly, we dislike

* 'To speak of the place as of vital importance to British India was a hyperbole so insulting to common sense as scarcely to need refutation, and which ignorance of the countries west of the Indus and inexperience of military operations in the East could alone palliate.' (Sir H. Durand.)

this talk about the views of the great soldiers who had discussed these questions before as being 'pre-Napoleonic.' The Duke of Wellington! Sir Charles Napier! Lord Sandhurst! 'Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona multi,' and we don't like to hear Agamemnon referring to them in this way, much as we admire his soldierly character and fine accomplishments. From the purely abstract military point of view, therefore, we hold with the Duke of Wellington, Sir Charles Napier, Lord Sandhurst, that the Indus, held by us on both banks, with all the communications along it developed as Lawrence would have developed them, with Afghanistan secured against Russia by a firmly expressed and strictly enforced *casus belli*, if she by means of any of her subordinates violated her pledge to us not to interfere with Afghanistan, was an incomparably stronger, better and cheaper frontier for us to defend. So far we are wholly with Colonel Hanna, and the argument from a purely military point of view on the opposite side seems to us strangely weak. We do not in the least admit that anything has occurred that justifies us in supposing that the great Duke or Sir Charles Napier or Lord Sandhurst, if they rose from their graves to-day, would admit that those conditions had under that aspect altered. But there remains the question of policy which was raised in the article in this Review from which we have already quoted, that of January 1898. What with the old frontier just across the Indus were we to have done in regard to the incursions from the hills of robber tribes? It seems to us certain that Lord Lytton is wholly right when he says that, could the wrongs inflicted upon our frontier populations, murder, robbery, rape, a practically far worse condition than slavery, have been really brought home to the minds of men at home, there would have been a passion of wrath against any government which tolerated them, such as would have been far fiercer than the easily stirred impatience against the expense of frontier expeditions. Now in this matter Lord Lytton and Sir George Colley seem to us to have introduced in the detail of these expeditions an improvement of the most unmistakeable character. We would ask anyone to compare Colonel Hanna's account of an old Punjaub raid, and see whether it does not expressly admit the gravamen of Lord Lytton's or Sir George Colley's complaint, that the actual criminal escaped and some one else was punished for him. To put the matter as it strikes us, it seems that the case is so clear that only the sound of 'scissors' and the unwillingness to admit mistake on one's

own side, prevent such a clear-headed man from hearing the certain verdict given by the facts.

We say this in passing in order to do justice to a point of Lord Lytton's frontier administration to which, as it seems to us, no adequate justice has hitherto been done. Far more important is the fact that it is in this connexion that the influence on the frontier question of Sir R. Sandeman's magnificent work in Beluchistan comes in and begins to be decisive. Sir Robert Sandeman had been sent on his mission before Lord Lytton landed. Very soon, however, the two were in complete accord. Sir Robert Sandeman, by his personal influence, by knowledge of the natives, and by infinite tact, gradually reduced Beluchistan to a more than usually orderly and loyal native kingdom, starting from a condition which had made the people not only so turbulent within their own limits, but so aggressive across ours that Lord Northbrook's Council were seriously considering the necessity for a formidable military expedition to enforce decent treatment of our subjects. Distinctly in our mind this is the true starting point of the 'Forward Policy' in so far as concerns the extension of the frontier all along the line of the hills and of our influence over the hill-tribes lying between us and Afghanistan, with the delimitation of a frontier between us and Afghanistan, such as was loyally adhered to by both us and the Amir during the late Afridi war. We make no doubt that the question which confronted Mr. Gladstone's Government when it came into power in 1880, and before which it recoiled, was 'Shall we abandon to barbarism and turn into a dangerous menace to the quiet at least of our frontier this great district which has been by Sandeman's genius converted into an orderly and friendly power, or shall we allow him to extend the same kind of influence as far as he can make it reach?' We feel confident that before that question any British Government would recoil, as each succeeding one has in fact done. With that the question of Quetta is closely connected. The two were intimately associated in Lord Lytton's and Sir George Colley's minds when they occupied Quetta in full accordance with Sandeman's views. That Quetta has proved a terribly costly acquisition, and that cost is one of the questions which it is more than almost any other the sacred duty of every Indian Government to consider, we fully admit. There are certain extracts from Colonel Hanna's indictment of this part of our policy which are so true and so telling that we shall put them together here, with only slight connecting

links, reserving our comment till we have fairly left them to speak for themselves. Whether they carry conviction or not, they in the main represent certain aspects of the question which, even when others make it indispensable to face them boldly and, recognising their gravity, to endure their Gorgon eyes as best we may, yet must never be forgotten, and must in every fresh determination at which we arrive be allowed their due weight.

‘To most Englishmen the very name, India, conjures up visions of wealth and splendour, of luxurious courts at one end of the social scale, and silver-bangled peasants at the other. The luxurious courts still flourish, but the silver-bangled peasantry are on the decline, bracelets of lac and brass taking the place of bracelets of the precious metal. No people in the world are more heavily taxed, in proportion to their means, than the Indian people under British rule, none live more constantly on the brink of starvation.’ (‘Backwards or Forwards,’ p. 59.)

Speaking of the Harnai Valley line to Quetta, Sir J. D. Poirer has said :—

‘This railway has been constructed at great expense—20 millions of rupees—but unfortunately it has been found, after working about five years, that its foundations are unsound, and at certain stages of the line they are nothing better than dry mud, which, during the rains, is converted into pulp, with the inevitable result that whole portions of the line fell away, making it totally useless. As this railway was constructed for purely strategical purposes in case of war, it must be said to have failed in its purpose.’

Again to quote from Colonel Hanna (‘Backwards or Forwards,’ p. 56):—

‘The hateful “Be-gar,” forced labour, on this dreaded road has torn the peasant from his plough, the craftsman from his hammer or his loom, yes, even the merchant from his shop. To escape that deadly slavery, hundreds of families have fled from their homes, leaving their villages to fall to ruins, and their fields to return to the waste.’

‘The occupation of so much fresh territory necessitated a large increase in the size of the force that had hitherto sufficed to garrison Quetta and the Pishin Valley. This necessity was met in the first instance by drawing on the reserve of 10,753 European, and 8,334 native, soldiers which had been provided, whilst Sir Donald Stewart was yet commander-in-chief, as an insurance against the risk that, at some future day, additional troops might be needed and not be forthcoming. In 1857–58, however, a further addition of 10,886 natives was made to the established strength of the army in India, thus bringing up the total increase to 29,973, a figure which corresponds almost accurately with the estimate made by Sir Henry Norman and accepted by Sir William Mansfield of the minimum number of men

that would have to be added to the Anglo-Indian army should the views of Jacob and Green ever prevail over those of which they themselves were the champions.' ('India's Scientific Frontier,' p. 54.)

That increase of the native army and of the large proportion of the European necessarily left at these distant points involves another very serious consideration, viz. the proportions of the native army to the European left throughout the great extent of India, and this is again incalculably affected by another consideration.

'Owing to the abnormally unhealthy state of the English troops in India, not less than 40 per cent. being on the sick list and useless for war, the proper proportion between European and native soldiery has quite disappeared; thus, in the Chitral campaign it was found necessary to alter the ordinary constitution of our Anglo-Indian division mobilised for field service, and draft into each of its brigades an additional British regiment. The "Broad Arrow" of September 19 last says that there are only some 45,000 fit for service out of a nominal 70,000 men in India. Amongst other causes, to which I need not here refer, a severe epidemic of typhoid in a most virulent form has attacked the British garrison of India.' ('Backwards or Forwards,' p. 73.)

Furthermore, in all questions of the defence of India there is another matter that has to be taken into account. We cannot, for the reasons quoted in the absolutely accurate statement of Colonel Hanna as to the poverty of India, go on piling annas on the salt-tax, and it is difficult to know where other money is to be found. Yet, far more important than any money spent on fortifications, is this one consideration, in which we believe that every soldier, Indian or other, will agree to swear in the words of Sir Henry Brackenbury:—

'The greatest want, in my opinion, and, I know, in the opinion of the Commander-in-Chief is an increase to the number of British officers in the Indian army. We have endeavoured to meet this by establishing a reserve of officers, but the attempt has been a failure. . . . Yet upon the outbreak of war we ought to increase the number of European officers with every unit of the native army, and we should require some hundreds of officers for transport duties and various staff appointments in the field. Where to lay hands upon these officers is a problem that has not been solved. Should the finances of India improve, I earnestly hope that this question will not be lost sight of.'

Nevertheless, looking back now over this indictment, we return to the old point. Colonel Hanna's real question is 'Backwards or Forwards'? We answer that 'Backwards'

is impossible; we agree entirely with him when he says:—

‘What is a scientific frontier? Surely one which it is easy and cheap to defend, and difficult and costly to attack; and no frontier in the world fulfils that definition more thoroughly than the frontier which satisfied Lawrence and Mansfield, Norman and Durand.’ (*India’s Scientific Frontier*, p. 91.)

We agree at least as a half-truth, about as true as most ‘scissors’ arguments are, that—

‘It is *not* on the sword that our Empire in India really rests, but upon our administration, which, on the whole, keeps the bulk of the inhabitants passively content, and so we can afford to guard it by men taken from their midst—a due proportion between the number of British and native troops being carefully observed.’ (*India’s Scientific Frontier*, p. 84.)

We agree that to look forward with joy, as Colonel Bell did in 1890, to the extension of our empire to the further side of Afghanistan is almost insane.

“When the administrative limits of India are stretched to their natural and geographical limits, the Hindu Kush,” so wrote Colonel Mark Bell, in 1890, in the *Journal of the Royal United Service Institution*, “an active army of 135,000” (posted in Herat, Kandahar, Kabul, Balkh, &c.) “will be required for the defence of her scientific frontier . . .” and “a large portion of the Indian garrison” (which is to consist nominally of 100,000 men) “would naturally be stationed in the Indus camps and in Pishin, and the flower of the armies of the native princes would be actively employed out of India.”

We agree with him that Russia is weak in Central Asia and that her difficulties in attempting to invade India would be enormous. So also did Lord Lytton, whose argument, drawn from Lord Lawrence’s own words, was that, when her weakness pressed her forward in order to shorten the line of her communications, she would have no difficulty in offering a bribe in the plains of India to all Afghans and other tribes such as we have not to offer them in Central Asia.

There is however another side of the question, and we do not know that it is anywhere better or more graphically put than it is in Colonel Durand’s volume on the ‘Making of a Frontier.’ Kashmir, be it remembered, is behind the Indus.

‘No man in his senses ever believed that a Russian *army* would cross the Pamirs and attack India by the passes of Huntza and Chitral, but we could not overlook the fact that in 1885, when war hung in the balance, some thousands of her troops were moved down towards the Pamirs. What was this for? Hardly for change of air, or to shoot big

game, as the British public were asked to believe later, when similar moves were made. The object was to get a footing on the south side of the Hindu Kush, and to paralyse numbers of our troops who would have to be kept in observation of possible Russian lines of advance. Further, I have no hesitation in saying, and I know every inch of the country, and every important man in it, that at the time of which I am now writing, had war broken out between us, there was absolutely nothing to prevent a Russian officer, with a thousand Cossacks, from reaching Astoz in ten days after crossing the passes of the Hindu Kush, and from watering his horses in the Woolar Lake four days later. The Kashmir troops, usually kept on the frontier, would have gone like chaff before the wind, and there would have been no local opposition; far from it, an invader promising the loot of Kashmir would have been welcomed; we should have been treated in India to a bolt from the blue.

‘Let people consider for a moment what a born leader like Skobelev would have made of a chance like this, and they will, I think, agree that, expensive as the Gilgit game may have been, it was worth the candle.

‘The alarmist within the country is a worse enemy than the foe at the gates.’

That, it is to be observed, is written by a man who distinctly appreciates the value of the policy of saving every possible man that can be spared from the defence of India, who realises the danger from the ‘alarmist within the ‘gates,’ and therefore on close investigation found this step necessary—‘this step’ being the most distant extension yet given to our frontier. It is necessary, however, to let the whole effect of Colonel Durand’s experiences along that frontier, the cruel oppression exercised by the local chiefs and by our own feudatory of Kashmir, soak into the mind in order to realise how important a bearing this has upon the whole question of ‘Forwards or Backwards’ as it stands to-day. We may throw back vain regrets. We cannot alter the fact that we have been pushed on by a force other than ourselves or our own wishes.

Are we to leave unredressed a condition of things under which

‘The last few marches showed miles of terraced land out of cultivation, the result of the incursions of the murderous Chilis who raided from the Indus Valley. In a country where every foot of cultivation has to be won with heavy toil from Nature, nothing appeals so much to your heart as the sight of deserted land and ruined homesteads, while the people reserved for their Kashmir rulers the hatred, fear, and contempt begotten of oppression’?

Is it safe to leave the great frontier State behind the Indus to be protected by a Durbar which

'was quite ignorant of the fact that the army was without the very rudiments of organisation, that it was merely an unwieldy agglomeration of units, and that its leaders, men for the most part of good family and of fighting instincts, were one and all as innocent as the babe unborn of the art of war'?

'Forty men of the original band of labourers working behind the army were said to have died, the remainder were being slowly worked to death, and were then being taken to Bunfi to bring up grain to Gilgit for the troops. One poor wretch had a hole in his back where his load had worn away the flesh. The whole thing was sickening. War is bad enough at any time, but mismanaged war is "hell."'

'The senior officers never visited their men. Not once were the troops under arms during my stay, and I do not think they had ever been properly fallen in since they had left Kashmir.' (P. 38.)

'A Kashmir officer thoughtfully remarked: "The boat is very dangerous; we will not go in it ourselves, but send the coolies and guard."' (P. 20.)

'Some of the officers were keen, but speculation and corruption were rampant; the honest men, if they existed, had no chance, and the condition of the force was deplorable.' (P. 39.)

'The Durbar was robbed by every official from the highest to the lowest; granaries that should have been full of good grain were empty, or full of rubbish substituted for consideration; bribery and corruption ruled the land, disloyalty and treachery were in its high places.' (P. 39.)

Or is it better that, at some risk and cost, we should secure these two results? First, this:—

'The Durbar made nothing by the transaction when coolies were impressed; it was duly charged for their hire, but the money sticks in the hands of those drawing it. A new era has now opened, owing to the revenue settlement carried out by my friend, Mr. Walter Lawrence, a distinguished member of the Indian Civil Service, whose services were lent to the Durbar for this purpose by Government. The villagers are no longer liable to be dragged out for forced labour if they do not satisfy the extortionate demands of tax collectors and plundering officials.'

And, secondly, this:—

'The changes five years had wrought were great; the Kashmir troops on the frontier, instead of an ill-paid, undisciplined, and ill-armed rabble, were an efficient body of troops regularly paid and well fed, who had given their proofs in severe fighting; good roads existed in the place of tracks torturing alike to baggage animals and laden men using them, and the rivers were bridged; extensive irrigation schemes, which were to prove of inestimable value to the people, were in hand; the authority of the Kashmir Government was firmly established on its frontier, and the influence of the British Government was paramount in the tract of country immediately south of the Hindu Kush.' (Colonel Durand's 'Making of a Frontier,' pp. 290, 291.)

We wish we could afford more space for extracts from this deeply interesting volume, but enough has been said to bring out the point we want to make. Not the fullest agreement with the military advantages of the Indus frontier alters our conviction that, apart altogether from the question which Colonel Hanna so earnestly raises, whether the dread of abandoning a position once taken up would be such a loss to our prestige as it is often assumed that it would necessarily be, there seems to us another much more decisive one. We may agree with him in thinking that the whole frontier defence now created is scarcely worth an anna on the salt-tax, but the costly railways to Quetta have been made, and two of them are in working order. Earthquakes no doubt, as he urges, overtake them. We must meet them as best we can; but no government will venture to restore Beluchistan or Chitral or the army of Kashmir to the condition it was a few years ago.

Now not in detail, but in principle, this view of the question underlay much of Lord Lytton's policy. One at least of the strongest reasons why Sher Ali would allow no British officers to reside in Afghanistan was that he knew how different his ways were from our ways, as he had experienced in the case of Lord Northbrook's protest against the treatment of his son. The Russians would have been much less thin-skinned. A picture of the kind of morals and manners with which our officers have to become familiar on the frontier, though it does not directly apply to Afghanistan, is so significant of the whole border region and of Kabul itself that we must borrow this final extract from Colonel Durand:—

‘On the frontier you must deal with men as you find them: halt my most intimate friends were murderers, and the standard to judge them by is not ours.’ (P. 55.)

‘The Mehtar was steeped to the lips in treachery, his hands were crimson with the blood of his nearest relations; two out of his three brothers he had murdered; the third was in exile in Kabul. His Kushwakt cousins had equal cause to rue his name.’ (P. 75.)

‘At the same time he had many good points. He was deeply religious according to his lights, yet he was no bigot.’ (P. 76.)

‘We parted after an exchange of many civil speeches, and promises of eternal friendship, with genuine regret on my side, for I had got to like the old man very much, and to admire his strength of character and undoubted powers.’ (P. 94.)

Now it is only fair to realise that when Lord Lytton assumes perpetually that the territory between us and

Russia must ultimately belong to one or other of us, he means not that he is greedy for extended territory, but that this kind of rule cannot last. He is continually harping on the fact, but is in no hurry to realise it.

One very remarkable result occurred as the consequence of the great Durbar for proclaiming the Queen as Empress of India. The Khan of Khelat was so impressed by the magnificence of the empire as he saw it there displayed, that he asked to be admitted as a feudatory. Clearly as regards the possibility of Colonel Hanna's 'Backwards' policy that is an important element. To abandon a declared feudatory of the empire would obviously be a very different thing from retiring from certain stations in the hills. As an illustration of the effect likely to be produced on Eastern minds by that gorgeous magnificence and display of power, together with the ocular evidence of the unity of the empire, the prayer of the Khan is significant. On the whole, we think that the fact that the ceremonial, admirably carried out as it was from a spectacular point of view, was something much more than a mere piece of theatricalism is conclusive. 'Appearance' is still, as Goethe declared it to be, 'one of the kings of the world.' 'You call these toys,' said Napoleon when he was distributing his new-fangled ribbons, decorations, and honours. 'Well, you govern men with toys.' The ruler who does not appreciate the value of appearances does not know much of mankind. We are not keenly anxious to follow through the detail of the conferences which led gradually up to the Afghan war. They have lost their interest now, except in so far as they exhibit the minds of Lord Lytton and the Amir. It seems to us clear that the Amir throughout was actuated by several feelings: fear of the overt readiness of Russia to act whilst we talked; confidence that whilst, if we appeared in the kingdom, we should never be content to stand by and tranquilly watch the iniquities of his rule, Russia would not trouble him about such matters; the genuine hatred towards us of a former friend who thought he had been betrayed in the Seistan award, and by Lord Northbrook's protest against his iniquitous treatment of his son. Given that it was important for us to maintain our own influence at Kabul to the exclusion of that of Russia, and that it was worth the cost of a war, and the whole sequence follows inevitably without any other explanation whatever being required. The two views were diametrically opposed and there could be only one result. Colonel Hanna's first volume on the Afghan war

was brought out before he can have had the opportunity of studying Lord Lytton's papers in full. He very justly complains of the difficulties entailed upon historians who wish to arrive at truth by the partial publication of official documents. On the whole, now he has a fair collection from both sides with which to deal. We hope that when he brings out his second volume, he will do more justice than he has hitherto done to some of the finer qualities of those who do not agree with him, and that perhaps he may even join us in congratulating Lady Betty Balfour on the way she has accomplished her task of love.

There is one feature of Lord Lytton's administration of India to which we have not alluded because it lay outside the great question of frontier policy which we have here discussed. It is only just that we should give due recognition to the ability and success with which Lord Lytton dealt with the problem of Indian famine.

ART. XII.—*The War in South Africa.*

IT is abundantly clear that the nation is engaged in a far more formidable war than three months ago was contemplated either by the people or the Government. The causes that produced it, or rendered it inevitable, it will be for history to investigate. The results which will flow from it lie concealed in the future. At the present time men's thoughts are concentrated upon the war itself, the preparations made for it, and its actual conduct in the field. Of the last, however, it is still impossible to write with adequate knowledge. The military authorities have wisely forbidden all publication of news or facts which may be useful to the enemy, and, moreover, till military critics are in possession of the information upon which our commanders have acted, their opinions are certain to be greatly at fault.

As regards British preparedness for war, however, and the results of the earlier military operations in South Africa, it is highly desirable that men should carefully and calmly inquire into what has actually been done, should recognise the difficulties to be overcome, and should endeavour to reform what is amiss. That we are at war with the South African Republic and the Orange Free State is of course not due to the War Office. Their business has been to organise the military strength of the nation with the means placed at their disposal, and to render to the Government a strict account of British readiness to take the field. It has been the duty of successive Governments and Parliaments to decide upon the scale of our armaments on land and sea, and the duty of the military and naval departments to give us the very best army and navy procurable, to carry out the general objects these Governments have had in view.

Four years ago, in discussing the Order in Council of November 21, 1895, we expressed the opinion that the new system of army administration therein laid down was not without defects. The responsibilities of the different heads of departments appeared to us ill-defined, and the paragraphs assigning them contradictory; too much was laid on the shoulders of the Commander-in-Chief, and too little importance attached to the duties and composition of the Headquarters Staff. Schemes of offensive and defensive operations were indeed referred to, but, as no means of framing and maintaining them was provided, preparation for war must necessarily be incomplete. We pointed out, also, that although there had

hitherto been no continuity in our military policy, and successive Ministries had consistently shrunk from deciding 'for what purpose the British Army is maintained, or to what ends its organisation should be directed,' the interests of the empire demanded that a strong expeditionary force should be ready to move to any point of our possessions at the shortest notice. At the same time, however, we entertained no fear for the immediate future. The redeeming feature of the new system, in our opinion, was the recognition of the great principle that for the proper security of the Empire the Commander-in-Chief must be the ablest and most experienced soldier in the service. Although reluctant to admit that personal characteristics are of more importance than the perfection of the machine, we were nevertheless so supremely confident in Lord Wolseley's capacity that, notwithstanding the shortcomings of the Order in Council, we ventured to predict that the army would soon reach a far higher standard of efficiency than it had hitherto attained. Nevertheless, we were fully alive to the difficulties in the way.

'Despite the support he may count on receiving from the Government and the country, it will be years before Lord Wolseley's work is done. The new system will not be established without much thought and toil, nor brought into order without conflict. The evils which characterised the administration of the War Office are rampant throughout the army. Over-centralisation, disregard of the chain of responsibility, the crushing of all initiative, the apotheosis of "red-tape," are matters of complaint and scorn in every mess-room. These ills must be swept away with a strong hand, for the opposition will be powerful. Reform will be opposed—silently perhaps, but none the less obstinately—"by men who have been trained in the best traditions, who are honestly incapable of imagining any other, whose interests are bound up with the existing chaos, and to whom a system which is a matter of course on the Continent and in every big undertaking at home seems to spell revolution and ruin." . . . Moreover, not only does the old order give place to new, but it is Lord Wolseley's duty to establish the new order on a firm basis, and to impress the principles of sound administration so deeply on every branch of the service that the recrudescence of the former evils shall be impossible. But if his task is heavy, his opportunity is great. . . . Can he give us an army of permanent efficiency, capable of fulfilling all our needs, and held by other nations in the same respect as they hold the British Navy?' *

We must confess that in writing these words the thought never crossed our mind that two small republics, far away

* *Edinburgh Review*, January 1896.

in the interior of Africa, would soon justify, and more than justify, the plea for such an army and more thorough preparation. We may congratulate ourselves, perhaps, that the emergency has not been greater. Nevertheless, the fabric of the empire has not been so seriously threatened since the Indian Mutiny, and the new system of military administration has been subjected to a test as severe as it was unexpected. It will be well to explain the difference between the new system and the old, and to describe the condition of the army when Lord Wolseley succeeded the Duke of Cambridge.

In the Crimean campaign it was demonstrated beyond all doubt that a long-service army was absolutely unsuited to the needs of the Empire. Even when war was raging and British enthusiasm was at its hottest it was impossible to obtain recruits, even by enlisting foreigners, either in sufficient numbers or of adequate physique. In peace matters were far worse. Battalions of infantry dwindled to a few hundred men, many of them too old for the hardships of a campaign; cavalry regiments were reduced to the strength of a strong squadron; the artillery, in default of gunners, was dangerously weak in guns; the transport and supply service was practically non-existent; and, except the Militia, which could not be sent abroad unless the battalions volunteered, there was absolutely no Reserve. Moreover, the administration of the army was utterly rotten. The regiments which, by means of huge bounties, had been brought up to strength before Sebastopol were fortunately still full when the Sepoys turned against us. Yet it was with the utmost difficulty that reinforcements were at last despatched to the seat of war. For the next twelve years the army drifted from bad to worse. The want of men became more crying every day; and there was no perceptible improvement in the methods of administration. In 1870, however, the astonishing success of Prussia brought into startling prominence the value of a large Reserve, and proved that an army of young soldiers, under first-rate officers, might be made a most effective instrument of war. This, combined with the impossibility of maintaining a long-service army at the necessary strength, led to the introduction of short service. While Lord Cardwell was at the War Office, a Bill was passed which limited the soldier's stay with the colours to six years, but retained him for the same period in the Army Reserve. Three years before, in 1867, another Reserve had been established,

composed of Militiamen, who, in return for a slightly increased bounty, volunteered to serve with the line in case of war.

The new law had the best effect upon recruiting; and during the ten years which followed, the time of the Afghan and Zulu wars, there was no lack of numbers. Still, the army was in a transition state. The Reserve did not take shape till 1878, when the first batch of short-service soldiers left the colours, and even as late as 1882 the ranks were largely filled with immature and half-trained boys. In the Egyptian campaign of that year the Army Reserve was called out for the first time for active service. The experiment was entirely satisfactory, and the short-service system was now firmly established as the basis of our military strength. Of the adjuncts of the system, such as the territorial organisation of the infantry, the depôts, the method of providing the Indian and colonial drafts, the different terms of service in the Guards, it is unnecessary to speak. All that need be said is that when Lord Wolseley took over command from H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge in 1896 he found, over and above the men actually with the colours, a Reserve of 100,000 soldiers, including 30,000 Militiamen. Such a Reserve, had it existed in 1854, would have enabled us to land in the Crimea an army as large as the whole of the allied contingents, French, Turkish, and British together, and to maintain it at full strength until Sebastopol fell. Such a Reserve would have made short work of the mutinous Sepoys. Furthermore, the system of administration had sensibly improved. After many experiments, the auxiliary services—the Army Service Corps, the Ordnance, and the Medical departments—had been placed on a sound footing. The Intelligence branch of the Headquarters Staff, controlled by a succession of able chiefs, had become yearly more efficient. The complicated process of mobilisation had received due attention. The uniform had been made more serviceable. The armament and equipment were at least abreast of those of Continental Powers, and the troops in every single respect far better prepared for war than at any other period in our history.

It still, however, remained to be determined whether the short-service system was equal to the strain of a serious war; and notwithstanding the undoubted gallantry displayed by our young soldiers in Egypt and Tirah, there were many who predicted failure against more formidable foes. The constitution of our home battalions has been the target of

incessant criticism. As feeders of the sister battalions in India and the Colonies, not only are they continually depleted of their best men, but in case of war beyond the seas the young soldiers under twenty years of age are left at home, and the ranks are filled from the Reserve. Under these conditions, it has been vehemently asserted, real efficiency is impossible. In peace, it is said, the training of the rank and file is beset with difficulties; the officers take no interest in their men, and the men lack *esprit de corps*. In war, a unit more than half composed of men recalled from civil life, who must necessarily, to a certain extent, have lost the habits of discipline and forgotten the use of arms, cannot be considered as wholly trustworthy. Corroboration is sought in instances of misbehaviour, although not under fire, on the part of the Reserves called out in 1882; and there can be no question but that among regimental officers the task of training successive drafts has been generally regarded as irksome and unsatisfactory. The method, too, of providing the horses and mules required for a campaign has been denounced. Roughly speaking, the necessary proportion between men and animals in war is about two and a half to one. A much smaller proportion, however, is sufficient in peace, and a reserve of 14,500 registered horses was constituted in 1888. None of these are required for the cavalry, to whom well-broken and drilled chargers are a prime necessity, but it has been alleged that the system would detract from the manœuvring power of the field artillery.

Again, numbers, armament, training, and equipment do not of themselves make an effective army. Much more is required before it becomes a mobile force, and in the case of the British Army much more than by any other, except, perhaps, the Russian. In Germany and France, for instance, mobility is comparatively easy of attainment. So limited is the scope of their campaigns that only one set of conditions need be contemplated. Wherever they may be engaged they will meet the same climate, the same tactics, the same facilities of supply, the same facilities for marching, the same topographical characteristics. Readiness for war is there a fairly simple and inexpensive matter, for everything, down to the last gaiter-button, can be prepared beforehand. With England it is vastly different. It is as useless to anticipate in what quarter of the globe our troops may be next employed as to guess at the tactics, the armament, and even the colour, white, yellow, black, or brown, of our next enemy. Each new expedition demands special equipment,

special methods of supply, and special tactical devices, and sometimes special armament. The stores required by one expedition may be absolutely useless for the next. The transport may be camel, wheeled vehicles, oxen, coolie, pack-animals, railway, or river-steamers. Perhaps only mountain batteries may be of use. All scouting may have to be done by infantry on foot. Thick clothing and tents may be indispensable. Nor is it possible, as a general rule, to predict the strength of the expedition. It is impracticable, then, to keep in store the whole of the equipment necessary to make the army immediately effective for service at any particular point on our enormous frontier. Except for the defence of the United Kingdom and of India, much remains to be provided when the Cabinet declares that war is imminent. Thus the greater part of those preparations which, in the case of Continental Powers, are the work of years of peace, are crowded into a few weeks of bustle and excitement. Continental armies, moreover, have the means of concentration on the frontier ready at their hand. A few hours' notice and the whole railway system of the country is placed at their disposal. But the transport of the British Army is dispersed over the seven seas; and the vessels have not only to be collected, but to be overhauled, refitted, and coaled, before embarkation can begin. Again, the base of a Continental army—that is, its own country, from which it draws its stores and reinforcements of men, guns, and horses—is always close to the theatre of war. The magazines, sheltered in great fortresses, are already in existence. The reserves of ammunition, of clothing, armament, equipment, and even food, stand where they are; there is no need to shift them. A British army, on the other hand, has to establish a base on possibly a far distant coast, to construct earthworks for its protection, to improvise store-houses, and to carry its reserves of material over thousands of miles of ocean.

It is evident, then, that a long period must elapse before an English expeditionary force becomes really mobile. It is true that, as a general rule, the loss of time is not of supreme importance. Our enemies are seldom so formidable that the troops already on the spot cannot be trusted to hold their own until the arrival of reinforcements, and the delay of a day or two is not so likely to be disastrous as it would be to France or Germany. Yet for all that, if dangerous and humiliating situations are to be avoided, it is essential that our mobilisation should be speedy. As we have already

said, the provision of equipment and transport must to a considerable extent be left to the last moment. Yet preparation is not necessarily precluded. Time may be economised, and time in war is a most precious commodity. In many respects all great emergencies are alike. Men, horses, food, forage, and ammunition will certainly be required, and it is of the first importance they should be assembled in sufficient quantity at the shortest notice. If the equipment is not ready for the men, the men can be ready for the equipment. If the ships cannot be collected as soon as the army is equipped, the army need lose no time in embarking. Nor is the money wasted, even if hostilities are averted, which provides sufficient land transport, suitable to the peculiar character of the theatre of war, at the first prospect of an appeal to arms. But time cannot be economised, nor the wheels run smoothly, except at the cost of infinite labour, the most searching forethought, and the most minute arrangements. Unless there is supervision, a thorough familiarity with individual responsibilities, complete decentralisation, and much experience, even in the best-disciplined armies friction and confusion are absolutely certain to ensue. A glance at the regulations for mobilisation and embarkation would probably astonish those civilians who, accustomed to the conduct of large undertakings, consider the despatch of an army corps to South Africa a comparatively simple operation; and if proof were needed how easily it might be mismanaged, even in a pre-eminently business-like community, it is to be found in the story of the invasion of Cuba, told by no prejudiced critics, but by American officers and the American press.

The main features of General Shafter's expedition were as follows:—On May 30, the day the order was issued for the capture of Santiago, thirty-six transport vessels had been collected for nearly a month at Tampa and other southern ports. But it was not until June 8, although only 17,000 men and 2,300 animals were embarked, that the fleet was ready to sail. Yet invasion had been contemplated since the end of April. Both men and animals had been assembled for several weeks. The facilities for rapid embarkation were great. Ample time had been available for the accumulation of stores, and a great part of the more bulky articles had already been put on board. But this was not the worst. The general arrangements were so defective that the whole of the cavalry horses had to be left behind. The accommodation for the troops was insufficient. Sanitary

considerations were totally disregarded. On some of the transports the water supply was inadequate; on many others the rations were uneatable. Regiments were not told off to particular vessels, but marched on to those which happened to be handiest. The gun-carriages of the siege-train were lost in the confusion, and the different units were separated from their stores, horses, and baggage. Moreover, not only was the amount of stores insufficient, so that during the greater part of the campaign, which lasted for five-and-twenty days, the troops were on half-rations and deprived of proper medical assistance, but the transports had been so carelessly loaded that neither tents, baggage, camp kettles, extra clothing or hospital comforts arrived at the front until some days after the surrender; while the heavy guns of the siege-train, reposing at the bottom of the hold, under tons of material, were never disembarked at all. It is little wonder that the army was almost annihilated by exposure and disease.

In England, on the other hand, the Reserves were called out on October 7. On October 14 they reported themselves at the depôts. On October 16 they rejoined the colours. On October 20 the first transport was ready to receive her freight. The same evening she sailed. As fast as the remainder could be fitted and coaled the stores and troops, at the rate of 3,500 men *per diem*, were put on board; and by November 17, 48,500 men, 132 field-pieces, 47 machine-guns, 942 vehicles, and 4,644 animals had started on their voyage of 7,000 miles. The Indian authorities, less heavily taxed, were even more expeditious. A contingent was asked for, on September 9. By the 25th 5,600 men, 18 guns, 2,950 animals, 330 vehicles, and 1,070 camp followers had been embarked. On October 10 the advanced guard landed at Durban, 3,400 miles from Bombay.

Even those who ridiculed Lord Wolseley's statement that two army corps could be made ready for service before the transports were ready to receive them must now be convinced that he said no more than the bare truth. The brigades and divisions sailed for Table Bay complete in men, regimental in transport and in equipment. Not a battalion-cart nor an ambulance was wanting. The strength of every unit was identical. Each squadron of cavalry was composed of 150 rank and file; each company of infantry counted 102 rifles, each battery of artillery 150 gunners and drivers; and there were no horses under five years old. Not a single volunteer, except a subaltern or two, had

been drafted from another corps. Every man under arms belonged to the territorial regiment. The reservists found themselves among their former comrades, under officers who were no strangers, and under the colours they had learned to look upon with a pride which no absence can diminish. They came not grudgingly, but more than willingly. The idea that the old regiment should go to the front without them was not to be endured. The strength of the martial spirit which pervades the whole army was never more strikingly displayed. Men who were called up, but for whom no room could be found, betrayed the bitterest disappointment, and scores of deserters, leaving profitable employment, faced the inevitable court-martial, in the hope that they too might be allowed to march against the enemy. That the same temper would have been manifest had the battalions, as in former campaigns, been made up of volunteers, or if the reservists had been sent to any other than the territorial unit, we are more than doubtful; nor is it to be overlooked that the generous interest of both cities and counties in their own regiments has done much to stimulate the priceless quality of *esprit de corps*.

It would appear, then, that the mobilisation branch of the Headquarters Staff, which owes so much to its original organiser, General Sir Henry Brackenbury, has acquitted itself well. The general public has been little aware of the great progress that has been made. Some critics at home have branded our home army as a force on paper. The baselessness of *this* criticism has now been demonstrated; and it may be of interest to know that the system which has enabled us to send so quickly a powerful army to South Africa was created with a view to a mobilisation for the defence of the United Kingdom. While it is a matter of congratulation, therefore, that the regulations should be so elastic as to provide for the prompt despatch of a considerable force to a distant colony, it is still more gratifying to realise that if England were threatened with invasion our home army could be concentrated, completely equipped, on the sixth day after the Reserves received notice to rejoin the colours.

It may be said, however, that, so far as preparation is concerned, the defence of the Empire has, to some extent, been sacrificed to the defence of the United Kingdom. The conveyance of the troops in some respects has been admirably conducted. It is a dual concern, in which the Director of Naval Transport, assisted by military advisers, is the pre-

dominant partner, and military and maritime requirements are not always easy of adjustment. But, so far as we can judge, the operation has been successfully conducted. The vessels employed have not, indeed, put the ocean behind them at the same rate as the Atlantic greyhounds, and it has been hinted that this is due to a false economy. If so, the authorities will merit and receive sharp censure, but it must be remembered that many erroneous ideas prevail regarding the duration of ocean voyages, and in so vast an operation, so suddenly undertaken, mistakes were bound to occur.

It would have certainly been judicious, as events turned out, to have despatched the cavalry division ahead of the infantry, especially as the cavalry horses after a long voyage require at least ten days on shore before they are fit for service. It is to be remembered, however, that cavalry transports take much longer to prepare. Some complaint, too, has been made as to the quality of the provisions supplied for the voyage, and in one instance at least the Admiralty appears to have been imposed upon by the purveyors of the product which the American soldier has immortalised under the name of 'embalmed beef.' Yet the troops, so far as we can gather, have not been subjected to more than trifling inconvenience. Furthermore, the disembarkation of both men and stores appears to have proceeded with the same promptitude and precision as the embarkation. Battalion after battalion, battery after battery, has been pushed to the front with a rapidity which has been the constant wonder of spectators in Cape Colony and Natal. And that the necessary equipment was forthcoming, seems proved by the fact that large units have made long journeys, marched against the enemy, fought with him, and followed him, within a few days after landing. The Brigade of Guards, for instance, disembarked at Cape Town on November 11 and 12. On November 20 they bivouacked at Orange River, 450 miles north. On November 28 they marched to Belmont. On December 3, after three stubbornly contested engagements, entailing in the aggregate considerable losses and a large expenditure of cartridges, they halted on the Modder River, fifty-three miles north of the advanced depot at Orange River, and within signalling distance of Kimberley; and at no time during the operations do they appear to have suffered from any scarcity either of provisions, ammunition, or medical supplies.

If we were to put it more emphatically, within six weeks

of the day the Reserves reached London the brigade was storming a position 7,500 miles distant from Chelsea Barracks. Even German critics might be impressed. But the German critic still labours under a constitutional inability to comprehend the conditions of sea-transport. To mobilise in three days, to step into a railway carriage, and to step out in a few hours within sight of the enemy's out-posts, appears to be the ideal of the scientific soldier, and for operations which fall short of that ideal he has nothing but contempt. Nor is he solitary in his obtuseness.

'In the year 1807 the greatest of English commanders was engaged on an expedition the most daring that had ever been undertaken by an English Cabinet. In the result that enterprise, unfettered by any nice regard for punctilio, secured and brought back the largest capture ever drawn into English harbours. The work was accomplished within a time so short that the conqueror of the Continent, in the zenith of his power, was staggered by the vigour and rapidity of the stroke. But in England the "delay" and "sloth" which attended the military movements were so severely commented on during the course of the contest that the criticism drew from Sir Arthur Wellesley these words: 'I don't doubt their impatience in England; but I don't think they ever form in England an accurate estimate of the difficulties attending ANY military enterprise which they undertake.'

It would have been surprising if the Egyptian expedition had escaped the fate thus foretold, which has attended with unbroken regularity every expedition which has left England from 1807 to this day.*

So wrote General Maurice with reference to the Copenhagen and Egyptian campaigns, and there are still many well-educated people who cannot understand that the unloading of great merchant-steamers, the disembarkation of guns, vehicles, animals, and of heavy ammunition and bulky stores, must needs be a work of time; that the animals cannot be fit for work until they have had several days' rest; and that the entraining, transport, and disentraining of the whole mass, especially if the railway line be only single, is still more tedious. The first ships reached South Africa on November 10. Ladysmith and Kimberley, distant respectively 190 and 520 miles from the sea, were closely besieged, and in a little less than a month afterwards powerful armies from England had established themselves within signalling distance of each.

* 'Military History of the Campaign of 1882 in Egypt,' by Major-General J. F. Maurice, C.B., p. 52.

Notwithstanding the familiarity of the English army with the conditions of sea-transport, we are strongly of opinion that a very few years ago the conveyance of an army corps to South Africa could not have been carried out with anything approaching the same smoothness and expedition, nor would the troops have formed so effective a force when they disembarked. The Egyptian expeditions of 1882, 1884, and 1885 had proved that a fairly strong force could be transported to a foreign shore without much difficulty or delay. But this had not been done, although the numbers employed were by no means large, without dislocating the whole army; and it was notorious that even the army which won Tel-el-Kebir was by no means completely equipped or properly effective. The battalions were considerably under strength. The squadrons were weak, and to a great extent were made up of drafts from different regiments. So many horses were transferred that the cavalry at home was practically dismounted. The transport was quite insufficient for protracted operations, the regimental drivers were only half-trained, and the cargoes of the ships were badly loaded. After 1885, however, matters materially improved: 1888 saw the formation of a special branch of the Headquarters Staff occupied entirely with mobilisation. The lessons of the Egyptian campaign had not been lost, and copious regulations provided, as far as regulations can provide, against the recurrence of the same mistakes.

The Reserve in the meantime had attained respectable dimensions. So when Lord Wolseley took office he found that, thanks in great part to his own persistency, the country was in possession of a large force capable of rapid expansion; that the arrangements for mobilisation were far advanced; and that the armament and equipment, except so far as regards a reserve of stores, were all that could be desired. Nevertheless, despite all that had been done, the army was very far from being thoroughly effective. In many respects its organisation was defective, and organisation has a very strong bearing on fighting power. In the first place, the growth of the Empire had necessitated an increase in the colonial garrisons. The number of battalions, however, remained stationary, and the home army had been dangerously reduced. In the second place, the system of furnishing drafts and providing for the training of the recruits had been thrown out of gear. It had been apparently considered that the increase of the colonial establishment was merely temporary, that matters would

soon right themselves, and that the balance between the home and foreign battalions would soon be restored. Several regiments had both battalions abroad, and the regimental dépôts had to be called upon both to furnish the annual drafts and to train the recruits. This might appear a minor evil. But the dépôt system is not only expensive, but bad; and, besides, the dépôt troops, even if formed into provisional battalions, would be of little value for the defence of the United Kingdom. In the third place, the infantry battalions were so weak that if brought up to war strength, two-thirds of their men would be recruits. The cavalry regiments were so weak that, in case of hostilities, the same makeshifts would have to be resorted to as in 1882. It was with great difficulty that the Guards could furnish a brigade for active service. The artillery, in proportion to the artillery of other armies, had too few guns and too few gunners. The Army Service Corps was much too small. The forces in both West and East Africa were utterly insufficient to protect our frontiers, and, so far as foreign expeditions were concerned, the Government had apparently adopted the motto of the French in 1870, 'on se débrouillera.' Twenty thousand men, together with a cavalry brigade, was the extent of the numbers they proposed to employ, except as reinforcements, beyond the seas.

So serious was the situation that many jumped to the conclusion that the system established by Lord Cardwell had broken down, that to attempt to reform it would be merely tinkering, and that a new system should at once be established. That the system was overstrained there was not the slightest doubt. But the fault lay first in the reluctance of the Government to define 'the purpose for which the army was maintained, and to what ends its organisation should be directed'; second, in those who regarded the system as automatic, who failed to recognise that if the machine were asked to do extra work that extra power must be supplied; third, in the disregard of the importance of tactical organisation; fourth, in the inability of the recruiting market to supply recruits who should be at least nineteen years of age, a cardinal point of Lord Cardwell's scheme; and, last, in the resistance of the Treasury—that is, the Government—to increased demands upon the public purse. The Government were probably quite right in limiting the force to be employed upon foreign expeditions to 20,000 men and seven bat-

teries. The tactical efficiency of a larger force would have been a very doubtful quantity. Men and rifles would have been superabundant; but the infantry battalions would have been largely composed of recruits; the cavalry would have consisted of 'elegant extracts' from all regiments in the service; the batteries of artillery would have been worse off than the infantry; and the Army Service Corps could not have supplied the needs of more than the two divisions. Furthermore, on service each arm is dependent upon the others. Close and constant co-operation is essential to success; and in order that such co-operation may be a matter of course, not only must each arm bear a certain proportion, fixed by the experience of many wars, to the remainder, but each must be capable of rendering the assistance which the others demand. If the cavalry is too weak to scout, the infantry and artillery, however efficient in themselves, will be reduced to immobility. If the guns are too few, the infantry can only win victories at a terrible cost. Again, even if the cavalry is numerous and the individuals well trained, it cannot carry out its duties unless both men and horses are accustomed to work together. And it is the same with the other arms. A battery or battalion in which the greater part of the men, seasoned soldiers as they may be, are strangers to their officers and each other, has the same defects as a scratch football team. The habit of 'playing together' is as powerful a factor in war as in sport, and in a contingent of 12,000 men mobilised in 1896 this habit would most certainly have been lacking.

Lord Wolseley's first step, then, was to organise the army. A definite pronouncement was obtained from the Government that at least two army corps and a cavalry division might be despatched in case of need from the United Kingdom. A standard was thus supplied which all the administrative branches could work up to, and the incubus of uncertainty was at once removed. Provision was made by raising new battalions, including two in the Guards, for increasing the colonial garrisons without depleting the army at home. Our Imperial needs were thus fulfilled; the military forces were made adequate either for attack or defence, and at the same time their tactical efficiency, both as units and in co-operation, was restored. Eighty privates were added to each line battalion. An increase to the artillery was proposed which would give five guns to every thousand bayonets. The cavalry was re-constituted in regiments of three strong squadrons, always at war strength. The effect,

however, of this determined effort to evolve order out of chaos is not yet fully apparent. That the measures are excellent in themselves is self-evident. But, in the first place, they want time; for instance, the Treasury insisted that the increase of fifteen batteries, urgent as was the need, should be spread over three years; and in the second, much depends on whether we can attract sufficient recruits of the right quality. On this question, however, we shall speak again; for the present we are only concerned with the reforms of the past four years of office. The means has been provided for vigorous action across the seas without leaving the United Kingdom insecure or depleting the garrisons of India.

When war was declared 52,000 men, in addition to the 25,000 already in Natal, were at once embarked; and, shortly afterwards, in consequence of the unfavourable turn of events, the force was rapidly increased by two entire divisions, three battalions, a battery, and large colonial contingents. Since then the force has been still further augmented, and on the day this article is published we shall have approximately 140,000 men in South Africa, and every one of them is wanted. So far, so good. The first aim of the strategist should be to concentrate superior forces, as superior as lies within his power, on the theatre of war, for such concentration is the surest and least expensive method, both in life and money, of bringing the war to a successful conclusion. As we have already said, however, between the mobilisation of the army and its concentration on the enemy's frontiers there must be a certain lapse of time, long or short in proportion to the distance the troops have to be conveyed; and this lapse of time, in case the enemy concentrates the sooner and takes the initiative, may be a very dangerous period. To those who had to do with the preparations for the South African campaign, it must have been evident that this period would be prolonged for several weeks; and, moreover, it was perfectly well known that boasters amongst the Boers had declared their intention, in case of hostilities, of overrunning Natal and 'driving the 'leopards into the sea.' Common-sense, then, would dictate the necessity of making the most careful preparation to meet such an emergency; and we may refer for a moment to an incident in the history of a great military nation. Long before 1870 it had been apparent to Prussian statesmen and Prussian soldiers that war with Napoleon was inevitable. The contingency was faced without misgiving. The over-

whelming numbers of admirably trained soldiers which North and South Germany could put in the field permitted no doubt as to the ultimate issue, and the mechanism for their mobilisation and concentration was in perfect order. But the precautions of the General Staff went much further than the organisation and location of the field armies and home garrisons. The French army was studied with a minuteness which detected every weak point and every strong point. The numbers that would be available for field service were calculated to a man and to a gun. The condition of the troops at the outset of a campaign, their readiness for war, their efficiency, their mobility, and, more than this, the probable action of their armies, the plan of campaign, the movements to the frontier, the initial dispositions, were so accurately forecast that the mantle of prophecy appears to have fallen on the shoulders of the General Staff. But they were not content with mere foreknowledge. It was always possible that during the dangerous period which lies between mobilisation and concentration the French, despite their weakness, might win advantages which could hardly fail to embarrass the German operations. That they would actually cross the frontier before the German armies were ready to confront them was considered improbable. Nevertheless, measures for meeting such a contingency were most carefully thought out. The action to be taken by the frontier garrisons, the action to be taken by the field armies, the action to be taken as regards the lines of communication and supply, were laid down in detail, and the positions selected for the supply depôts were sheltered from all possibility of attack. The consequence was that, when the French did threaten invasion, there was neither surprise, confusion, nor mistake. The frontier garrisons fell back as they had been ordered. The railways were dealt with as had been ordered. The line on which the field armies were concentrating was put further to the rear, and the advanced guards of the armies which were already approaching the frontier either retreated or stood fast as the situation demanded. We may apply the lesson to South Africa. At the beginning of the year the garrison of Natal and Cape Colony consisted of $6\frac{1}{2}$ battalions, a regiment of cavalry, and 3 field batteries. When war seemed probable, 4 battalions, 4 regiments of cavalry, and 3 field batteries were ordered from India, 3 battalions from the Mediterranean, 4 battalions and 6 field batteries from home, and half a battalion from

Mauritius. Local contingents under Imperial officers were raised at Kimberley, Mafeking, and Buluwayo; and in addition the colonies supplied some 1,500 volunteers and 3 batteries of small calibre. The frontier garrisons thus attained a total strength of 17,000 infantry, 2,500 cavalry, 60 guns, and 3,500 Volunteers. But, as at least five weeks must elapse before they could expect reinforcements, their distribution was a question of great importance. Was their distribution such as to avoid all risk of reverse and of embarrassing the concentration of the army corps on its arrival from England? When the war broke out, the situation was as follows:—

At Glencoe, near the apex of the Natal triangle, were 5 battalions, a regiment of cavalry, 3 field batteries, and some Volunteers. At Ladysmith, seventy miles south, were large magazines, protected by 3 battalions, 3 regiments of cavalry, 3 batteries, and some Volunteers; and 4 more battalions were expected from Durban.

In Cape Colony, principally at Orange River and Naauwpoort, were 4 battalions, a regiment of cavalry, 3 field batteries, and some Volunteers. In Rhodesia and Bechuanaland, two local contingents, each about 800 strong, were based respectively upon Mafeking and Buluwayo.

If the Boers remained on the defensive, those dispositions would doubtless do as well as any other. The colonists would feel themselves secure; important industries, such as the Dundee coal-pits and the Kimberley diamond-mines, would be protected; the railway junctions would be held; the swarming tribes of natives, as well as disloyal colonials, would be impressed, and the concentration of the invading army corps be carried out without disturbance. But there was the enemy to be reckoned with. His intentions had been made public, and his strength was accurately known. The Intelligence Department, many months before the war, knew everything that was to be known about the numbers, the armament, and the equipment of both the Transvaal and the Free State forces. Would these dispositions prove suitable if 45,000 Boers, accompanied by several field batteries of the newest pattern, were to swoop down upon Natal and at the same time harry the frontiers of Cape Colony? Let us revert for a moment to the location of the garrisons. In Natal there were two detachments; in Cape Colony three; in the northern provinces two. But both Glencoe and Ladysmith were positions difficult of defence, Kimberley was hardly proof against a *coup de main*, and the magazines

in Natal had been established in one of these weak positions. Moreover, nothing had been done to protect the line of railway between Ladysmith and Dundee, with its numerous bridges and single track; and lastly, although the contingents based on Mafeking and Buluwayo might do some good by threatening the enemy in rear, they might prove serious embarrassments if they were driven to seek shelter in their bases. A situation more favourable to a vigorous enemy could hardly have been conceived. On October 12 the Boers invaded Natal in four columns, numbering, all told, about 25,000 men. Their first effort was made against Glencoe. Two columns were employed, which were to join hands on the field of battle. One, however, was behindhand, and on October 20 Sir William Symons, by a brilliant stroke of tactics, fell upon the other and defeated it. The next day another of the invading columns, now completely isolated, was routed by General French at Elandsplaagte; but on October 23 the force at Glencoe, surrounded by high hills, on which the Boers were establishing heavy guns, was compelled to fall back on Ladysmith. The retreat was covered by Sir George White, who on October 24 defeated the fourth Boer column at Reitfontein, but the wounded at Glencoe, together with a large quantity of stores, were abandoned to the enemy. The Natal field force, 12,000 strong, was now, with the exception of two battalions who were holding the railway bridges at Colenso and Estcourt, respectively 15 and 40 miles south, for the first time concentrated. The situation, however, was still precarious. The Boer columns had combined. In addition to their field batteries they had managed to bring up a couple of 40-pounders, pieces of great range and accuracy; and Ladysmith, commanded on three sides by lofty ridges, is nothing more than a shell-trap. Sir George White, in order to prevent the enemy from occupying the most dangerous of these eminences, left camp on the night of October 29, and gave battle the next morning. The enemy, however, was far too strong to be dispossessed. A fierce counterstroke threatened to envelope the right of the attack, and the troops fell back on Ladysmith in some disorder. Fortunately, just as the Boer shells were beginning to play havoc on the line of retreat, four long 12-pounders, brought up from Pietermaritzburg by the Naval Brigade, covered the movement, and, in the very nick of time, silenced the enemy's heavy ordnance. But the whole force had not escaped. A detachment which had been sent out to cover the

left flank, consisting of a mountain battery and ten and a half companies, had been either killed or captured.

On the other side of the theatre of war matters were not much better. Colonel Plumer, in Bechuanaland, had not been troubled; but Baden-Powell was besieged in Mafeking; Kimberley was invested, and the garrisons of Orange River and De Aar Junction were rapidly fortifying themselves in anticipation of attack. At the latter, too, a large amount of supplies and transport animals had been collected.

So November dawned ominously. Five British garrisons were beleaguered in posts which were hardly defensible. So far three victories had been gained in Natal, and the enemy had been twice repulsed at Mafeking. But the former had no further effect than merely staving off defeat, and the enemy's *moral* had been restored by success before Ladysmith. Well might they be elated. But for their tactical inefficiency the game was almost in their own hands. At Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking the siege was pressed. Fortune, however, sided with the defenders, and vigorous sorties, carried out in every case with as much skill as prudence, held the enemy at a most respectful distance. On November 8 the first battalions of the army corps reached Capetown, and the relief of the garrisons appeared close at hand. But in Natal, where the danger was greatest, the vice of the original dispositions made the problem very difficult. 25,000 mounted infantry were besieging Ladysmith. Numerically they were so superior that they could easily detach a large force to destroy the railway to the south. They would thus compel the relieving column to leave the railway many marches south of the beleaguered town, and, if the column were weak, their superior mobility would enable them to sting it to death as it moved slowly northward. This plan was adopted by the Boer leaders. The small garrison at Colenso was forced back to Estcourt, and the Tugela railway bridge, one of the most important on the line, fell into the enemy's hands. The bridge at Frere, seven miles south, met the same fate. But that at Estcourt, over the Mooi River, was saved by the arrival of reinforcements and a brilliant sortie by General Hildyard. Again the Boers had just missed their chance. If their detachment had moved south a few days earlier they might have seized Estcourt; and even if that were impossible, had they been more enterprising, they might have destroyed the railway a few miles north of Pietermaritzburg. But whether it was from fear of the armoured trains—or, more probably, from want of

information of the strength and disposition of the troops coming up from Durban—they made no effort to cut the line south of Frere, nor did they attempt to hold their forward positions. As further reinforcements were pushed up from Durban they gradually fell back on Colenso. With Ladysmith still holding out, 23,000 men assembling for its relief, and the road open as far as Colenso, the horizon was decidedly brighter. In the west, meanwhile, 18,000 men had been landed in Cape Colony. A division of infantry under Lord Methuen, accompanied by three squadrons, some mounted infantry, and a small Naval Brigade, which had concentrated at Orange River, was marching to the relief of Kimberley; and a mixed force of cavalry, infantry, and Volunteers, under Generals French and Gatacre, protected De Aar, Naauwpoort, and the railways from the coast.

These brighter prospects were destroyed by the three serious reverses, which by the middle of December had entirely checked the further advances of General Gatacre, Lord Methuen, and Sir Redvers Buller. And this was not all, for the events of the preceding eight weeks had already produced grave complications. In the second week of December the army corps, which had begun to land during the second week of November, was nearly as much dispersed as the frontier garrisons in the second week of October. All semblance of organisation had well-nigh vanished. Not a single division, infantry or cavalry, was together. Scratch brigades had been hastily constituted, with scratch Staffs, and of varying strength. Divisions had lost their cavalry, their engineers, their ammunition columns, their supply columns, and in one case their batteries. Half the army corps was in Natal and half in Cape Colony; and it was now definitely committed to an advance by two distinct lines of operation, so far apart that one wing could do nothing to support the other and could only render indirect assistance.

A double line of operations is not necessarily fatal, although both in Zululand and Afghanistan we have learned that it is unquestionably dangerous, but, provided that each column is unquestionably superior to any force that the enemy may concentrate against it, the double line has certain advantages. But where two columns are divided by the length of time it takes to send a telegraph message from the northern frontier of Cape Colony to the northern

frontier of Ladysmith concerted action is by no means simple. Nor are we great sticklers for the army corps organisation. In fact where the theatre of war is large, and detachments consequently numerous, the organisation by divisions, with a mass of artillery in reserve, such as Wellington employed in the Peninsula, is probably less cumbersome. But that the choice of the line or the lines of operation, and the strength of the force to be assigned to each, should be taken out of the hands of the General-in-Chief is ruinous to decisive strategy. And we have no hesitation in saying that this occurred in South Africa because the dispositions of the frontier garrisons had been carelessly made. These dispositions should have facilitated the concentration and distribution of the army corps at whatever base and on whatever line of advance the General-in-Chief might choose. Or, to put it in other words, the disposition of the frontier garrisons should have conformed to the needs of the army corps. What actually happened was that the army corps had to conform to the needs of the frontier garrisons. In the project of the Prussian General Staff, already referred to, the arrangements for tiding over 'the dangerous period' had but one end in view, viz. to enable the field armies to concentrate in security on the line most favourable for offensive operations. And it was because he was able to concentrate on this line, and because this line was the best that could have been selected, that Von Moltke was able to carry out his preconceived plan without let or hindrance, and to destroy the Imperial army of France within a few marches of the frontier.

What Sir Redvers Buller's original plan may have been we are not aware. It is very possible that he so far foresaw what was likely to happen that he had not decided on the distribution of the army corps when he landed at Capetown. It was certainly not difficult to predict, even before the Boers crossed the border, that at least one of the frontier garrisons would require relief, and that the first thing to be done with the army corps would be to divide it. But division could not fail to be prejudicial. If such a project as that drawn up for the invasion of France in 1870 had been drawn up for the invasion of the Boer Republics, a main line of invasion, either through the Free State or the Transvaal, would have been selected, the army corps concentrating either in Cape Colony or Natal; and the plan of campaign would have been to advance in overwhelming strength on the selected line, leaving a sufficient force on the other to

defend the frontier and to create diversions. The project might well have taken the following shape; both lines possess certain advantages and disadvantages:—The line through the Free State runs through an open country, deficient in strong defensive positions, eminently suited to cavalry and artillery, and easy for marching. On the other hand, it is very long. On such unfavourable ground it is not likely that the enemy will risk a pitched battle, but will resort to guerilla tactics; and the railway is much exposed to determined raiders. The line through the Transvaal is beset with natural obstacles. North of Pietermaritzburg the country is unfavourable for cavalry. Strong positions abound. The passes of Van Reenen and Laing's Nek block the line of march, and the railway is exposed. Concentration, moreover, will be slower in Natal, where there is only one port and one railway, than in Cape Colony, where there are three ports and three railways. Nor will concentration in Natal impress on the disloyalists and the Basutos to the same extent as concentration in Cape Colony. Yet, despite the tactical disadvantages, the line through Natal is strategically the better. Once concentrated on the Tugela, the army, leaving a detachment to watch Van Reenen's Pass, might move on Laing's Nek; or, feinting in the direction of Laing's Nek, it can force Van Reenen's, and march over the open veldt to Standerton, menacing the enemy's line of supply, and turn the strong position at Laing's Nek. It may thus effect a strategical surprise. It will compel the enemy to divide his forces, it may bring about a pitched battle on the very frontier. The strategical decision would thus be attained, and the hostile strength much broken, before the real advance on Pretoria begins. Undoubtedly the forcing of one of the passes may be a costly operation. Will it be more costly than a protracted guerilla warfare? Undoubtedly the enemy has strong positions. But is it not sounder to tackle him at once, while we are in full strength, than to permit him to postpone a decisive action until we reach Pretoria, where, advancing through the Free State, we shall arrive with an army much reduced in strength, first by the detachments required to protect our communications, and second by the casualties incident to a long march and guerilla warfare? It is not to be forgotten that an invading force becomes weaker every mile it advances; a defending force, if it can avoid serious engagements, stronger. It was by his retreat to Torres Vedras that Wellington saved Portugal. It was by retreat to his zone of manœuvre on the

Seine and Marne that Napoleon so nearly saved Paris in 1814. It was by retreat to their strong fortresses that the Russians destroyed the Grand Army in 1812. We shall not venture to assert, however, that the line through the Transvaal is to be preferred to that through the Orange Free State. The temper of the natives, the extent of colonial disaffection, the condition of the enemy's supplies, the amount of water to be found on either line, the tactical efficiency of his troops, have all of them an important bearing on the choice of routes, and of these only the man on the spot can really judge. Nevertheless, whichever line be chosen, the plan of operations we have briefly sketched—*i.e.* a strong offensive on one line, the defensive and eventually diversions on the other—is the natural solution of the strategic problem. But to adopt either this solution or any other, except one hastily improvised on the arrival of the first reinforcements, was rendered absolutely impracticable by the faulty disposition of the troops during 'the dangerous period.' How difficult was the situation is evident when we call to mind that the Prussians in 1870 had to provide for 'a dangerous period' of only two weeks. That in South Africa was prolonged to six, and was complicated by the restlessness of the natives and the dubious attitude of the Afrikaners.

To comfort ourselves with the idea that the unfavourable opening of the campaign was due simply to the accidents of war is neither wise nor patriotic. The mismanagement of the Santiago expedition, the needless sufferings of their troops, and the loss of all credit as a military power, was the price paid by the United States for their utter forgetfulness of their experiences at the outset of the struggle with the South. If we are modest enough to acknowledge that we have still some deficiencies to repair, our reverses may be blessings in disguise. But we must remember that mistakes which may be committed without absolute disaster in face of an unskilful and ill-organised enemy may, in other circumstances easily conceivable, be visited with terrible retribution. It is this reflection that impels us to look so seriously on the occurrences in South Africa. The general idea of the Boers, to concentrate heavily against our detachments in Natal and to leave only sufficient men in the Orange Free State to hold the garrisons in check, was unquestionably sound. It is true that President Kruger's ultimatum to some extent alienated European sympathy. But sympathy which never gets beyond sentiment is of little value in war; and the British fleet would hardly allow the

goodwill of Europe to take a more substantial form than mere good wishes. A purely defensive attitude, although it would have justified the assumption of the martyr's rôle, would not only have given England time to concentrate in overwhelming force, but would have destroyed all hope of an Afrikander revolt. Execution, however, has fallen far below conception. With the one exception of the general distribution of their forces at the outset—that is to say, 25,000 on the northern frontier of Natal, 8,000 in the Free State, and 10,000 watching the natives, the Portuguese, and in reserve—their strategy has been that beloved by the amateur, civilised or savage, without experience of the practical difficulties of war. It was well known in the first year of the American Civil War, and under the titles of the 'anaconda policy,' the 'surround,' or the 'corral,' it was preached in the columns of nearly every Northern newspaper, until Lee and Stonewall Jackson, by crushing the converging armies in succession, exposed its inherent weakness. So in Natal the invasion had not been a week in progress before the coils of the anaconda had been severely bruised, and it might well be supposed that after Talana Hill, Elands-laagte, and Reitfontein, it would have vanished from the field. The Boers have not learnt the superiority of concentration over dispersion. At Estcourt, at Enslin's Farm, and at Gras Pan they employed small detachments when they might have employed considerable forces; and on the Free State frontier, instead of massing for a vigorous effect against one or other of the exposed points—Mafeking, Kimberley, Orange River, De Aar, or Naauwpoort—they have frittered away their strength by undertaking two sieges and an incursion into Cape Colony. Nor have they made as much use as they might have done of their superior mobility. Dr. Leyds's visit to the Creusot workshops, where the great guns were manufactured, will prove in the long run to have been a bad day for the Boer cause. Instead of luring the English into the open, riding round their flanks, and gradually wearing them out, President Kruger's generals have allowed their ponies to eat their heads off. No marshal of Louis XIV. ever sat down before a bastioned fortress with more deliberation than Cronje and Joubert displayed before rude earthworks, or showed more reluctance to force the fighting. Putting vain trust in their heavy ordnance, weapons of which they hardly understood the use, they have not made the most of their fine mounted riflemen, the instrument to which they owe their military prestige. We

do not for a moment believe that even if they had been commanded by a Sheridan or a Skobelev they could have ridden into Durban or Capetown. The difficulty of supply and the absence of information, under which they are evidently labouring, would have prevented such far-reaching movements. But a Sheridan or a Skobelev, where time was all-important, would have wasted no time in sieges, of which the issue was at best uncertain, and for which the republican troops, both by training and tradition, were quite unfitted, and their ponies of no use whatever. Nor would they have suffered themselves to be tied fast to the railway. The establishment of a double line of supply, affording an alternative route for advance and for retreat, does not appear to have presented any insuperable difficulty. If Cronje has been able to maintain 6,000 or 7,000 men for nearly two months before Mafeking and Kimberley, 100 miles and more from the railway, surely Joubert should have been able to establish magazines along the road which leads from Dundee to Helpmakaar, and across the Tugela Drift to Weenen. Had he done this he might have used his superior mobility to some purpose. As soon as the arrival of reinforcements was reported at Estcourt and Pietermaritzburg he might, like Napoleon at Mantua, have raised the siege, and, moving rapidly by his alternative line, have attacked the relieving column, as soon as it began its march, with his full strength. Cronje, too, when Lord Methuen advanced from the Orange River, might have left a detachment to watch Kimberley, and massed his whole force against his more formidable enemy; not, however, merely standing across his line of march, but wearing him gradually down, as Sheridan wore down the Confederates in the last retreat to Appomattox.

Again, in dealing with the railways Boer action has been very apathetic. Their leaders, it is needless to say, appreciated the importance of this means of supply. In fact, they appreciated it too highly, for not only do they appear to have believed the maintenance of the main lines as of more importance than a decisive victory, but they gave their enemy credit for the same obtuseness. In Natal, for instance, directly General Joubert determined to besiege Ladysmith, he should have destroyed or occupied the railway as far south as the vicinity of Pietermaritzburg. Had he done so he could have delayed the relieving column, and have gained time in which to exhaust Sir George White's power of resistance. But because he in-

tended to use the line, after the fall of Ladysmith, for the conveyance both of supplies and his heavy guns, he made no serious attempt to cut it until the head of the relieving column was strongly posted at Estcourt. Yet he might have been certain that, if Ladysmith fell, the line would be destroyed, and his advance on Pietermaritzburg would be just as much embarrassed as if he had destroyed it himself. A decisive victory over Sir George White was his main object, and he should have sacrificed everything to attain it. It is probable, moreover, that there are many engineers and mechanics in the Boer forces, and that an efficient reconstruction corps might easily have been raised. In Cape Colony, too, the same apathy is to be observed. Although the Boers lay between Orange River Station and Kimberley for nearly six weeks, Lord Methuen found the line as far as the Modder River practically intact, and even during his advance, although he was weak in mounted troops, the Boer raiding parties showed little enterprise. Of course, unless viaducts or tunnels are blown up, it is impossible to stop the traffic for more than a few days at most. But in war every hour is of value.

It might be said, on the other hand, that if the Boers have done little to disturb the lines of supply and communication, the British have done less. Yet there are at least eight regiments of cavalry at the front, besides a large force of mounted infantry, regular and colonial. But the peculiar characteristic of the South African war is that cavalry is comparatively powerless. Mounted riflemen—that is, men who can both ride and shoot, who carry the weapon of the infantry, but are just as mobile as the best cavalry—have treated our splendid squadrons with contempt. Before the war cavalry was all the cry. The Boers, it was said, would never stand if their rear was threatened, and their ponies exposed to capture. The cavalry, however, has never been able to get round the enemy's flank, except when he was in inferior numbers, and then, except at Elandslaagte, his rifles have held them at arm's length. Under other conditions—that is, when the cavalry was the stronger, as at Pepworth's Hill—the protection of its own flanks and rear has given the cavalry as much as it could do. It is true that the ground has generally been far more favourable for the cat-like Boer cob than the heavier and less agile troop-horse; but the opinion seems justified that a mounted force of the Boer type, everywhere except in the most open country, is more effective for all purposes of war than ordinary European

cavalry. Equal mobility and superior armament are bound to tell. Shock action, unless the enemy be surprised or demoralised, is worse than useless against the rifle; and, except for shock action, European cavalry is ill adapted. Dismounted duties are unpopular, both with officers and men, and they are seldom thoroughly taught; and even if they were, men armed only with a carbine feel themselves at a disadvantage when pitted against men armed with rifles. It is true that in the War of Secession the infantry was sometimes defeated at their own game by the cavalry, but in those cases almost invariably the cavalry had the better weapon. Sheridan's horse during the last year of the war was very nearly as efficient on foot as the best of the Confederate infantry, but the volume of fire of Sheridan's repeating carbines was far greater than that of an equal number of Confederate muzzle-loaders. Nevertheless, although superior in fighting power to ordinary cavalry, just as all infantry is superior, the Boer mounted riflemen in one respect are decidedly inferior to cavalry and infantry. They are comparatively weak in attack, either mounted or dismounted. They are neither armed nor trained to charge on horseback; and on foot they are always hampered, not only by an instinctive reluctance to go far from their ponies, but by the very nature of their habitual tactics. They act by fire, and by fire alone; by fire delivered from an unexpected quarter and enfilading or enveloping the enemy's flank. But surprise by fire and envelopment are their only idea of tactics. They go no further. Their trust is in the rifle, and the rifle alone. Cold steel has no place in their armoury, and they are so far from regarding a resolute advance to close quarters as the bridge by which the assailant passes to the rout and annihilation of an enemy already shaken that they do not even carry bayonets. Now, however effective such tactics may be against a force in the open with an exposed line of retreat, they are not much to be dreaded by a force entrenched, with its supplies close at hand and well protected, unless the mounted riflemen are accompanied by a decidedly superior artillery. Even then it is very doubtful whether good troops, with a secure line of retreat, can be driven from a favourable position, except by the deadly fire at close quarters. They may be shaken by fire at ranges over 400-500 yards, but they will not become thoroughly demoralised.

It has generally been assumed that modern changes and improved armaments have added vastly to the defensive power

of troops holding a position. It is to be remarked, however, that the present infantry formations are much less vulnerable than the comparatively heavy masses of the Franco-German and Russo-Turkish wars. In our own army, moreover, and in India especially, much attention has been paid to skirmishing and the reduction of losses by offering the very smallest target to the enemy's fire. The importance of these tactics have been driven home by the campaigns of the North-West Frontier; and the regimental officers in South Africa, discarding the dense and regular lines of Aldershot and Salisbury, at once deployed their men at wide intervals, encouraged them to make use of all natural cover, to imitate the Boers in invisibility. But the best cover which the infantry has found has been given by the accurate fire and the fine tactics of the artillery. If on many occasions ground over which a frontal attack appeared absolute madness has been passed over with less loss than might have been expected; if strong kopjes have been stormed at the bayonet's point without the attacking lines being swept away by magazine-fire and machine-guns; if the Boer marksmen have been so shaken and demoralised that their fire, except at close quarters, has been comparatively innocuous, it is in great part due to the admirable discipline, splendid practice, and the fine tactics of the artillery. We do not believe that the Boer of to-day judges distance less accurately or aims less correctly than the generation of Laing's Nek and the Ingogo. His shooting at ranges over 600 yards was not worth much even in those days; at closer ranges, to judge from the number of officers who have fallen, it is still most effective. But under an incessant hail of shrapnel, bursting with invariable precision, and covering the length and depth of a position, all but the most daring marksmen lose their nerve, and only thoroughly well-disciplined infantry will hold their ground. The discipline of the Boers, except under the most favourable conditions, has never been proof against the fire of the British batteries, backed by the irresistible dash of the line of skirmishers. As to the defensive tactics of the Boers, they know well how to conceal themselves, and how to construct breastworks, and they have often reserved their fire to close ranges with great effect. But on two occasions only—at Pepworth's Hill and Magersfontein—have they made use of a counterstroke. It is by such means that a better-trained enemy would seek to prevent the advance of the attacking infantry to close

quarters, to divert the fire of the artillery, and to give employment to the reserves. It is in the absence of the counterstroke that the reason for the astonishing success in the earlier battles of the British skirmish-line is to be sought—in that and in lack of discipline; and it is because they are prepared for counterstroke that Continental armies give so much depth to the attack.

The very fact that the Boers believed that they were going to win a decisive battle by fortifying themselves on the bank of the Modder River, where counterstroke was manifestly impracticable, is sufficient evidence that, despite their natural cunning, they are but indifferent tacticians.

And now what of our own soldiers? Have they proved themselves masters of their trade? There can be no question that whenever the artillery and infantry have been permitted to work in combination the results have been excellent, and the skill of the regimental officers and men, whenever they have been judiciously handled, has been as conspicuous as their gallantry. But what of the grand tactics, the work of the Staff, the inferior leading, the general direction of the different battles, the manœuvres to outwit the enemy and to force him to fight at a disadvantage, the arrangements for ensuring co-operation between all parts of the force engaged? The time has not yet come to speak. Blunders have certainly been committed, and the responsibility will have to be fixed. It is to be recognised, however, that generals of all ranks have been most severely tried. The difficulties of the situation, the despatch of reinforcements by dribblets to the front, and the imminent danger, not only of the garrisons, but of the railways and the magazines, were such that even better men might have made mistakes.

The question now arises: To whom, or to what causes, were our original dispositions due? It has been said that the Government should have sent more men to South Africa in the early spring, directly it intervened on behalf of the Uitlanders. But in the first place, without calling out the Reserves or denuding India, the army was incapable of providing a garrison of 20,000 men for South Africa without unduly weakening other portions of the Empire, and in the second place, it would have been impolitic very largely and suddenly to increase the garrisons while Sir Alfred Milner and Mr. Reitz were exchanging notes. Negotiations with a person who is openly loading a revolver are hardly likely to have an amicable issue, and for this the Government always hoped. We cannot believe that the absence of young

grass on the veldt would have delayed the ultimatum. If the Boers can bring up food by railway they can bring up forage. And in the third place, even if the garrisons had been reinforced, the enemy, unless the dispositions had been bettered, would still have been offered an opportunity. It was not want of men that produced an unfavourable situation, but want of forethought due to a very inadequate appreciation of the fighting capacity of the Boers. As a matter of fact, the frontier garrisons, together with their stores, were placed in such positions as to jeopardise the campaign. The information of the Intelligence Department was not at fault. As regards the numbers and armament of the enemy, there has been no evidence to throw doubt in any material degree upon the accuracy of the reports of Sir John Ardagh. It is difficult to blame the Colonial Governments, for defensive measures cost money, and if important industries, such as the Dundee coal-pits and the Kimberley diamond mines, demand the presence of troops it is difficult to refuse, especially when the likelihood of war is most remote. For, be it remembered, the Colonial Governments believed throughout that President Kruger would yield to diplomatic pressure. That they were wrong is probable, but Downing Street was no wiser. Moreover, unless these Governments and their military advisers were in full possession, long before the war, of the plan of campaign that would be adopted, of the number of troops that would form the invading force, of the time that force would take to mobilise and concentrate, it would be impossible for them to make proper preparations. Nor was it their business to suggest them. Colonial Governments are not responsible for Imperial defence, and all preparations for the protection of the frontier must emanate from the fountain-head. The man who works out the scheme of operations is responsible that the different phases dovetail, and that no failure in the preliminaries shall compromise concentration and give the enemy an advantage. The root of the matter is now laid bare. Preliminaries and concentration were not in harmony because no scheme of operations had been worked out. Had this been done, the danger of isolating a detachment at Glencoe, the insecurity of Ladysmith, and the unprotected condition of the railways would have been so strongly impressed upon the Natal Government that Sir George White would have found the whole of the field force concentrated, the stores collected at Estcourt or

Pietermaritzburg, the railway bridges covered by bomb-proof blockhouses, and the 'ponts' over the rivers in his own hands. But it was not done because in the first place the Government believed, until it was too late, that the Boers would yield to their demands and that peace would be preserved. It might be argued, however, that it was the duty of the military authorities, whether war was imminent or not, to have made these preparations long beforehand. But such preparations, which must have cost money, could only be the result of a detailed plan of operations, sanctioned by the Cabinet, and communicated by them to the Colonies concerned. Undoubtedly this would have been the wisest and most economical course. It could not have prevented accidents, but it would have reduced the chance of accident to a minimum. Unfortunately, however, it has not been the custom for the Secretary of State for War to provide plans for offensive operations in all parts of our enormous Empire. They have never been called for, so far as our knowledge goes, by any Cabinet whatsoever until war was within measurable distance. No machinery exists at the War Office for drawing up such projects, except as regards the defence of the United Kingdom, as the Prussian Headquarter Staff drew up for a war with France. Proper strategical preparation, even when a single theatre of war is in question, is not a question of days or weeks, but of months and even years. Plans of operations, although they cannot go further than the preliminary measures—the strength of the force to be employed, the selection of the line of advance, and the mobilisation and concentration of the troops—require constant alteration. In France and Germany their maintenance in an effective condition provides ample employment for a large Staff department; and such a department not only ensures readiness for war, but forms a school for strategists.

Strategy—and therefore strategical preparation—is an art which most Englishmen and English soldiers hold in small estimation. And yet to brilliant strategy the success of many of our recent campaigns has been directly due. The operations of 1882 are a conspicuous instance, and we are certainly not amongst those who regard Lord Kitchener's conquest of the Soudan as a mere triumph of organisation. Organisation, in our opinion, was triumphant because it was in harmony with a fine strategical conception. In all proba-

bility a long series of savage campaigns—in which, as a general rule, strategy is of small account—has had much to say to our want of strategical preparation. Let us hope, however, that the object-lesson so lately before us will not be lost. The need of such preparation was brought home to the French by the disasters of 1870.

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ART. I.—1. *Exchange of Notes between the United Kingdom and the United States of America, providing for a Provisional Boundary between the Dominion of Canada and the Territory of Alaska near the Head of Lynn Canal, October 20, 1899.* Treaty Series, No. 19, 1899. Presented to Parliament November 1899.

2. *The Alaskan Boundary.* By the Hon. JOHN W. FOSTER, Ex-Secretary of State of the United States. 'The National Geographic Magazine' for November 1899. Washington.

3. *Alaska and the Klondike.* By ANGELO HEILPRIN, F.R.G.S., F.G.S.A., Professor of Geology at the Academy of Sciences at Philadelphia. London: 1899.

THE questions at issue between Great Britain and the United States in respect of the Alaska boundary are not new, though for many years the remoteness of the region, and the general ignorance which prevailed in regard to the character and resources of the disputed territory, prevented the subject from attracting attention outside a narrow circle. Nor even now can there be said to be much knowledge of it gone abroad, especially in the United States, whose press, for the most part, betrays a lack of acquaintance with the facts material to the controversy, quite incompatible with its intelligent discussion. It may be useful, therefore, if we, in regard to a somewhat intricate matter, give, in a necessarily condensed form, an account of what is commonly known as the Alaska boundary question.

The territory in dispute is a strip of land, so far as at present known of small inherent value, bordering the north-west coast of America, between latitude 55° and 60°. No con-

siderable deposits of gold or other minerals have been found therein. The extremely rugged formation of the country renders intercommunication difficult. Its rivers are navigable only by steamers of light draught, while the climate is such that neither cereals nor fruits can be successfully cultivated. Indeed, with the exception of a week or so in the months of May and September, the sun rarely pierces the mantle of fog and mist which envelopes this inhospitable coast.

This strip is deeply indented by inlets, one of which, called the Lynn Canal, forms the natural gateway to the newly discovered Canadian gold-fields of the Yukon. In this circumstance lies the immediate importance of the Alaska boundary controversy. Lynn Canal, or channel, penetrates the mountains bordering the western coast and runs eighty miles into the interior. At about sixty miles from the ocean it bifurcates, forming two inlets, the Chilkat and the Chilkoot, each receiving rivers at its head. The valleys of these rivers lead to the passes affording access to the British hinterland beyond. While the boundary line is contested at almost every point throughout its entire length, the interest of the question for the moment centres in the heads of the Lynn Canal.

The United States claim that the international boundary runs round the heads of all inlets, including the Lynn Canal, and that, consequently, the three ports of Dyea, Skagway, and Pyramid Harbour, at the mouth of the Taiya, Skagway, and Chilkat rivers respectively, are within American territory. The Canadians contend that the dividing line crosses the Lynn Canal within thirty miles from its mouth, leaving the whole upper part well within British jurisdiction. So long as the hinterland was believed to be valueless no one cared much how it was reached, but with the announcement of gold discoveries in the Klondike region the means of access thereto became at once an object of actual and pressing concern.

In the year 1867 the United States purchased Alaska from Russia for 1,440,000*l*. As manifestly Russia could only convey to the United States that of which she stood possessed at the date of sale, it becomes important to ascertain on what her title to Alaska was founded. This the treaty of cession itself discloses, for Article 1 declares that 'the eastern limit (of the territory of Alaska) is the 'line of demarcation between the Russian and the British 'possessions in North America as established by the convention between Russia and Great Britain of February $\frac{28}{16}$,

‘1825.’ Before quoting the language of the treaty, it may be well briefly to recall the circumstances which led to its negotiation.

Scarce two hundred years have elapsed since the advance guard of the Cossack horde commissioned by Peter the Great to explore and conquer the north-eastern portion of Asia reached Kamschatka and penetrated to the shores of the Pacific Ocean. Within fifteen years thereafter the whole of this immense region was incorporated in the Russian Empire. These vast acquisitions served but to incite the ambitious Czar to further conquest. Vessels were built at Kamschatka by his command, and expeditions led forth by Behring, Tchiricoff, and other explorers, planted the Russian flag at various places along the north-west coast of America. The Russian traders, who followed in their wake, speedily established trading posts on the Aleutian Islands, and gradually crept down the coast.

At this period the most uncertain notions prevailed as to the nature of the connexion between America and Asia. To Captain Cook belongs the honour of having made known the true conformation of that distant shore and the relative proximity of the two continents. His journals, first published in 1784–5, captivated public attention by their accounts of the numbers of fur-bearing animals in the waters and along the coasts of the North Pacific Ocean, and the high prices paid for their skins in China. The excitement became contagious, and soon a host of rival traders—English, French, Portuguese, East Indian, and American—flocked to those northern seas.

In 1799 an association of Siberian merchants was granted a charter by the Emperor Paul, under the title of the ‘Russian American Company.’ To this association was given for twenty years the exclusive enjoyment of the north-west coast as far south as the 55th degree of north latitude, in virtue of alleged discovery by Russian navigators. These privileges were subsequently confirmed and extended by the Emperor Alexander, under whose protection the power and influence of the Russian American Company, to which had been entrusted the control and management of the country, rapidly increased.

This assumption of sovereignty on the part of Russia over that portion of the coast lying between the 55th and 60th degrees conflicted with prior claims of Great Britain and Spain to the same region. The Russians, however, continued to encroach, and, not content with

claiming jurisdiction on land, sought to extend their dominion over the sea as well.

On September $\frac{16}{4}$, 1821, the Emperor Alexander issued an imperial ukase, in which the whole west coast of America north of the 51st parallel was declared to belong exclusively to Russia, foreign ships being prohibited from approaching within 100 Italian miles of the shore under penalty of confiscation.

Great Britain and the United States at once protested against this assumption of exclusive sovereignty over the territories described in the ukase, as well as against the claim to a monopoly of navigation and trade within the maritime limits therein set forth. Out of this protest grew the treaty of 1825, by which Russia abandoned her extravagant pretensions as regards the high seas, and withdrew on land within the limits prescribed in Articles III. and IV. of the treaty, which read as follows:—

‘III. La ligne de démarcation entre les possessions des Hautes Parties Contractantes sur la côte du continent et les îles de l’Amérique nord-ouest sera tracée ainsi qu’il suit :

‘A partir du point le plus méridional de l’île dite Prince of Wales, lequel point se trouve sous la parallèle du 54^e degré 40 minutes de latitude nord, et entre le 131^e et le 133^e degré de longitude ouest (méridien de Greenwich), ladite ligne remontera au nord le long de la passe dite Portland Channel, jusqu’au point de la terre ferme où elle atteint le 56^e degré de latitude nord : de ce dernier point la ligne de démarcation suivra la crête des montagnes situées parallèlement à la côte, jusqu’au point d’intersection du 141^e degré de longitude ouest (même méridien) ; et finalement, dudit point d’intersection, la même ligne méridienne du 141^e degré formera, dans son prolongement jusqu’à la Mer Glaciale, la limite entre les possessions Russes et Britanniques sur le continent de l’Amérique nord-ouest.

‘IV. Il est entendu, par rapport à la ligne de démarcation déterminée dans l’Article précédent :

‘1. Que l’île dite Prince of Wales appartiendra tout entière à la Russie :

‘2. Que partout où la crête des montagnes qui s’étendent dans une direction parallèle à la côte depuis le 56^e degré de latitude nord au point d’intersection du 141^e degré de longitude ouest, se trouveroit à la distance de plus de 10 lieues marines de l’océan, la limite entre les possessions Britanniques et la lisière de côte mentionnée ci-dessus comme devant appartenir à la Russie, sera formée par une ligne parallèle aux sinuosités de la côte, et qui ne pourra jamais en être éloignée que de 10 lieues marines.’

The questions at issue between Great Britain and the United States turn upon the interpretation of the language of this treaty of 1825

For many years after its discovery the chief interest in the north-west coast of America lay in its maritime wealth,



comparatively little importance being attached by England or Russia to the delimitation of their respective jurisdictions on land. The whole negotiations which led to the treaty of 1825 grew out of an attempt on the part of Russia to circumscribe the sea :—

‘So entirely and absolutely true is this proposition,’ writes Mr. Canning, who as Foreign Minister had charge of the negotiations, ‘that the settlement of the limits of the respective possessions of Great Britain and Russia on the north-west coast of America was proposed by us only as a mode of facilitating the adjustment of the difference arising from the ukase by enabling the Court of Russia, under cover of the more comprehensive arrangement, to withdraw, with less appearance of concession, the offensive pretensions of that edict.

‘It is comparatively indifferent to us whether we hasten or postpone all questions respecting the limits of territorial possession on the continent of America, but the pretensions of the Russian ukase of 1821 to exclusive dominion over the Pacific could not continue longer unrepealed without compelling us to take some measure of public and effectual remonstrance against it.’

This indifference to the ascertainment and settlement of the boundaries between the British and Russian possessions accounts for the fact that no survey of the north-west coast of America was undertaken for nearly a century after its original exploration by Vancouver, during the whole of which period that discoverer’s charts remained the standard and indeed the only original authority.

Such was the state of affairs regarding Alaska when, in March 1867, it was announced that Russia had ceded her North American possessions to the United States. The negotiations were conducted with the utmost secrecy, and nothing was known of the transaction in America until the issue of the President’s proclamation summoning an extra session of the Senate to consider it. The motives for the sale were subsequently declared to be the small value and unproductive nature of the territory, the cost of its protection and maintenance, and the desire of Russia to be rid of a possession which at some future time might involve her in difficulties with the United States. To these reasons her Majesty’s Minister of the day at Washington opined should be added a secret hope of possible complications between England and the United States which the extension of the latter’s jurisdiction to the north of British America might entail. This was afterwards openly stated by Charles Sumner, who, in his speech in Congress on the cession, suggested that in parting with Alaska Russia was moved by considerations

similar to those which had influenced Napoleon in the sale of Louisiana—that he was glad thereby ‘to establish for ever the power of the United States, and give to England a maritime rival destined to humble her pride.’

With the transfer of sovereignty to the United States passed also the policy of neglect and indifference which had characterised Russia’s possession of Alaska. When in 1872, shortly after the discovery of gold in the Cassiar district of British Columbia, her Majesty’s Government, at the instance of the Canadian Ministry, suggested to the United States the expediency of delimiting the boundary between Alaska and British Columbia, Mr. Fish, then Secretary of State, replied that, while he was satisfied as to the expediency of the proceeding, he feared that Congress might not be willing to vote the necessary appropriation. His surmise proved well founded, for in the following year a bill to provide for the cost of a joint survey, which had been recommended by the President in his annual Message, failed to pass. The amount asked for was about 300,000*l*. Owing to the disinclination on the part of Congress to provide the means necessary for the delimitation of the whole boundary, or indeed of any part of it, the question remained in abeyance for some years. In 1885 it was revived by President Cleveland, who, in his Message to Congress, suggested for the first time the idea, subsequently developed by Messrs. Bayard and Phelps, that the descriptive portions of the treaty of 1825 were founded upon erroneous conceptions of the natural features of the country, and that consequently the line contemplated by the negotiators was impracticable of location. The recommendation by the President of a preliminary survey, with a view to the adoption of ‘a more convenient line,’ was frustrated by Congress, which again declined to make the necessary appropriations, and it was not until 1892 that an agreement was reached between Great Britain and the United States for the appointment of a Survey Commission, having for its object the ascertainment of facts and data necessary to the permanent delimitation of the boundary line in accordance with the spirit and intent of existing treaties. This agreement was embodied in a convention, under which each Government appointed commissioners, who on the last day of the year 1895 submitted their joint report, together with elaborate maps and photographic views indicating the topographical features of the country, but unaccompanied by any recommendation as regards the boundary.

The limit to the Russian possessions on the continent of America established by the treaty of 1825 is in part a natural boundary and in part a meridian line. From the head of Portland Canal it follows the summit of the mountains situated parallel to the coast (subject to an alternative proviso to be considered hereafter) as far as the intersection of the same by the 141st degree of west longitude, and thence along that meridian to the Polar Sea. The negotiations we have been considering related to the south-eastern or natural boundary of the coast strip.

Meanwhile the miners of Cassiar were pushing their way northward through the mountain passes and down the valley of the Yukon river, in certain small tributaries of which, as far back as 1886, deposits of gold had been found. Several of these streams, notably 'Forty Mile Creek,' were known to be crossed by the 141st meridian, though no one could say exactly where the line ran. As its ascertainment was a matter of urgency, the Canadian Government in the summer of 1887 sent out surveyors who astronomically determined the points of intersection both with respect to the Yukon and to Forty Mile Creek. Two years later the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey despatched a party on a similar mission. The result of their observations at the Yukon differed about 600 feet from that of the Canadian survey, but at Forty Mile Creek the two very nearly coincided. Nothing further was done for some years, when on the eve of the Klondike discoveries the United States Government proposed, with respect to this survey, that where discrepancies occurred between the results of American and Canadian experts as to the correct geographical co-ordinates of one and the same point, a position midway between the two locations should be adopted. Canada accepted this offer to 'split the difference.' She also agreed to a characteristic proposal of the United States Government made at the same time. Near the intersection by the 141st meridian of the mountains parallel to the coast, Mount St. Elias rears its lofty crest full 18,000 feet above the level of the sea. As the highest mountain on the American continent, it should as a matter of course, in the estimation of the good people of the United States, have been situated within their borders. Unluckily for them, it stands more than two miles east of the 141st meridian, and is thus indisputably within British territory. Canada was invited to repair this oversight on the part of nature by consenting to a deflection of the southern portion of the line so as to make it range with the

summit of Mount St. Elias, thus sharing possession of this great landmark. She smilingly acquiesced, and in so doing gave a further proof of her good-will.

Early in the year 1897 a convention embodying these concessions was signed at Washington by the representatives of the respective Powers. Unfortunately this treaty failed to obtain the necessary ratification by the United States Senate. It accordingly fell to the ground, and the line of the 141st meridian remains unsettled to this day, save so far as the common sense of the people in the localities through which it passes has accepted and recognised a conventional division between British and American territory.

In view of the difficulty experienced in reaching an agreement as to the determination of a meridian line, with respect to which one would think there could be no possible room for difference of opinion, it is not surprising that the south-eastern boundary, depending as it does upon the obscure language of the treaty of 1825, should furnish abundant material for controversy.

A reference to Articles III. and IV. of the treaty of 1825, quoted above, shows that the line, starting from the southernmost point of Prince of Wales Island, is to ascend to the north along the channel called Portland Channel until it reaches the 56th degree of north latitude, from which point it is to follow the summit of the mountains situated parallel to the coast as far as their intersection by the 141st meridian, provided these mountains are within ten marine leagues from the ocean. Should the mountains at any point prove to be more than that distance from the ocean, then the limit shall be a line parallel to the windings of the coast, from which it shall never be farther distant than 10 marine leagues.

Having ascertained the southernmost point of Prince of Wales Island, one is suddenly confronted by the fact that between it and Portland Channel sixty miles of open ocean intervene. Furthermore, Portland Channel lies almost due east from the southernmost point. How then is the line joining the two to ascend to the north? Again, the line is to ascend to the north along Portland Channel, until it strikes the 56th degree of north latitude. But Portland Channel does not attain to latitude 56, and there is no provision made for the course the line is to take between the head of the channel and the point where the mountains situated parallel to the coast are crossed by that parallel. Then follow the all-important questions, (1) which are the

mountains situated parallel to the coast? and (2) what is the coast?

Without pursuing the inquiry too minutely or entering into many of its details, it is proposed to set down here briefly the British and American interpretations of this treaty, in so far as their respective contentions can be ascertained from the published views and utterances of public men in Canada and the United States, for neither Government has as yet given out an official statement of its claim.

Fortunately for our purpose, however, the Honourable John W. Foster, ex-Secretary of State of the United States, and a member of the International Joint High Commission, has taken the somewhat unusual course in a plenipotentiary, during the progress of a negotiation in which he is engaged, of contributing to a magazine * an article—and a very full and interesting article it is—on the subject of the Alaska boundary. In view of General Foster's recognised position as a high authority on the subject of which he treats, this paper must be deemed to be an authentic, if informal, presentation of the case of the United States Government.

While no British commissioner has been so considerate as General Foster in this respect, Canada's claim can nevertheless be stated here with all needful accuracy.

At the outset it may be observed that there exists a very general agreement to the effect that the negotiators of the treaty of 1825 relied largely upon Vancouver's charts and the narrative of his voyages for their information respecting the physical features of the country with which they found themselves called upon to deal. Both parties concur in holding Cape Muzon to be the southernmost point of Prince of Wales Island, though, as a matter of fact, it is not on Prince of Wales Island at all, and both acknowledge that the body of water to-day known as Portland Canal is, despite the erroneous description in the treaty, the channel along which the line is to ascend. Here, however, agreement ends. The United States holds that the line should enter Portland Channel by what since 1853 has been known as Portland Inlet, which is a part of the waters named by Vancouver 'Observatory Inlet.' The British contention is that the Portland Channel of the treaty is the channel so marked on Vancouver's charts and described in his narrative in terms that leave no doubt as to the body of water to

* The National Geographic Magazine, November, 1899.

which he intended them to apply. The deflection desired by the United States would give to that Power the principal islands lying at the entrance of Portland Canal, and thereby the command not merely of the inlet, but also of the harbour of Port Simpson in British Columbia, which, by reason of its natural advantages, is destined to become an important commercial and strategic point.

In support of this claim it is argued on the side of the United States that the line, departing from the southernmost point of Prince of Wales Island, should follow along the parallel of $54^{\circ} 40'$, which would bring it in at the mouth of Observatory Inlet. They base their contention on the fact that this latitude is expressly mentioned in the treaty in connexion with the point of commencement, and they urge that the reason of the omission to state that the boundary should proceed along that parallel is that the repetition was considered unnecessary.

The Canadians reply that when in the course of the negotiations of 1823-5 Russia was forced to abandon her extravagant pretensions put forward in the ukase of 1821, she took her stand upon the charter of the Emperor Paul, and claimed down to 55° . To that line she stubbornly adhered throughout. Inasmuch, however, as the parallel of 55° cuts Prince of Wales Island near its southern extremity, the Russian plenipotentiaries proposed that the portion of the island below that line should be included in the Russian possessions. In order to effect this result the starting point was fixed at the southernmost point of Prince of Wales Island, which happens to be in latitude of $54^{\circ} 40'$. Thus the extension to $54^{\circ} 40'$ was merely a local exception to fit a particular case. For similar reasons of convenience the continental line was carried south a few minutes of latitude to Portland Canal, which affords the first natural boundary on the continent south of 55° .

There can be little doubt from the text of the treaty that the southernmost point of Prince of Wales Island and not the parallel of latitude was intended as the point of beginning. The geographical co-ordinates are given for the purposes of identification merely. If they were intended to govern, the wording would be different, for the definition of a point by geographical co-ordinates must be by the intersection of two lines, and not by a parallel of latitude and two meridians seventy-five miles apart. Seeing that the line is to 'ascend 'to the north,' a claim that it is first to run sixty miles due east along a parallel of latitude seems manifestly untenable.

Canada also contends that, having determined the point of departure (Cape Muzon) and also the place on the continent where the boundary strikes the coast (the mouth of Vancouver's Portland Channel), it is agreeable to the rules of legal construction to hold, in the absence of any specific directions, that the line joining these two points should take the shortest way, which is not a parallel of latitude, but along the arc of a great circle.

Following the same rule of interpretation Canada maintains that the head of Portland Canal and the point where the 56th degree crosses the mountains situated parallel to the coast within ten marine leagues from the ocean, should be joined by a straight line.

The treaty continues:

'De ce dernier point' (that is, the intersection of the mountains by the 56th parallel) 'la ligne de démarcation suivra la crête des montagnes situées parallèlement à la côte, jusqu'au point d'intersection du 141^e degré de longitude ouest.'

The difficulty here lies in the fact that this whole region is highly mountainous. There exists not one range, but many, rising one behind the other in irregular fashion, connected in many places by spurs, the whole forming more or less a confused jumble of mountains.

The United States, according to General Foster, takes the ground that the treaty of 1825 was framed in the light of imperfect geographic knowledge; that the mountain range depicted on Vancouver's maps as almost bordering the coast has no existence in fact; that there is no continuous range or chain at all, and that consequently it is necessary to fall back upon the alternative provision of Article IV., under which they claim that the boundary line should be everywhere ten marine leagues inland from the coast, the distance being measured from the head of tide water round all the inlets. It will be observed that the United States read this clause as if it meant that the boundary line is to be 'everywhere not less than' instead of 'nowhere more than' ten leagues from the sea.

The British claim is that by the crest of the mountains situated parallel to the coast is meant the tops of the mountains nearest the ocean. Great Britain denies the necessity for a continuous 'range' or 'chain,' and points out that neither word occurs in the treaty. The word 'parallel,' it holds, is not to be taken in its strict geometrical sense as implying equidistance. It is unnecessary to search for mountains which are all at precisely the same distance

from the coast, for Article IV. of the treaty contemplates the possibility of these mountains being sometimes more and sometimes less than ten marine leagues therefrom. It is a natural fact that mountains from 3,000 to 5,000 feet high lying within five or six miles of the sea border the coast throughout its entire length. When it is borne in mind that Vancouver had no knowledge of the interior country, his observations having been made from his ships, it does not seem unreasonable to suppose that the mountains depicted on his charts are those seen from the sea as fringing the coast line, to the serrated appearance of whose tops, heightened by their irregularity of outline, the word 'crest' is peculiarly applicable. Canada holds these to be the mountains of the treaty. She maintains that in delimiting this boundary the summit ridge of each of these mountains should be taken, and the valleys between crossed by straight lines from crest to crest, whether they contain streams, rivers, or such arms of the sea as do not form part of the ocean.

Thus, while Canada seeks to restrict her neighbour to a narrow strip of sea coast, having an average breadth of perhaps four or five miles, the United States claim an extensive tract of country running back in some places more than a hundred miles. In the presence of such widely conflicting claims recourse is naturally had to the negotiations which led up to the treaty of 1825. These negotiations were carried on at the outset between Sir Charles Bagot, British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, acting under instructions of George Canning, at that time Foreign Secretary, and Count Nesselrode, then Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs. Subsequently Sir Charles Bagot was replaced by Stratford Canning, by whom the treaty was concluded.

The correspondence between these statesmen contains a good deal to support the British contention that the boundary follows the summit of the mountains nearest the sea. Throughout the whole of their negotiations it is quite clear that Russia's paramount desire was to preserve for her establishments on the islands a monopoly of trade with the coast Indians, and with that object in view she strove to keep back the British by barring their access to the ocean. Nothing could so effectually serve this purpose as a range of mountains, and therefore we find Nesselrode at an early stage of the proceedings suggesting that the line

‘remonteroit le long de ces montagnes parallèlement aux sinuosités de la côte, jusqu'à la longitude du 139° degré (méridien de Londres), degré dont la ligne de prolongation vers le nord formeroit la limite

ultérieure entre les possessions Russes et Angloises au nord, comme à l'est.'

And he frankly goes on to say :—

'Le motif principal qui force la Russie à insister sur la souveraineté de la lisière indiquée plus haut sur la terre ferme depuis le Portland Canal jusqu'au point d'intersection du 60° avec le 139° de longitude, c'est que, privée de ce territoire, la Compagnie Russe-Américaine n'auroit aucun moyen de soutenir les Etablissements qui seroient dès lors sans point d'appui, et qui ne pourroient avoir aucune solidité.'

With the width of the strip he does not appear to have been specially concerned; for, writing to Count Lieven, Russian Ambassador in London, he observes with reference to the above proposal :—

'Cette proposition ne nous assuroit *qu'une étroite lisière** sur la côte même, et elle laissoit aux Etablissements Anglois tout l'espace nécessaire pour se multiplier et s'étendre.'

And in their second written offer the Russians propose as the eastern boundary

'la chaîne de montagnes qui suit à *une très petite distance** les sinuosités de la côte.'

The Hudson's Bay Company, to whom this proposal was referred by Canning, expressed their general agreement thereto, but in respect of the question of the eastern boundary the Governor observed :—

'They beg me, however, to suggest the expediency of some more definite demarcation on the coast than the supposed chain of mountains contiguous to it, and they conceive there can be no difficulty in arranging this point from the expression in the proposition of the Russian negotiators: "*la chaîne des montagnes qui sont à une très petite distance†* des sinuosités de la côte."

Adopting this suggestion, Canning instructed Bagot to take as the line of demarcation

'a line . . . through Portland Channel, till it strikes the mainland in latitude 56, thence following the sinuosities of the coast, along the base of the mountains *nearest the sea** to Mount Elias, and thence along the 139th degree of longitude to the Polar Sea.'

And in the draft *projet* enclosed he embodies the same idea in different words :—

'From this point it shall be carried along that coast, in a direction parallel to its windings, and at or within the seaward base of the

* In the original these words are not italicised.

† These words are italicised in the original.

mountains *by which it is bounded*,* as far as the 139th degree of longitude west of the said meridian.'

This *projet* having been communicated to Count Lieven, the Russian Ambassador took exception to the line following the base of the mountains instead of the summit, pointing out that, in view of the limited knowledge of the geographical features of the north-west coast available, it might turn out that the mountains forming the boundary reached by an imperceptible slope to the water's edge. So well did Count Lieven understand the British proposal that he was apprehensive lest the boundary line might actually coincide with the coast. To obviate that possibility he suggested that the crest of the mountains—the same mountains, be it observed—be taken instead of the base.

Canning ultimately agreed to this, but, commenting upon a new move of the Russians, qualified his assent by insisting that the mountains should be the boundary only where they did not extend more than ten leagues from the coast, otherwise, said he, foreseeing the inaccuracy of the maps before them, 'we might be assigning to Russia immense tracts of 'inland territory where we only intended to give, and they 'only intended to ask, *a strip of sea-coast*.'*

This is his final instruction to Stratford Canning. At the conclusion of the negotiations Stratford Canning writes:—

'The line of demarcation along the strip of land on the north-west coast of America assigned to Russia is laid down in the Convention *agreeably to your directions*,* notwithstanding some difficulties raised on this point, as well as on that which regards the order of the articles by the Russian plenipotentiaries.'

In acknowledging the receipt of this communication, Mr. Canning says:—

'Having laid them' (the despatches transmitting the Convention) 'before the King, I have received his Majesty's commands to express his Majesty's particular satisfaction at the conclusion of the treaty respecting the Pacific Ocean and north-west coast of America in a manner *so exactly conformable to your instructions*,* and to direct you to express to the Russian Government the pleasure which his Majesty derives from the amicable and conciliatory spirit manifested by that Government in the completion of this transaction.'

While it is true that the limiting words 'by which it is 'bounded,' which appear in the earlier draft furnished by Canning to Bagot, are not found in the final *projet* sent to Stratford Canning, their equivalent, 'seaward base,' never-

* In the original these words are not italicised.

theless, was contained in the latter's instructions, to which the treaty, Canning himself testifies, 'so exactly' conformed.

All this, while militating against the American claim to an extensive *lisière*, leaves unresolved the cardinal inquiry, what did the negotiators mean by the coast? Did they intend that the strip of land to be given to Russia should include and pass round all the inlets from the ocean, or, when they employed the term 'côte,' did they mean thereby the broad outlines of the continental shore?

The Fourth Article speaks of the line of coast which is to belong to Russia, and provides that whenever the mountains which by the Third Article are made the boundary 'prove to be at a distance of more than ten marine leagues from the 'ocean,' an artificial line should be drawn as the boundary, parallel to the windings of the coast, but never exceeding the distance of ten marine leagues therefrom. The minimum distance at which such line should be drawn from the coast or ocean is not stated. That probably would be determined by the distance from the coast where the mountain range which formed the boundary ceased. But the maximum distance is clearly indicated, and by using the words 'coast' and 'ocean' indifferently to express the shore, or waters, from which the ten marine leagues were to be measured, it may fairly be argued that the negotiators of the treaty understood the word 'coast' to refer to the coast of the ocean as distinguished from the coast or shore of inlets running up into the interior, such as Taku Inlet or Lynn Canal.

The evolution of this word 'ocean' is worth examination.

In the early stages of the negotiations, Sir C. Bagot speaks of a line 'toujours à la distance de dix lieues du 'rivage.'* A draft *projet* was subsequently furnished Bagot by Canning, Article II. of which reads:—

'De ce point elle suivra cette côte parallèlement à ses sinuosités, et sous ou dans la base vers *la mer** des montagnes qui la bordent, jusqu'au 139^e degré de longitude ouest dudit méridien.'

Sir C. Bagot failed to reach an agreement, and quitted St. Petersburg.

He was succeeded by Stratford Canning, who bore with him a new draft convention, Article III. of which provides:—

'If the summit of the aforesaid mountains shall turn out to be in any part of their range at more than the distance of 10 marine leagues from the *Pacific*,* then that for that space, &c.'

* In the original these words are not italicised.

Thus we find the original word 'rivage,' which is applicable to any body of water, exchanged for 'mer.' 'Mer,' which might be held to apply to salt water generally, becomes in turn 'Pacifick' in the *projet* of December, while, as if to make the matter quite sure, the 'Pacifick' of the draft is changed into the 'Ocean' of the treaty.

That the heads of inlets many miles inland could correctly be designated as the 'Pacifick' or the 'Ocean' was evidently foreign to the mind of Count Nesselrode when, writing to Lieven, he referred to the Portland Canal,

'dont l'embouchure dans l'Océan est à la hauteur de l'Île du Prince de Galles et l'origine dans les terres entre le 55° et 56° de latitude.'

The entrance to the canal is on the coast—the head is within the continent. Again:—

'On ne peut effectivement assez le répéter, d'après le témoignage des cartes les plus récentes, l'Angleterre ne possède aucun Etablissement ni à la hauteur du Portland Canal ni au bord même de l'Océan.'

And this point is still more clearly brought out in the counter draft of the Russian plenipotentiaries, wherein, alluding to Portland Canal, they say:—

'où cette passe se termine dans l'intérieur de la terre ferme au 56° de latitude nord.'

These passages indicate that the Russians distinguished between the shores and heads of inlets and the ocean. The Canadian Government takes the same view. It holds that the shores of inlets were not included in the meaning to be conveyed by 'la côte.' It affirms that, however relevant the word 'Ocean' might be to those parts of bays which from their breadth and conformation are common international waters, it cannot with any accuracy be applied to inlets, which by international law and common consent are parts of the territory of the country owning the shores thereof, and consequently that the line, whether marked by mountains or by a survey line, should be drawn without reference to such inlets.

The United States, in support of the opposite contention, point to the fact that on the maps used in these negotiations the mountains are represented as passing round the heads of all the inlets, including the Lynn Canal, and that no objection was raised on that score by Mr. Canning or Sir C. Bagot, though the extent of the Lynn Canal must

have been known to both of them, for the latter suggested to the former 'a meridian line drawn from the head of the Lynn Canal, as it is laid down in Arrow-smith's last map, or about the 135th degree of west longitude,' as the boundary in the interior of the continent. They also argue that the *lisière* was to be a continuous strip of territory, whereas, if it were broken at intervals by inlets extending into British territory, its continuity would be destroyed and its usefulness as a barrier against British aggression greatly impaired. There does not seem to be much in this point however, for Article VI. of the treaty of 1825 secures to British subjects the right in perpetuity of 'navigating freely and without any hindrance whatever all the rivers and streams which in their course towards the Pacific Ocean may cross the line of demarcation upon the line of coast described in Article III. of the present Convention.' There is no apparent reason why a narrow fiord should be more destructive to continuity than a wide river. Thirty miles up the Stikine would have been just as accessible and convenient a trading base from which to reach the coast Indians as thirty miles up the Lynn Canal, provided the river were as navigable as the canal, which it happens not to be, though of this the negotiators had no knowledge, their impression rather being that there existed several large rivers leading inland which were not marked on the maps. Indeed, Great Britain's insistence in 1825 on complete freedom of intercourse with the interior by all rivers and streams strengthens Canada's claim to the heads of these narrow tidal inlets which are not clearly separable on the map from the lower portions of the rivers by which upper parts of the same valleys are occupied. Neither the limit of influence of the tides, nor the change from salt to fresh water, can be strictly defined in the upper parts of these inlets, which vary in size with circumstances, such as the height of the barometer, the direction and force of the winds, and the season of the year. The heads of inlets, therefore, do not afford good fixed points from which to measure the width of a coast strip.

It is, however, rather upon its alleged prescriptive rights than on arguments drawn from the letter of the treaty and the negotiations which preceded it, that the United States bases its claims to the heads of inlets. The fact that during the later years of Russian dominion the Hudson's Bay Company held the whole coast from Cross Sound to Portland Canal, under lease from the Russian American Company, is

cited as strong evidence of Great Britain's acknowledgement of Russia's jurisdiction over the disputed territory. But, apart from the question whether this lease included the heads of the Lynn Canal—a somewhat doubtful point—it is by no means admitted on the part of Canada that any action of the Hudson's Bay Company could be held to bind the British Government in a matter of territorial right, unless taken with its authority or with its subsequent sanction and approval. The function of the Hudson's Bay Company was not to define boundaries, but to collect furs. They already enjoyed a monopoly of trade in British territory. But to know just where British territory ended and Russian territory began was no easy matter, and the uncertainty caused by the absence of any line of demarcation between the possessions of the two Powers greatly prejudiced the Company's interests, involving them, as it did, in constant disputes with their Russian-American rivals. By leasing from Russia all the territory that was Russian (whatever that might ultimately turn out to include), they secured to themselves the entire trade of the mainland. That was all they sought. So long as they were free to range the country without molestation, erect their posts, and traffic with the natives, it mattered little to them whether they held any particular locality under their British charter or their Russian lease. Nor, supposing that the Hudson's Bay Company had undertaken to settle the international boundary, could such action on their part be held to impart to their negotiations with the Russian Company an official character. Those who assert a contrary view overlook the fact that the Hudson's Bay Company did not hold the whole of the Great North-west by the same tenure. With reference to that portion of the country which is watered by streams falling into Hudson's Bay (formerly styled Rupert's Land), it is true that they asserted and exercised, under the charter of Charles II., rights of proprietorship, exclusive trade, taxation, and government. These rights were acquired by Canada for the sum of 300,000*l.*, paid to the Company in 1869. Towards that vast region stretching north and west of Rupert's Land, however, the Hudson's Bay Company occupied a different relation. Under the provisions of an Imperial Act the Company were granted a monopoly of trade with the Indians of that territory for twenty-one years. This grant was subsequently renewed for a like period. Apart therefrom the Hudson's Bay Company possessed no exclusive privileges in the North-west Territory, nor did they assert any.

A good deal of weight is attached by General Foster to the argument drawn from the maps published since the treaty of 1825, the boundary line shown on many of which accords with or goes beyond the contentions of the United States. It is, however, easy to over-estimate the value of such evidence. Some of these maps are almost grotesque in the extreme claims they make, and evidently have been prepared without adequate knowledge of the treaty. Great allowance must, of course, be made for the cartographers. No surveys other than those of Vancouver were undertaken of the shores of the Lynn Canal till after the year 1880, while the mountain ranges along the coast were not surveyed till the year 1895, after the Convention of 1892 had provided for a joint international survey. As the treaty of 1825, which defines the boundary line, makes its location dependent upon alternative circumstances, the occurrence or non-occurrence of mountains running in a direction parallel with the coast, it must be plain that any line placed upon a map before a survey was made, or a knowledge of the existence of such mountains ascertained, cannot be held to establish anything. It is fair to assume that such boundaries were intended by the draughtsman only as an indication of the occurrence of a dividing line somewhere in that region, and later cartographers, in the absence of any further knowledge, simply adopted the location of the line as they found it on earlier maps. The whole country was a veritable *terra incognita* until recent years, with intermittent communication, scant population, and, comparatively speaking, little or no commerce beyond the trade in furs. Under these circumstances the Canadian Government feel that little weight should be attached to maps showing the location of the line incorrectly and inconsistently with the treaty, as appears in the fuller light of subsequent surveys.

The Americans largely rely upon certain acts of occupation by them within the *lisière* to establish their claim to the territory in dispute. The argument drawn therefrom would have more force if Great Britain denied the right of the United States to any *lisière* at all. But this she does not do. Nobody disputes the claim of the United States to a strip of the coast. The point at issue relates to the extent of this strip. Actual possession at many different points no doubt took place, and political control was exercised all along the *lisière* both by Russia and the United States, but the question 'What is the *lisière*?' remains unaffected by this admission. It is therefore beside the mark to assert, as

General Foster does, that the Russian-American Company erected forts and trading posts within the strip, unless it can also be shown that these forts and trading posts were established in that portion of the territory claimed by Great Britain.

What are the facts with respect to the United States' alleged occupation of this disputed territory at the head of Lynn Canal? In the summer of 1880, the Presbyterian Board of Missions appears to have started a school or mission amongst the Indians at Haines Mission, Portage Cove, near the head of the canal. A building was erected there for the purpose of the school about 1881, and the school was continued for some time, but of late years it has been abandoned. The United States census for 1880 shows that at that date there was not a single white settler resident at the head of the Lynn Canal. In 1882 or 1883 a store was established at Pyramid Harbour, and another small trading post, belonging to a private individual, was also known to exist at the head of Taiya Inlet, where Dyea now is, in the year 1887. About 1883 two canneries were erected at Pyramid Harbour, and doubtless several other individual acts of ownership may be adduced as having occurred before the great rush came on the discovery of gold in the Klondike region. But it is contended by Canada that isolated acts of individuals cannot be held to prove national occupation or jurisdiction, particularly when, as in the present instances, it is borne in mind that those settlers were mere squatters, for years unrecognised by the United States. Indeed, no evidence has been produced to show that either a mining grant or a land grant was ever issued by the United States Government before the year 1897 to any person in any part of the disputed territory. It is commonly, though erroneously, supposed that the United States have exercised control at Dyea and Skagway for a considerable period of time. The facts are that Dyea and Skagway did not exist prior to the spring of 1897. At the opening of that year there was nothing more than a single log cabin or shanty at either place. In May the influx of miners to the Klondike began. Thousands of them arrived by steamer in the Lynn Canal, and congregated on its margin where Dyea and Skagway now stand. The necessities of this migration caused the erection of many buildings, and created considerable trade and commerce. Without any survey or further diplomatic action respecting the position of the boundary, the United States Government assumed

political control of these points, and established custom houses, post offices, and other evidences of authority. With such reasonable diligence as the extreme difficulties of access to this territory and other circumstances permitted, Canada protested against this cavalier mode of solving the difficulty, and urged the desirability of establishing the boundary line as contemplated by the Convention of 1892.

It is commonly asserted by the advocates of the United States' contention that Great Britain's claim to the heads of inlets is an afterthought—never dreamed of until the gold discoveries in 1897 drew attention to the advantages of ready means of access to the Yukon country. General Foster, indeed, goes somewhat farther, and intimates that it was not until the International Commission assembled at Quebec in August 1898 that he and his colleagues became aware of any divergence of view between the two Governments respecting the interpretation of the treaty of 1825.

It is somewhat surprising that an American statesman, and an ex-Secretary of State to boot, should commit himself to a statement so easy of disproof. More than ten years ago the United States Government issued a document* containing letters by Dr. George Dawson (an eminent Canadian authority, who had been summoned to Washington for a conference on the boundary) in support of the Canadian contention as to the line crossing inlets, and also a counter-argument by Mr. Dall, the American expert. Accompanying this report is a map showing how the boundary would run in accordance with the views presented by Dr. Dawson. On this map the line is clearly marked as crossing the Lynn Canal in the vicinity of Berner's Bay. It is also a matter of common knowledge to those in Canada who take interest in this question that on several occasions, both before and after the publication in 1889 of the American Blue-book referred to above, the Dominion authorities protested against arbitrary attempts on the part of the United States to settle the question conformably to its own pretensions.

While the foregoing presentation of the Alaska boundary question is admittedly from the British point of view, it is by no means desired to convey the impression that the facts and the arguments are all one way. On the letter of the treaty the British side have, we think, a decided advantage,

* Senate 50th Congress, 2nd Session, Ex doc. No. 146, pp. 4-9. Map No. 16.

prejudiced to some extent by extravagant claims put forward by over-zealous British Columbians—such, for instance, as that the ‘coast’ refers to the outer shore of the islands, which would not allow the Americans any foothold on the continent at all, though the whole dispute is about a strip of coast on the mainland as distinct from the islands. Scarcely less untenable is the theory that Portland Channel of the treaty does not mean Portland Channel, but Clarence Strait—an entirely different body of water, which Sir C. Bagot endeavoured to get as the boundary and failed.

On the other hand it is not to be denied that the claim of the United States derives a certain amount of strength from the neglect and apathy which for many years characterised Great Britain’s attitude towards this question. How far this indifference may be held to impair the advantages of an appeal to the letter of the treaty seems to be one of those questions eminently suited for reference to an arbitral tribunal. So judged the late Lord Herschell and his Canadian colleagues on the International Commission of 1898–99, at which, it is understood, every effort which conciliation could suggest was made by the British Commissioners to remove this vexed question from the domain of controversy. To this end they offered to yield to the United States the whole of the land bordering on the Lynn Canal, except Pyramid Harbour, and such a strip of land running back from that harbour to the boundary line as would secure uninterrupted access to the interior by the Dalton Trail—that is to say, they were prepared to give the United States two ports (Dyea and Skagway and the passes behind) out of three. Should this proposal be unacceptable, the British Commissioners expressed their willingness to agree to a reference of the whole question to arbitration on the lines of the Venezuela Boundary Treaty. That treaty provided that adverse holding for fifty years should make a good title, and also that such effect should be given to occupation for less than fifty years as reason, justice, the principles of international law, and equities of the case required.

The United States Commissioners refused both offers, qualifying their rejection of the latter by a counter-proposal to the effect that in the event of their consenting to an arbitration, it should be understood and provided beforehand that all settlements on tide-water settled on the authority of the United States, should continue to be American territory, even though they might prove to be on

the British side of the line. In other words, they would consent to arbitrate only on condition that the principal objects of the arbitration should be theirs in any event, and that the other parties to the dispute should so covenant before they went into court. The British Commissioners, it is needless to say, found themselves unable to accept this modification of their proposal, and the negotiations were shortly afterwards suspended, whereupon the United States press proceeded to upbraid Canada with what they termed her extravagant demands and unreasonable conduct in thwarting the completion of an arrangement which both the Great Powers interested were desirous to effect. Nor was this unfair criticism wholly confined to the United States. Throughout the press of the mother country there ran a tone mildly deprecatory of what the 'Times' called Canada's 'tremendous tenacity,' and even Mr. Asquith 'was not quite sure that Canada had approached this question 'with the calmness of the United States.' The publication last June of the protocols of the Washington Conference effectually dispelled these misconceptions. It was then seen that Canada, far from having interposed obstacles to the successful issue of the negotiations, had gone to the verge of sacrificing her self-respect in her anxiety to effect a settlement of the dispute, and that it was the uncompromising stand taken by the United States plenipotentiaries which compelled the adjournment of the Commission.

The question naturally arises, why should the United States resolutely decline to refer to arbitration a case which its advocates are never wearied of pronouncing indefeasible, more especially when their position is safeguarded by considerations of possession, occupation, the equities of the case, and so forth? Such an attitude towards a kindred nation seems not a little strange, and of itself almost justifies the inference that the American people do not want the Alaska boundary settled.

It is commonly taken for granted that the cordial feelings entertained by the British people for their American cousins are reciprocated by the latter. Those who have visited only New York and other great centres in the United States have hardly perhaps had enough experience on which to found so wide and satisfactory a judgement. Among those whom they met in Wall Street, at the Clubs, and in society, were many no doubt animated by unaffected sentiments of admiration and regard for the motherland, and it is pleasant to think that this class is increasing in number

year by year. Ultimately it may leaven the entire mass, but up to the present time nothing can be more certain than that the travelled, cultured, broad-minded American does not reflect the views of the nation at large, with whom Great Britain is very far from popular. This, while to be regretted, is perhaps not surprising when the past relations between the two countries are considered. As late as yesterday it might almost be said that Great Britain was the only enemy against whom the United States had ever taken up arms. For generations she has been represented to the American school boy and girl as the traditional foe, from whose tyranny and oppression their forefathers were delivered. The impressions thus inculcated are seldom effaced, for in the United States, as in all countries, school histories are the only histories ever opened by the immense majority of the population.

Were it not for this prejudice pervading the masses, all would be plain sailing. There is little doubt that had circumstances permitted a free hand to President McKinley, or to Mr. Hay, the Alaska boundary question would have been settled before this on terms alike honourable and satisfactory to both countries. Nor would it be extravagant to regard a majority of the United States members of the Joint High Commission, personally, as equally well disposed with the President and his Secretary of State. Unfortunately, the Senate had to be reckoned with, and political exigencies forbade the American plenipotentiaries to agree to any conditions unacceptable to that body.

A generation ago the Senate of the United States took high rank among the second chambers of the world, but of late years its prestige has waned, and though still numbering among its members statesmen who would lend distinction to any legislative body, the Senate itself has become more and more amenable to those ignoble methods which dominate American politics.

From the beginning of this controversy the feeling throughout the Pacific coast has been averse to what is termed 'any cession of American territory,' meaning thereby any abatement of the extreme pretensions of the United States with respect to Alaska. On a mere rumour a year ago that the American members of the Joint High Commission were disposed to consider an arrangement whereby Canada would receive a port on the Lynn Canal, a violent clamour arose in the West, which, being speedily heard in an assembly where almost every man has his ear to the ground

and his eye on the next elections, proved disastrous to the negotiations.

This outcry against a settlement apparently so favourable to the United States was largely due to the effect which, by reason of the Navigation Laws, it would have had upon the carrying trade of the Pacific Coast. The bulk of supplies destined for the Yukon is shipped from Tacoma and Seattle, in Washington territory. Were Pyramid Harbour a British port, British vessels would be free to convey goods from United States ports to that point, while United States vessels would be precluded from carrying goods between Canadian ports and Pyramid Harbour. Here is one of the reasons which render the question of sovereignty so important in this controversy. Under the present laws British vessels may not carry goods from any American port to the Lynn Canal. It is true they can trade between British ports and the Lynn Canal, and a customs arrangement has recently been entered into between Canada and the United States, whereby goods arriving at Skagway may be bonded through to the Yukon district; but this bonding privilege is attended by restrictions more or less irksome, and is terminable at the pleasure of the American Government. Thus Canadian trade, flowing through American channels, is building up American towns in what Canada holds to be British territory. It is, perhaps, not surprising that Canadians should chafe under such a condition of affairs.

As regards the future of this question it is difficult to predicate anything. The United States, having secured under a *modus vivendi* possession of the heads of the Lynn Canal, are not likely to be in any hurry to disturb an arrangement so advantageous to them. On the other hand, various American industries are pressing for freer commercial relations with the Dominion, and Canada's refusal to treat on any of the remaining subjects of difference between the two countries until the question of the Alaska boundary is disposed of may lead to a revival of the International Commission.

The sinister influences which have hitherto stood in the way of an equitable settlement are at their minimum during the session of Congress immediately following a presidential election. Should Mr. McKinley be successful next November, it is possible that the new administration may feel itself strong enough to be able to prevail upon the Senate to sanction a treaty providing for a settlement of the question, either by compromise or by such a reference to arbitration as Canada can accept. Until then, at all events, matters must remain *in statu quo*.

ART. II.—1. *The Island; or, the Adventures of a Person of Quality.* By RICHARD WHITEING. London: 1899.

2. *Number 5 John Street.* By RICHARD WHITEING. London: 1899.

THE relation in books between their literary merit and their popularity forms a curious and interesting question, which would, if carefully studied, throw light upon many problems both of social and of literary philosophy. It is a question which is forced on the attention by books of various kinds, but by none so often and forcibly as it is by works of fiction. Numerous novels have been published during the past century which every cultivated, every fastidious reader recognises as admirable, alike in point of style and construction, as offering us brilliant pictures of life, manners, and character, and as exhibiting a knowledge of human nature generally true and delicate, and not seldom profound. Such readers find such novels delightful. They read them again and again. They place them in the rank of classics. But of such novels, with a few important exceptions, the popularity, if estimated by the number of those who read them, is small. Let us take, for instance, the novels of that writer whose genius Lord Macaulay described as being next to Shakespeare's—the novels of Jane Austen. These wonderful works of art, which are still treasured to-day by all who are capable of distinguishing good literature from bad, though they have made this authoress immortal, never made her popular—popular in the sense of the word that would be attributed to it by a modern publisher. On the other hand, long novels, such as 'The Heavenly Twins' or 'The Christian,' and short novels, such as 'Called Back' and 'The Mystery of a Hansom Cab,' which have no claim whatever to be regarded as literature at all, have been read in a single year by a larger number of people than have probably read 'Emma' or 'Mansfield Park' in ninety. Of this remarkable fact there is more than one explanation. We can on the present occasion only glance at the most obvious of them. One explanation is that, owing to various circumstances, a demand has arisen for novels which, instead of being read at leisure, are devoured in hurried intervals, like a stockbroker's luncheon in the City; in which all that is sought is excitement and distraction at the moment; and which are, when they have once been read, done with like an ended meal. Another

explanation is that a demand has arisen also for novels which are of a different and more serious kind, but which, instead of dealing with what is permanent in human life, deal exclusively with such problems or aspects of it as the circumstances of the hour have invested with special interest, and which distort or exhibit them with the fervour of an excited advocate. Such novels are works not so much of art as of journalism. No doubt to render them popular considerable talent is necessary; but their popularity has its foundation in their subjects rather than in themselves, precisely as is the case with a war correspondent's letter, and bears no necessary relation to their enduring literary qualities. It is often, indeed, in inverse proportion to them, as is illustrated in a remarkable way by the novels of Mrs. Humphry Ward. Of these, 'Robert Elsmere,' which made her reputation as a writer, is, as a work of literary art, the worst. Its success was due to the fact that it was, under the guise of a story, a magnified leading article on the position of contemporary Christianity. It is perfectly true that this element of disguised journalism may often ruin a novel that would otherwise be good literature; but it is equally true that it may render a novel popular which, regarded as literature, is beneath even the criticism of contempt.

It by no means follows, however, because a novel which is devoured by the many is recognised by the few as being, in a literary sense, worthless, that the few may not find in it much food for reflection. The precise contrary is the case. What such novels as those we are considering—the novels which are disguised journalism—lose in literary value they gain as signs of the times, and if they achieve popularity they throw an instructive light, not only on the mental condition, the knowledge, and the sentiments of the authors, but also on those of the thousands who read them and take them seriously. Such novels, indeed, form for the thoughtful reader not, perhaps, valuable studies of the subjects with which they deal, but valuable evidence as to the manner in which multitudes are content to deal with them. They afford us glimpses, which are sometimes astonishingly vivid, into the workings of the popular mind.

We have been led to make these observations by the appearance of two recent works which, in a literary sense, are superior to many of their intellectual kindred, but which owe, nevertheless, the considerable success obtained by them entirely to their qualities as the writings of a polemical

journalist who is using the incidents of the hour, and even of the minute, in order to point and preach a social and economic gospel. The works we refer to are 'The Island' and 'Number 5 John Street, whose author, Mr. Whiteing, has been lately raised by them to celebrity. Of both these romances, or stories—they are hardly to be called novels—the central subject is not the scene, the incidents, or the characters, but the nature and origin of the divisions between rich and poor, and the means by which Mr. Whiteing believes and would teach us that they can be obliterated. In Mr. Whiteing's philosophy there is, as we shall see presently, nothing that is original. On the contrary, the views he propounds are all of them extremely old. But what is original is the vitality, the eager good faith with which they are stated; and what is interesting is the fact that a man of Mr. Whiteing's attainments should be capable of stating them, and capable of believing in them, as he does, and that a very considerable public should still exist in England which, to all appearances, is capable of taking them seriously.

'The Island' and 'Number 5 John Street,' though separate, are connected stories, the second being a sequel to the first. We will give the reader a brief account of both of them. 'The Island' in point of form is the autobiography of a peer who is young, wealthy, handsome, and, in addition to other advantages, suddenly wakes up one day to find that he is a social philosopher. Having acquiesced from his childhood upwards in the general features of civilisation, and having admired the elaborate manner in which civilised society is organised, scales fall from his eyes as he is watching a crowded thoroughfare in the City, and the conclusion is borne in on him that what he has admired as organisation is anarchy. Every one who is not rolling in a carriage or dressed in the extreme of fashion seems to his clarified vision to be groaning under an intolerable tyranny, or tormented with the restlessness that portends a near social revolution. He begins to feel misery tingling in the air everywhere. The thought of the condition of London weighs on his spirit like a nightmare, and in order to escape to a healthier and more hopeful atmosphere he betakes himself—it must be confessed with considerable simplicity—to Paris. In Paris, however, he finds a repetition of everything that distressed and alarmed him in London, and he finally takes refuge in a ship, and goes for a long sea voyage. In the South Pacific he passes a lonely island, whose

appearance excites his curiosity, and as no one on board is willing to share his adventures, he determines to visit it in one of the ship's boats alone. But the boat is capsized, the captain imagines him to be drowned, the ship sails away, and the hero gains the shore. He finds that the island is inhabited by an idyllic community, who are half English and half Tahitian in origin, and who, nominally at least, are subjects of Queen Victoria. But their own island is the only country they know. The climate is perfect, the scenery exquisite, the soil is exuberantly fertile. Everybody is able to produce from it all, or nearly all, he wants. There is consequently no division of labour, and such requisites as require division of labour to produce them they secure by a process of barter from occasional British ships. All are equal socially; all are equally rich. They consequently love one another in a manner worthy of Eden. Every one is happy; work is as pleasant as play; as for vice, they have absolutely no temptations to it, and their nearest approach to crime is the killing of a neighbour's cat or the injuring the bark of trees by the cutting of lovers' names on it. One germ of trouble only lurks in this spotless paradise. The simple inhabitants feel, with a touching humility, that well off as they are, it is clearly possible that they might be better. They realise that England, the wonderful mother country—the country of fabulous wealth, the country of hoarded wisdom—has many advantages, many sources of happiness beyond and above any that are accessible to themselves in their isolation; and they wistfully wish that it were possible for them to be as wise and as happy as the English. The daughter of the governor, a young lady of great attractions, in a moment of confidence expresses these feelings to the hero, and begs him to unfold to her the secret of England's social blessedness. Here Mr. Whiteing, having thus prepared his ground, begins, through the mouth of his hero, to deliver his social gospel, revealed obliquely, as the reader will probably conjecture, by means of what Mr. Whiteing intends to be withering satire and pathos. We shall presently have occasion to consider his utterances in some detail, as interesting indications of the mental soil from which they spring. It is sufficient here to observe that, in response to the young lady's request, he informs her that if her island community would really be as perfect as England, the first thing to do is to establish a division of labour, and division of labour, he proceeds to explain, means this. As the foundation of society, a race

of beings is developed who make everything for everybody else, and themselves enjoy nothing. On this useful foundation there rises a middle class, whose sacred function is not to produce, but to be respectable; and above the middle class there rises an aristocracy, whose function is to do the crowning justice to life by realising its possibilities of pleasure, leisure, and beauty.

This argument, the drift of which will be readily apprehended by the reader, is taken up again in 'Number 5 John Street,' and is explained with what Mr. Whiteing imagines to be a mass of overwhelming illustrations. 'Number 5 John Street' is a story of London life, in which the author attempts to paint, and set side by side, life as it is lived by the two extremes of the population—the life of the poorest of the poor and the life of the richest of the rich; and he seems to be under the impression that a picture of this violent contrast affords us a scientific chart of civilised society as it exists. This story, too, is in the form of an autobiography. The supposed narrator, however, here is not a lord, but a baronet. But though not a lord, he is the next best thing: he is the friend of one. He is the intimate friend of the social philosopher of the island. This latter personage has somehow mysteriously disappeared, and has left to his friend, as a legacy, a duty that had been undertaken by himself. This duty is to represent the governor of the island at the Jubilee, and he is also requested by the governor as a very particular favour to send a report to him of the condition of the mother country. The baronet, who is at first perplexed by this large request, is suddenly visited by an entirely original idea. A great many people have talked and written about the poor. He resolves that he will do what no one has ever done before—he will learn for himself how the poor actually live, and his report shall be a description of what he learns. He accordingly disguises himself as a workman, takes up his quarters in John Street in a workmen's lodging-house, and lives for six weeks on half a crown a day, which he earns. The six weeks over he returns to his natural sphere. He gives us all particulars as to how he spends his days, his own pleasures and luxuries, the pleasures and luxuries of his friends; and he reveals to us more of the splendour of the highest of high life than most people familiar with it would have discovered in twenty years. Then he pays another visit to John Street. The reader is presented with another study in contrasts; and the book ends with a series of extracts from the report which the baronet now is

qualified to send to the island governor, and which read like a continuation, enriched with more details, of the social philosophy of the lord in the previous volume.

Now, if Mr. Whiteing did not possess many merits, we should not, whatever might be the sale of his works at the railway bookstalls, look on him and his social philosophy as worth serious discussion. But being, as he evidently is, a remarkable man in many ways, his books have a significance, because they are produced by him, beyond any that could attach to him merely because he has produced his books. He is a man of education; he is not deficient in taste; his mind is active; his observation is quick. Solemnly and seriously as he takes himself and his views, he treats the most burning problems with a certain self-restraint and sobriety, and instead of being content with describing the life of the poor from hearsay, he has, like his hero, set himself to observe it with his own eyes. Despite his having chosen to adopt in both of his stories the imaginary standpoint of an unoccupied man of fashion, his view of the world and his knowledge of it, as he has shown in every chapter, are essentially those of a man of the middle class, and hence his books afford us an exceedingly interesting picture of a state of mind and feeling with regard to social subjects which prevails in a section of the great class in question—a section which possesses an importance out of all proportion to its numbers, and has frequently exercised, and may possibly exercise again, a very considerable influence on the legislation of this country. It is a state of mind and feeling which well deserves examination. It results from a curious compound of ignorance and partial knowledge; of feelings and modes of reasoning that deserve sincere respect; of feelings and modes of reasoning that deserve nothing but ridicule. It is a state of mind and feeling which initiates many valuable movements. It is a state of mind and feeling which carries them to mischievous and grotesque extremes.

In dealing with Mr. Whiteing let us consider his merits first, only pausing for a moment to make one observation as to his style. Assuming, as he does in his narratives, the pose of a man of fashion—or, as he elegantly describes it in many places, of a ‘swell’—he has adopted a manner which he imagines to be one of aristocratic ease, but which is in reality one of affected and vulgar jauntiness, and which no more reproduces the manner of well-bred men than the ‘swell’ on the stage of a music-hall reproduces their gait and aspect. He thus vitiates a style which is naturally easy

and pleasing, as we see continually when he drops his pose and is himself. This defect having been allowed for, Mr. Whiteing's pages reveal to us a keen sense of beauty; an unusual power of describing it; a gift for simple romance which is sometimes almost poetry; a quick observation of those social aspects of life which he has been able to study adequately; an artistic adroitness in selecting and grouping their typical details; and, within limits, a certain shrewd miscellaneous knowledge of the world. But his pages show that he is more than a mere observer who looks at life and civilisation through the medium of artistic and philanthropic feeling. He not only feels about what he observes, but he also does his best to think about it, and many of his observations show an admirable fairness of mind, coupled with a keenness of insight, which are worthy of a true philosopher; while, whatever we may think of Mr. Whiteing's philosophy as a whole, he is obviously a well-intentioned man, who preaches it with the most sincere conviction.

The following passage, though marred by the vulgar jauntiness which Mr. Whiteing has so unfortunately affected, will illustrate what has been said of him as a person of quick and comprehensive observation. It is taken from the first chapter of 'The Island,' and describes the scene in the City to which we have referred already, and which is witnessed by the hero from the steps of the Royal Exchange:—

'It was such a sight,' he writes—'civilisation in a nutshell. That was what made me pause. I was a part of it; and Apollo was taking a peep at his own legs. Why not? We all seemed to be going on so beautifully; we were all busy, all doing something for progress. What a scene! The Exchange I had just left, with its groups of millionaires gossiping Bagdad and the Irrawaddy, Chicago and the Cape; dividend day over at the Bank yonder, and the well-known sight of the blessed going to take their quarterly reward; a Sheriff's coach turning the angle of the Mansion House (breakfast to an African pro-Consul, I believe), a vanishing splendour of satin and plush and gold; dandy clerks making for Birch's, with the sure and certain hope of a partnership in their easy grace; shabby clerks making for the bunshop; spry brokers going to take the odds against Egyptians, and with an appropriate hesitation of air; a parson (two hundred and fortieth annual thanksgiving sermon at St. Hilda's, to commemorate Testator's encounter with Barbary pirates, and providential escape); itinerant salesmen of studs, pocket combs, and universal watchkeys; flower girls at the foot of the statue, a patch of colour; beggar at the foot of the steps, another patch, the red shirt beautifully toned down in wear—perfect! we want more of this in London—giant policemen moving

him on ; irruption of noisy crowd from the Cornhill corner (East and West to demonstrate for the right to a day's toil for a day's crust) ; thieves, bludgeon men and stone men in attendance on the demonstration ; detectives in attendance on thieves ; shutters up at the jewellers' as they pass ; average 7s. 6d. to the hundred pockets ; with a wall only to divide them from all the turtle of the Mansion House, or all the bullion of the Bank ! and for background the nondescript thousands in black and brown and russet, and every neutral hue, and the sun over all, and between the sun and the thousands the London mist !'

As a piece of observation and artistic grouping this is excellent, and the following comments on the scene show reflection in alliance with observation.

'It was something as a picture, but so much more as a thought. What a wonder of parts and whole ! What a bit of machinery ! The beggar, and occasionally the stock-jobber and the nondescripts, to go wrong ; the policemen to take them up ; the parson to show them the way of repentance, and the Sheriff to hang them if need be when all was done. With this, the dandies—myself now altogether unornamental—the merchants, the clerks, and the dividend takers, all but cog and crank of the same general machine.'

Let us now consider Mr. Whiteing as a poet and a writer of romance—as a man with a perception of beauty and the pathos of human affection. As has been said already, the hero of his first story meets in the fortunate island a young lady of great attractions—the daughter of the patriarchal governor. In spite of certain exaggerations, her character is well described. In general appearance she is a kind of Venus of Milo, strong, supple, and fearless, yet instinct with feminine feeling and absolutely devoid of guile. It is almost needless to say that the hero falls in love with her, and the developement of his passion is described with delicacy and self-restraint. The young lady herself conceives gradually a corresponding feeling for the hero. She has, however, plighted her troth to a curly-headed midshipman of a vessel who visited the island long before the story opens. The midshipman, having made his conquest, had departed, leaving with the young lady no tangible token of his identity except one of his buttons, and the young lady has never heard of him since. But, singularly unlike her more civilised sisters, she has felt that a troth once plighted binds for ever and ever ; and in this conviction she has been hitherto justified by the fact that the midshipman has had no rival who could make her even wish to be false to it. But the rival has now come. The memory of the midshipman

fades in the presence of the sympathetic hero; yet neither of them admits, or even understands, the position of affairs until the hero, unaware of his feelings, surprises himself by saying to her, 'I love you.' Held back by her principles, she refrains from responding to this avowal; nevertheless, in accordance with the diplomacy for which her more civilised sisters are famous, she agrees that, though not lovers, they will always remain dear friends. Not till the hero learns from an English newspaper that his mother is dying of grief on account of his unexplained disappearance, and not till he resolves, in consequence, to return to England instantly, does the reserve of the heroine give way and allow her to confess her secret. Even then she tells him that he must go away and leave her, and she adds, sadly, that he is certain never to come back again.

"I do not know why, dear friend," she says, "but this I feel—we must lose you for ever. No one returns here."

"Then let me never go away," I cried, rising, and clasping her to my heart. "Let me live with you and be with you for ever, and forget all the world beside."

Once more I saw a beginning of that exquisite languor which had almost made her mine. The lips of the beautiful creature parted, the eyes closed. Once more my own lips approached them, when the girl moved herself by some mysterious exertion of will, tore herself from my embrace, and ran to the very edge of the cliff.

"Deep into the sea, beloved one, for ever beloved of my heart, if you come one step more. Go now, go from me. Leave me to say my prayers. I love you. Take that last word from Victoria; you will never hear her voice again."

This scene, whatever its merits as literature—and we ourselves are far from thinking them slight—shows a knowledge, sympathetic and delicate, on Mr. Whiteing's part of a woman's deepest feeling; and the esteem in which we hold him on this account is corroborated by the sensitiveness to beauty which he often evinces in his descriptions of external nature. No one, for example, could have written the following passage unless he possessed the temperament, if not the pen, of a poet.

'I turn and look down on the island, north, south, and west, in all its heaving beauty—blue sea, patches of coral sand, silver cascades gushing from the rocks; glory of trees and flowers, of clear skies, and of rainbow-tinted mists, flecking here and there the background of perfect turquoise; glory of the soft beauty of grove and settlement, of the wild beauty of the hills, of the ordered beauty of the happy mean in the plantations beyond; all visible from this height it came up to me through every sense—in its odours from the groves and gardens,

the soft breeze sighing my way; in its sounds, from the tinkle of a tame goat's bell here and there, in far, faint echoes of the woodman's axe falling in due measure of seconds after the flash of the sunlight on the polished steel. And, for sight again, there was more of the exquisite human life in tiny groups, dotted all over the fields in leisure and toil, or in the opalescent green shapes in the water, off the far point, which I knew to be the bodies of diving girls.'

But the descriptions which have done most to bring Mr. Whiteing into notice are descriptions of scenes and events very different from the foregoing. They are his detailed descriptions of the life of the London poor, which he vaguely foreshadowed in his sketch of the City crowd before the Mansion House. For these we must turn from 'The 'Island' to 'Number 5 John Street.' Many of our readers are doubtless familiar with them already. They have been written about in a number of admiring newspapers. They have been preached about in perhaps a yet larger number of pulpits. Critics, clergymen, and congregations have hailed them as a new revelation. We do not propose ourselves to examine them at any great length, for our object in considering Mr. Whiteing's literary achievements is merely to exhibit to the reader his capacities and accomplishments as a man, in order that we may better estimate his significance as a social teacher. About these descriptions, however, it will be necessary to say something, and it will be necessary to say something also about their counterpart in the same volume—Mr. Whiteing's descriptions of the life of the London rich. Of these two performances we shall have to speak in very different terms.

We gather that, as a preparation for dealing with the life of the very poor, Mr. Whiteing himself followed the course which he attributes to his hero, and lived for some weeks in a squalid lodging-house such as he describes. His description of it and of its inmates suggests, indeed, that this was the case. The scenes which he puts before us have all an air of reality—the unimpassioned precision of sketches made on the spot; nor are they, like so many descriptions of the same kind, overcoloured. The inmates of the lodging-house are represented with the same conscientious skill, and the pictures which he gives us of them show that he has not merely an observing eye, but a something very much rarer—that faculty of an observing mind which has its roots in dramatic and imaginative sympathy. He presents them to us as living beings, who, like all others of their species, are partly good, partly bad,

ignorant about many things, shrewd about many others, and who find that life, even among the most unfavourable circumstances, has in it elements of interest, gaiety, and enjoyment. They have all of them, moreover, an individuality which is the stamp of truth, and which vividly illustrates the fact, so often forgotten, that the poor, like all other classes, are a very heterogeneous body ; that they think about life and take life in very different ways ; and that unity of feelings and opinions, social, moral, or political, is no more produced by a similarity of bare floors than by a similarity of floors covered with Turkey carpets.

When we turn, however, from Mr. Whiteing's picture of the lowest class to his corresponding picture of the highest, every one of the commendations which we have just bestowed on him must be withdrawn. He is himself very severe on the folly of those philanthropists who think that they know what the life of the poor is from occasional visits to the slum or the labourer's cottage. Such persons, he says, see poverty from the outside only. To understand it they must see it from the inside, and experience it as the poor themselves do. In dealing with the fashionable world Mr. Whiteing himself occupies the precise position which he attributes to these philanthropists. Whatever knowledge of the fashionable world may be his, it is obviously a knowledge that comes from the outside only—possibly from occasional glimpses of it, but mainly, we should be inclined to conjecture, from a study of gossiping newspapers and of Ouida's earlier novels. Many of our soldiers still remember, with amusement, a celebrated description by this really gifted writer, of the internal glories of the old barracks at Knightsbridge ; and contrast that home of battered cocoanut matting, iron bedsteads, and the scantiest military furniture, with the statement that 'a young Guardsman in barracks is more 'luxurious than a young duchess.' Mr. Whiteing's pictures of the fashionable world, though less monstrous than Ouida's in their inaccuracy, show far less real acquaintance with it ; and even if he should be able to plead that certain details were taken from life, they are details which in life are altogether exceptional, and disprove rather than prove the inferences he attempts to draw from them.

We are led to make this last observation by the account Mr. Whiteing gives us of the young fine gentleman, at once dandy and athlete, who is intended by him to represent the most complete result of the union of an old upper class, refined by the traditions of centuries, with a new upper

class founded on industrial and commercial wealth. This young gentleman, whom Mr. Whiteing regards as a type of the fashionable eldest son, brought up at Eton and Balliol, occupies a suite of rooms, which have been apparently reconstructed for him, in some colossal hotel overlooking the Thames Embankment. He has balconies with tessellated floors, awnings of white and gold, and under the awnings 'a glory of fresh blossoms,' renewed every morning by an artist from Covent Garden, which frame the scene with their fabulously expensive petals. Two rooms will hardly hold the young gentleman's coats and trousers. He has half-a-dozen kinds of baths, which he perfumes with various essences. He touches a button by his bed, and some marvellous piece of machinery puts within reach of him spirits and 'The Sporting Times.' His sheets, his pillows, and his nightshirts are all of the finest silk. As he dresses a manicurist attends at his bedroom door. When his dressing is finished, the chief trouble that awaits him is the trouble of inspecting, of buying, or refusing to buy, the cigars, the jewels, the lapis lazuli boxes, the Russia leather writing-cases, the exquisite green note-paper, which the tradesmen of Bond Street flock daily to offer to his notice. Every time he goes out of doors he is seriously retarded by the difficulty of deciding what necktie will suit his complexion best, which particular pin out of a tray-load will best suit his necktie, and what walking-stick will go best with both—an 'exotic' growth with a handle of exquisite tortoiseshell, or another 'capped with amber almost as pale 'as a pearl.' We regret that Mr. Whiteing is guilty of one piece of negligence; for, instead of providing his athlete with a dozen exotic buttonholes, brought with the flowers for his balcony, and laid on his dressing-table to choose from, he sends him out to buy one each morning at an ordinary flower shop in Piccadilly. For this lamentable lapse, however, from the true fashionable standard Mr. Whiteing makes his amends by never allowing him to spend less than twenty shillings on his luncheon, and never, we may reasonably assume, less than five pounds on his dinner. This monstrous creature, who sleeps between silk sheets, who bathes in an essenced bath, and sits in a bower of roses, Mr. Whiteing actually imagines to be a type of what men and women of good position to-day regard and admire as 'the finished product of civilisation.'

Mr. Whiteing, however, is even farther astray from reality in his attempts to describe the manner and spirit of

the well-bred world than he is in his account of the sheets in which the fashionable athlete sleeps. Here is a specimen of the way in which a highly placed Court official describes two visits he has just paid in the country :—

‘They did us fine at Chester Races, I can tell you. I was at Appleby’s to meet the Prince, if you please. Our little fandango was rather stately, but they simply went the pace at the Towers. So they did at Rayner’s. The Rayners have lived in France, you know, and they are up to all sorts of little dodges to make the evenings go—scratch hops, Jew-de-society—all that sort of thing.’

The pigeon English of a Chinaman is very much more like this sort of thing than this sort of thing is like the conversation of any possible groom-in-waiting. And a similar observation will apply to Mr. Whiteing’s conversations in high life generally. They sometimes suggest what he might have seen at the bar of some gilded restaurant. They are utterly unlike anything he would hear at any West End club. But not only does he fail to reproduce the tone of fashionable conversation; he utterly fails, in describing his fashionable ladies and gentlemen, to invest them with anything like possible human character. They are merely so many mouthpieces for absurd and grotesque sentiments. In ‘The Island,’ for example, he introduces us to the most exclusive society of Paris, where the ladies habitually address each other as ‘Comtesse’ and ‘Dear ‘Marquise.’ One of them, having described the delights of getting up on a cold morning, in an atmosphere warmed with ‘little gusts of rose vapour,’ says that she heightens her pleasure by looking out of the window and watching the poor jumping in the streets to warm themselves. ‘A quiet ‘little woman, of a sweet sedateness of expression,’ whom the hero of ‘Number 5 John Street’ takes down to dinner at a London house so magnificent that it has a minstrels’ gallery in the dining-room, says that the duty most incumbent on the Church of England to-day is to save the souls of persons in high life by having private services in their drawing-rooms before they dress for dinner—services suited to their ultra-refined needs; and she points to an archbishop on the other side of the table as a person specially designed for this holy and apostolic work. The archbishop, at whom the hero, with characteristic high breeding, has just flipped a pellet of bread, begs the English aristocracy not to despise America, but ‘to believe the best of everybody;’ for the Americans know as well as the English how to keep the poor in their place; are infinitely more ready to shout them

down when they strike; and 'a man,' he says, 'may make 'a fortune there and keep it as securely as here.' In fact, every gift of character-drawing which Mr. Whiteing exhibits in 'John Street' he has lost as soon as he migrates to Mayfair or Belgravia.

What concerns us, however, is not the fact, but the reason of it. Mr. Whiteing does justice to John Street because he has really acquired some knowledge of it, and has vitalised his knowledge by an act of imaginative sympathy. Of Mayfair he has no such knowledge at all. And now having glanced in succession at the various interesting lights which Mr. Whiteing's books throw on his capacity as an observer of modern civilisation, let us consider his theories of it, his explanation of the origin of its evils, and the nature of the medicine which he passionately recommends to us as a remedy for them. Seeing, as we have done, how many are the talents possessed by him, and how honest he is in his wish to reveal the truth, his theories, when we examine them, excite in us nothing but astonishment. Put in their briefest form they come simply to this: that the riches of Mayfair are the cause of the poverty at John Street. The inhabitants of John Street make all the wealth of the world. The inhabitants of Mayfair appropriate and squander all of it, except an insignificant fraction, with which John Street buys crusts and cat's meat. So far as the actual productive process is concerned, there is no inherent connexion between the origin of wealth and the distribution of it. The latter depends at present on ill-adjusted social arrangements, and vicious ideals and propensities prevalent through the whole community; but these can be completely changed without the former being affected. The vicious ideals are those which represent as an object in life the attainment by each individual of the best conditions attainable by him. The vicious propensities are propensities to regard this object as the true one. Let us only cease to desire wealth for ourselves, and it will still continue to be produced in order that we may distribute it among our neighbours. In other words, the riches of a nation depend on a process of production which is essentially self-contained, and on which we may always count. The riches of individuals depend on a process of grabbing, with which the process of production, as such, has nothing at all to do; and the poverty of individuals depends on their inability to grab successfully. 'Verily,' exclaims Mr. Whiteing in his imaginary character of aristocrat, 'we are

‘but huge river pike in black and white. Our craving for ‘superfluities balks so much honest craving for need.’ ‘You get rich,’ he says, ‘by getting as much as you can for yourself, and giving as little as you can to others.’ ‘Even,’ he continues, ‘if the rich man is not actually a robber, he is using his cleverness to take some one else’s ‘share’—a doctrine which Mr. Whiteing explains with more precision by giving it to us in economic language:—

‘A factory is a place where a number of people work together to simplify the process of appropriating their earnings to one. You give them a little of it back for provender, and keep as much of it as you can for yourself. What you keep back is called capital. They make it all, of course, or some of their forerunners made it, every sou or cent. You get it—that is the main point. Your share is claimed as cost of superintendence, charge for the loan of your brains, or, by-and-by, as interest on your savings—a very superior plea. But it all comes out of labour—all, all, ALL.’

Here, with the exception of one important detail, we have simply a reproduction, in their crudest form, of the fallacies which Karl Marx invested with a semblance of science, and imposed for a time on the majority of European Socialists, but which even Socialists have been forced to abandon, and which Marx himself admitted before his death to be quite inadequate as an explanation of economic facts. Over and over again have these fallacies been exposed. Over and over again has it been shown that mere labour, taken by itself, instead of producing ‘all, all, ALL—every sou and ‘cent,’ is, in the production of wealth, merely one force out of many; that taken by itself it produces extremely little, and that if it were really to-day our sole productive agent, we all of us, Mr. Whiteing included, should be shivering, half-starved savages. And yet here, in spite of this, we have a man of Mr. Whiteing’s attainments enunciating it again as some solemn and stupendous truth. He differs, however, from Karl Marx in this—and exhibits in doing so an immense intellectual superiority to him—that whereas Marx attributed the existing inequalities of wealth to the historical vicissitudes of Europe since the close of the feudal ages, coupled with a diabolical brutality inherent in the nature of the rich, Mr. Whiteing attributes them to some deeper and far more general cause—to certain characteristics, certain moral or immoral tendencies, pertaining to the dispositions of rich men and poor men equally. John Street, he says, ‘is merely Bond Street without Bond Street’s luck,’ and he admits that though economic conditions may react

on human nature, it is human nature that is ultimately the cause of economic conditions. But having divined so much of the truth, Mr. Whiteing's error is as follows. Having traced inequalities of wealth to their origin in human nature, he imagines them to originate only in the emotional facts of that nature; he does not see that they primarily originate in the intellectual facts; or, if he sees this, he mistakes entirely the manner in which they originate. He thinks that some men are rich and some poor because, with different opportunities, or a differing quickness in using them, they, in obedience to the same selfish desire, seize upon differing shares of wealth already produced. He fails to see that the main cause of these inequalities is the fact that men, with their differing intellectual gifts, differ indefinitely in the power which they possess of producing it. Mr. Whiteing's analysis of the situation would be partly, though not wholly, true if applied solely to such fortunes as result from a certain class of gambling on the Stock Exchange, or from the promotion of unsound companies. Fortunes which result thus may doubtless, with some justice, be described as due to a process of competitive grabbing, stimulated by the desire of each to grab all he can for himself. But it is not by such a process as this a nation's wealth increases, or that, having increased, it is kept from again dwindling. That vast multiplication of necessities, comforts, and conveniences which is the distinctive feature of the progressive nations of to-day—the mass and substance of the wealth that the rich and poor divide—does not depend on the fact that men struggle to seize them. Nor does it depend on a multiplication of labourers, though it produces this. It depends on the assistance increasingly lent to labour by the power which Mr. Whiteing sneers at as 'precious brains'—a power which enables the same number of labourers to participate in the production of a continuously increasing product. Though without labour there would be no wealth at all, yet without the 'precious brains,' of the wealth that is now produced there would be produced only a fraction; and the 'precious brains' are not only precious, but exceptional. That is to say, in every wealthy community a large part of its wealth owes its existence and its continuance, not to the labours of the many, but to the concentrated intelligence of the few. The intelligence of the few varies in its productive efficacy. Some men produce thousands, another man produces millions, and the origin of individual riches, though it may be partially hidden by inheritance, is as a rule—though

there are doubtless glaring exceptions—not, as Mr. Whiteing imagines, somebody's adroitness in seizing them, but the exceptional efficiency of somebody's power of producing them. They represent, that is to say, not abstractions from an existing stock, but additions to an existing stock, and additions made by the persons who enjoy them now, or by persons from whom those who enjoy them now have inherited them. Mr. Whiteing's attacks on society, as he himself conducts them, have their root in the idea that no man can make himself rich except by making a number of others poorer than they otherwise would be. No idea could be more absolutely false to facts. He might as well argue that if two similar fields are given to two cultivators, one of them by his skill and intelligence cannot double the previous crop without preventing his neighbour from raising any crop at all. It is, of course, obvious that if a man of great individual genius has made a million of money, and employed ten thousand labourers, the workmen would be richer if, instead of keeping it for himself, he made a present of a hundred pounds to each of them, and if he refused to do this they would be poorer than they would have been if he had done it. But his refusal to give them the money which he himself had made, even if we should admit that such a refusal is wrong, is a wrong of a kind altogether different from that of embezzling money that had been made, not by him, but them. Mr. Whiteing mistakes the former process for the latter. He sees a man refuse to give a beggar a shilling, and declares that he has taken a shilling out of the beggar's pocket.

The whole of Mr. Whiteing's case against society as it exists is founded on a misconception. We are not saying that society is not darkened by many evils. We are not saying that Mr. Whiteing is not right in deploring them, and in urging us to seek for them every possible remedy; but that, while he is right in deploring them, he is wrong in his diagnosis of their nature. Such being the case, we will now proceed to show that he is also wrong in his estimate of their extent, and yet more wrong in the prescription which he offers us for a remedy.

That he should be wrong in his estimate of their extent will hardly surprise the reader, who has seen from his fantastic pictures of the lives of the rich and fashionable with what naïve and impassioned credulity he can take fancies for facts. It is not, however, necessary for us to trust to a general inference like this in order to realise how wild a

misconception of facts underlies Mr. Whiteing's misconception of principles. In addition to giving us pictures of the startling inequalities of life, he reduces them in the last chapter of 'Number 5 John Street' to a definite statistical statement. 'Nine-tenths of mankind,' he says—'mankind' as it exists in England—still live as brutes in regard to all 'that makes life worth living, while the other tenth rots, in 'character with the infirmities of plethora and excess.' Now let us apply these estimates to the actual condition of England. And first we may notice that the ordinary socialistic agitator, while it is his invariable custom when contrasting riches and poverty to declare, as Mr. Whiteing does, that the rich are physically rotten with self-indulgence, also invariably contrasts, when he slightly shifts his ground, the excellent health of the rich with the precarious health of the poor. Both these statements cannot possibly be true. The rich cannot be exceptionally rotten, and at the same time invidiously healthy. As a matter of fact both statements are absurd; but if we confine our conception of the poor to the workers in some certain dangerous industries, the former is truer than the latter, which Mr. Whiteing endorses. But for argument's sake let us accept this latter statement as true. Let us assume that the rich are rotten with plethora and excess, as he says they are. If such be the case, the rich being a tenth of the population, the number of people who are rotting from prodigal self-indulgence cannot, in this country, be less than four millions. Now, how much does it cost a man, in Mr. Whiteing's estimation, to rot in the manner he describes? His typical rich young man, who sleeps between silk sheets, cannot accomplish the feat on less than 7,000*l.* a year allowed him by his father, and some additional thousands which he borrows; the total coming, we may conclude, to at least 10,000*l.*; while as for the father, who is rotting even more obviously than the son, the process costs him annually 100,000*l.* at least. Now, how many people in this country have 100,000*l.* a year? Only seven or eight hundred have more than a fifth of that income. Not more than two thousand have so much as a tenth of it. But perhaps Mr. Whiteing thinks that it is possible to rot with plethora on less. Still, if the hero of the silk sheets, the white and gold awnings, and the bowers of priceless roses, cannot rot on less than 10,000*l.* a year as a bachelor, a family will require at least an equal amount to do so. Now, a few years before Mr. Whiteing's first book was

written the number of families whose incomes were more than half that amount was not more than eight thousand. It is evident, therefore, that according to the most liberal computation, five rotting members being credited to each family, the number of individuals rotting with plethora and excess, instead of being four millions, cannot be possibly more than one-hundredth part of it. But let us make to Mr. Whiteing one concession more—a concession whose liberality he would certainly himself reject. Let us concede that, to enable a family to rot with plethora and excess, an income of 1,000*l.*, instead of 10,000*l.*, is sufficient. The number of families enjoying 1,000*l.* a year and upwards in the United Kingdom does not exceed eighty thousand; and these, if again we multiply the figures by five, will give us a total of four hundred thousand persons, which is only a tenth part of the richer tenth of the population, and of the population as a whole is not a tenth, but a hundredth. Mr. Whiteing, therefore, in his estimate, if we take the most favourable view of it, is about as near to any possible reality as he would be if he said that the height of St. Paul's Cathedral was nearly five thousand feet, or that the average life of a man was seven hundred years. Nor is his estimate of the condition of the poorer classes any truer than his estimate of the richer. Nine-tenths of the population, he says, are still living like brutes, or, in other words, about thirty-six million persons. Now, just as he exemplifies his idea of a man rotting with plethora by the life of the young gentleman who sleeps between silk sheets, so does he exemplify his idea of the man who lives like a brute by the lives of the persons who inhabit Number 5 John Street. Now these are persons, according to Mr. Whiteing's account, who earn from 10*s.* to 18*s.* a week, and if his statement about nine-tenths of the population means anything at all, it means that the life of these is a fair type of the lives of the whole thirty-six millions who are not dying of plethora. How far is this the case? How far do the classes who live in streets like John Street represent the classes as a whole of which the vast total is composed? This is a question which can be answered with some accuracy. In the first place, the thirty-six millions include something like a million persons belonging to families with incomes approaching 200*l.* It includes approximately six million persons belonging to families with incomes approaching 150*l.* Of the male population of workers over fifteen years of age, it includes two millions who earn from 80*l.* to

100*l.* a year, representing, together with their families, about nine million individuals. It includes three millions who earn about 70*l.* a year, representing, together with their families, more than thirteen million individuals—and these incomes, it should be remembered, are, in two cases out of five, largely augmented by the earnings of wives and daughters; while of the various grades of workers represented by the inhabitants of John Street, the more prosperous represent less than a sixth of the working population as a whole, and the poorest represent less than a twenty-fifth of it.

Mr. Whiteing's statistical abstract, therefore, of the social conditions of this country is so absolutely false to facts that it can hardly be said to stand in any thinkable relation to them. His descriptions of deplorable poverty apply accurately—and, as we have said before, they are exceptionally good of their kind—to a certain portion of our population. Of this there can be no doubt. But this portion of the population, instead of being nine-tenths of the whole, more nearly approaches one-tenth; while his ludicrous rich men, who are 'rotting with the infirmities of plethora,' could not possibly, if we assume them to be a class at all, amount to as much as a thousandth part of it. In order to bring his ideas and statements into some accordance with reality, without discarding his own phraseology altogether, instead of saying that nine-tenths of the population live the lives of brutes to enable one-tenth to live lives of fabulous luxury, he would have to say that while nine-tenths of the population enjoyed progressive prosperity, one exceptional tenth, for some important reason, are excluded from it.

If Mr. Whiteing is thus astray in his diagnosis of social suffering, it can hardly be expected that he will teach us the way to cure it. A social reformer can no more prescribe for society if, because he feels strongly the horror of its exceptional miseries, he reasons as though these exceptional miseries were the rule, than a doctor can prescribe for a patient who has a crushed foot if, because the foot gives the patient intense pain, the doctor concludes, and bases his treatment on the conclusion, that every organ in the man's body is injured or deranged also. There is no question here of the intensity of the evils referred to. Let us grant that this is even greater than Mr. Whiteing represents it. Mr. Whiteing's error lies in his complete misconception of their extent, and, misconceiving their extent,

he entirely misconceives their origin. What is a local wound or injury he mistakes for an organic disease.

Let us now see how, as a consequence of this mistake, Mr. Whiteing proposes to remedy the suffering which, with so much true feeling, he deplores. Imagining that riches on the one hand, and extreme poverty on the other, result from the simple process of grabbing, with unequal luck, that hence the gain of one man is necessarily the loss of another, and that the grabbing process is due to one fatal desire, which animates all of us, be we successful or unsuccessful, to get for ourselves the largest share we can, the sole remedy, he says, is to eradicate this desire from our hearts. 'Let us cease,' he says, 'to be competitive. Let us cease to be self-helping.' Let the cleverest of us, at the table of life, act merely as 'carvers,' whose sole anxiety is to press the best bits on the stupidest. 'Ring out the old,' he exclaims, 'ring in the new—the great moral renaissance—the new learning of the mind and heart—the new type of man and woman.' Now even here Mr. Whiteing exhibits a philosophic grasp of truth which renders him essentially superior to Socialists of the type of Marx. He sees that no fundamental change in the process of distribution can be permanently established unless we first accomplish a change, fundamental to the same degree and equally permanent, in the average human character. 'As a mere economic formula,' he says, 'Democracy must fade off into vision. . . . The underground system of the human being is the thing we must first set right.' So far as it goes nothing can be more true than this. The only questions we have to ask with regard to it are the following:—First, whether any fundamental change in the process of distribution is necessary or would be efficient as a remedy for social degradation and misery; and secondly, whether, assuming this economic change to be desirable, the corresponding change which it implies in the average human character is producible. We shall find that the answer to both these questions is a negative.

With regard to the first, we have only to insist once more on a truth which we have expressed already, namely, that the real causes to which the inequalities of wealth are due, while they are to be sought, as Mr. Whiteing says they are, in the characteristics of human nature, are not to be sought in the characteristics of it which Mr. Whiteing imagines. They are not to be sought in the universality of a selfish desire to appropriate wealth; they are to be sought

in the great inequalities of men's powers of producing it. It may, perhaps, be argued that a man's desire to keep what he has produced himself is just as reprehensible as a desire to grab what he has not produced; but, as a force acting on society, it is, at all events, a different desire. It sets in motion a different series of processes. It sets in motion processes, not of abstraction from the total of wealth, but of addition to it. It is in itself, therefore, not the ultimate cause of poverty, and consequently the abolition of it would not be the abolition of poverty. On the contrary, the reverse is the case. It is a fact attested by the history of modern industrialism that the exceptional producers of wealth are never able to keep the whole of their produce. For various causes a part of each new increment which their talent and enterprise add to the national stock finds its way into the pockets of those who have not produced it. Of the additional efficiency which common labour derives from the aid which exceptional talent and enterprise lend to it, and which it would lose the moment they were not induced to exert themselves, common labour is constantly receiving a percentage which not only increases in its absolute amount, but also tends to increase relatively to the fund from which it is taken. This is the reason of that general rise of wages which has taken place during the past sixty years, and has extended itself to the whole population except one particular fraction of it. Putting this fraction aside, the desire of the individual to possess wealth—the desire which is at the root of competition, and which Mr. Whiteing wishes to extinguish as the ultimate cause of poverty—is the cause of the diffusion of a gradually increasing prosperity. Does Mr. Whiteing think that if ten thousand workmen were obliged to work for one particular employer, they would not be much more likely to be better housed, to receive larger wages, and to be better cared for in every possible way if the employer, by his enterprise, should make a constantly increasing income than they would be if from his apathy or incompetence his business remained stationary or dwindled? As for the unrelieved poverty of the non-progressive fraction which excites Mr. Whiteing's pity, and deserves the pity of all, we shall never be able to understand it, we shall never be able to alleviate it, till we learn to realise that it is the exception and not the rule. Let us realise this, and we shall realise that the true cause of this fraction's condition lies not outside itself but within itself; and that it is poor, not because others have seized on

exceptional wealth, but because to the process of producing it it contributes exceptionally little. If it is to be helped, as a whole, at all—if its condition is to be really raised, the object of the reformer must be, not, as Mr. Whiteing thinks, to make the rest of the community essentially different from what it is, but to make this fraction less different than it is from the rest of the community. If Mr. Whiteing wished to study the effectiveness of a university as a teaching body, he would not go from college to college picking out the idlers and the drunkards, or the men who from mere feebleness either of will or intellect are dunces. He would test the scholarship of the more brilliant, and especially of the ordinary students; and if he wished to redeem the dunces, he would never think of doing so by dissuading others from competing for the Hertford scholarship. Exceptional poverty, as a whole, has no more essential connexion with exceptional wealth, as a whole, than exceptional incompetence at a university has with exceptional talent. Even Mr. Whiteing himself sees this truth at moments, though he has totally failed to incorporate it into his doctrine of life. In one place he observes that even in a collection of savage huts one hut will be found more squalid and more ragged than the rest. Does he think that this one is squalid and ragged because the rest are clean and neat? When he is making the observation referred to he does not even suggest it. He does not suggest that, because nine of the huts are clean, the tenth hut is dirty; or that to improve the latter it is necessary to interfere with the former. In every civilisation there are elements of wrong; but taken as a whole, and certain parts being excepted, it is always, relatively to human possibilities, right. In other words, there is always—just as there is always in the most diseased human body—less to be altered than there is to be nourished and maintained. Mr. Whiteing argues as though, because the body politic has crushed one of its feet, the way to cure its foot was to cut out its lungs. His failure as a social philosopher arises out of two errors. In the first place, he takes a tenth of the population as a type of nearly the whole. In the second place, with regard to the redemption of this submerged tenth, he fails to see that the true business of the reformer is not to teach the majority to become unlike themselves, but to help the minority to become less unlike the majority.

And now, having shown that Mr. Whiteing's proposed revolution in the whole 'underground system of the human

‘being’—his proposed extinction of the instincts of ‘competition and self-help’—would not even touch the actual causes of poverty, let us consider whether such a revolution can be regarded as a possible cure for it. We may grant at once that, under certain imaginable circumstances, it would be; but those imaginable circumstances would include other revolutions in the human being in addition to those that Mr. Whiteing so resolutely advocates. It is imaginable that the congenitally strong and the congenitally industrious might be persuaded to give to the congenitally stupid and the congenitally idle everything that they are too stupid and idle to make or to provide for themselves; but unless this remedy is to increase the evil it is designed to cure human nature must be altered not only by eradicating our selfishness, but by also eradicating a tendency in it which at present is universal, and which practically incapacitates a man from ever doing for himself anything which he can securely count on another man’s doing for him. If Mr. Whiteing could accomplish all this, if he could make man’s moral nature something totally different from what it is, there would no doubt result from the change a society totally different from anything that at present exists, and from anything that has ever existed. But if he considers that changes of such a radical kind are practicable, he might propose to accomplish his object in a considerably simpler way. Instead of revolutionising men’s moral qualities, he might equalise their mental or quadruple their physical capacities. He might endow every one with the genius of a Columbus, a Watt, or an Edison. He might give them all wings; he might give them twenty hands; instead of providing them with fuel he might make them impervious to cold. All these changes would be easier and shorter cuts to the abolition of the pains of poverty than the revolution of their moral natures. Mr. Whiteing admits that the moral nature of mankind has never fundamentally changed from the dawn of history to to-day. What grounds has he for supposing that it will be fundamentally changed now? The operation of the human desires can be doubtless greatly modified—greatly for the worse, greatly also for the better, just as the body is susceptible of various degrees of health. But though a sick man may be made healthy, and a healthy man may be made sick, the respective functions of the organs always remain the same; the saint’s mouth and the murderer’s mouth are both between the nose and chin; and precisely the same truth holds good of the human

character. It can be indefinitely modified, as we see in the case of the sexual instincts, but it can never be fundamentally changed. If the sexual instincts had undergone no modifications, men to-day would be no better than monkeys. If the sexual instincts had been extinguished, as Mr. Whiteing proposes to extinguish the instinct of self-help, there would be to-day no men in existence. As soon as we lose the instinct to help ourselves we shall have but few resources out of which we may help others.

Mr. Whiteing's views, therefore, of the existing conditions of society, of the nature and origin of its evils, of the means by which its evils may be remedied, bear no relation as a whole to facts or possibilities at all. It may, then, be asked why we have been at some pains to examine them, and to this question we must give two separate answers. Our first answer is, that though Mr. Whiteing's views are absolutely false as a whole, yet they are urged as a whole with an earnestness, with a sincere conviction, and with what many readers will feel to be a singular persuasiveness, and are interspersed with observations and descriptions, individually true and accurate, which tend, in the eyes of the inexperienced, to render these views plausible. Now such views as Mr. Whiteing's, in proportion to their plausibility, are mischievous; they tend not so much to awaken social sympathy as to inflame it, to produce a fever of mind rather than a healthy activity, and to disqualify a man from dealing with poverty in proportion as they fix his attention on it. We have therefore thought it our duty to examine them with some minuteness, in order to exhibit to the reader their absolutely misleading character.

But, in addition to this reason for doing so, we have also another. In examining these views we have examined them with constant reference to the character and capacities of the author who puts them forward, and besides pointing out how inaccurate these views are, it has been our purpose to consider a yet more important question—the question of How is it that the author has come to hold them? We call this question important because, as we have said already, Mr. Whiteing is a type—and a highly favourable type—of a section of the community whose influence is often great. He is a type of a peculiar section of the English middle class which is distinguished less by any special intellectual qualities than it is by what we may call an idiosyncrasy of moral temperament. Its members for the most part are thoughtful and educated persons, and some of them have

mental gifts of a very high order; but it is not such gifts alone that make them a peculiar people. What makes them peculiar is the fact that associated with their mental gifts are a peculiar susceptibility to certain kinds of emotion and an exceptional pertinacity of purpose, which develops itself when their emotions are roused. These emotions are all of a marked and well-known character. They are essentially on the side of what those persons who feel them believe to be the right, or, as they usually call it, righteousness, and an element of right or righteousness invariably forms a part of them. But invariably also, together with this element of right, is a chronic disposition to believe that the world in general is wrong. It is a disposition which keeps them in continual readiness to protest, to point out evils, to denounce them, to make the most of them, and to lay them to the charge of those whose temperaments are different from their own. In itself this combination of emotion and instinctive protest, though it would of necessity often result in unfairness, might often be productive of far more good than evil, and would have, at all events, no general tendency to be mischievous, if to any efficient degree it were controlled by an impartial intellect. But this is precisely the thing that fails to happen. The persons to whom we are now alluding are, as we said just now, for the most part persons of active and educated minds. They are men of reading and observation, they are often skilful in argument, they have the mental capacities necessary for forming sound judgements; but their emotions and the spirit of protest—which is a form of emotion—are so strong in them that, instead of being controlled by reason and adjusting their conclusions to what it tells them, it is not by their reason, but by their emotions, that they allow their conclusions to be shaped, and they merely employ their reason—the conclusions having been settled already—to make out a formal case for them, and support them by an appeal to facts.

It is of persons who feel, who argue, who convince themselves thus, and who, being convinced themselves, endeavour to influence others, that Mr. Whiteing offers so interesting and so complete an example, and he is an example which he himself has enabled us to examine and analyse. His books are, as it were, working models of his own personality, and they show us that type of personality in its strongest and its weakest parts. Though we cannot regard him as a first-class writer, his writings show us, as we have taken

pains to explain, that he is not only a well-meaning, but an exceptionally gifted man. He would probably, if his emotions did not enslave his intellect, be an acute social philosopher instead of a blind enthusiast. Of the parliament of philanthropists he might be a shrewd and sagacious member. But his natural sagacity and the natural fairness of his judgement are enslaved by his emotions, and put to inverted uses. His very powers of accurate observation help to mislead. His whole book, 'Number 5 John Street,' is one prolonged illustration of this fact. The mental and emotional processes exemplified in that book are these: Mr. Whiteing starts with a knowledge, not peculiar to himself, that even in the richest of countries there is a great deal of miserable poverty. Wherever he goes examples of it meet his eye. They touch him profoundly. They excite and fill his imagination, and his imagination gradually represents to him this miserable poverty as so general that nothing rises above it but the riches of the unjustly rich. He then says to himself, 'But I will not trust to my feelings; I will see of my own experience if this general poverty be really so miserable as I feel it to be.' He accordingly selects a house in one of those London streets which correspond most completely with his idea of what poverty is, and in this house he lives for six weeks, consorting with its inmates and earning his bread as they do. At the end of this period he says, 'Now I know all about it. My emotions told me truly. I have chapter and verse for everything.' He describes his experiences. He gives them to the world as a challenge, and to any one who maintains that his views as to the miseries of the poor are exaggerated, he replies, 'I am better qualified to speak about them than you, for, unlike you, I have known them and felt them personally.'

The whole fallacy of Mr. Whiteing's procedure, and the procedure of those represented by him, is here exemplified. It is a fallacy of a double kind. In the first place, it is reasoning in a circle. His great thesis is that miserable poverty is general—that it is not confined to an exceptional part of the population. He studies minutely poverty among the part in which it is admitted to exist; he gives a vivid picture of its misery as he there finds it; and because he has succeeded in showing that it is miserable where it admittedly exists, he imagines himself to have demonstrated that it exists very nearly everywhere. He might as well give us a vivid study of Bedlam, and then

argue that the whole of England was mad. The two propositions have nothing to do with one another. To show how miserable a part of the population is does nothing to show how large a part of it is miserable. In the second place, even when dealing with the nature of the admitted misery, Mr. Whiteing—though here he has done his best to be accurate—is prevented by the strength of his emotions from being as accurate as he might be. The tears in his eyes make him see double. He not only sees John Street as its habitual inhabitants see it, but he sees it also as it is seen by a stranger with different habits and standards. He sees it as an Egyptian might see the life of the Esquimaux if he were suddenly taken from the Nile to the North Pole. Such a man would not only see that the North Pole is colder than Egypt—he would imagine that the natives felt it to be as cold as he did. Thus even the more accurate part of Mr. Whiteing's observations is exaggerated. His description of John Street presents us with a confusion of two different and distinct contentions. One is that its inhabitants are pitiable because their own condition revolts them; another is that they are miserable for the precisely opposite reason—that it does not revolt them as much as it revolts him. Both contentions may, in part, be equally true; but they are contentions which deal with distinct sets of phenomena, and to give either its value the two ought to be separated. In Mr. Whiteing's case, however, this error is trivial—though it is not so in the case of many writers of similar sympathies—compared with the error he commits in taking the part for the whole, and fancying that because he has shown how really deplorable is the condition of a fraction of the population, he has shown that it is common to the larger part of the remainder. That he should be capable of fancying this will to many people seem incredible; but a similar mental procedure is the distinguishing characteristic of the whole class of social reformers to which Mr. Whiteing belongs. Susceptible as they are to human wrong and suffering, they have an irresistible tendency to confuse the intensity of suffering with its extent. Because they feel that it is impossible to exaggerate the one, they are led to think that it is impossible to exaggerate the other; and so possessed are they by this conviction, that if anybody cooler-headed than themselves presumes to tell them that any social evil, horrible though it may be in itself, is relatively small in extent, they denounce such a critic as an indifferentist, who

has neither heart nor knowledge. The truth is, that though in calling attention to the existence of extreme poverty the most valuable quality may be an emotional appreciation of its horror—an appreciation such as that which dominates Mr. Whiteing's nature—the main quality required in devising any general alleviation of it is a power of examining it without any passion whatever, and arriving at an estimate of it in terms not of its quality, but of its quantity. To neglect this side of the inquiry, as Mr. Whiteing neglects it, is not to misconceive the extent of the evil only, but also to misconceive the causes from which it really springs, and to obscure instead of indicating the means by which the evil may be alleviated. Mr. Whiteing and the class of emotional reformers represented by him may render the cause of progress good service with their hearts, but, if this is to be so, the counsel which their hearts offer must be rigorously controlled and modified by quite other people's heads.

ART. III.—*Religion in Greek Literature.* By LEWIS CAMPBELL, M.A., LL.D. London, New York, and Bombay: 1898.

PROFESSOR CAMPBELL'S contribution to the history of Greek religion appears at an opportune time. It appears at a moment when scholars do not fear to recognise that the Lesser Archæology, as Mr. Hogarth terms it in his preface to 'Authority and Archæology'—that is to say, the science which deals with the material remains of the human past—is not the whole of archæology; and that there is a Greater Archæology which takes for its domain all documents, whether literary or material. The 'science of religion' during its comparatively brief existence has busied itself much with myth and ritual, the lesser matters, and has somewhat overlooked the existence of the religious spirit. It has added largely to our knowledge of the forms and circumstances of the religious life of the historic and pre-historic past, but of that life itself it has told us little. If that deficiency is to be remedied, if we are to understand what Greek myths and rites meant for the Greeks, it is to Greek literature that we must go, and it is the religious element in Greek literature—the subject of Professor Campbell's work—that we must consult.

From this point of view, it is obvious, the origins of Greek religion have little interest. Whether the gods of Greece were or were not originally personifications of sun or dawn, or storm, it is certain that for the average Greek of the classical period they were not natural phenomena personified, but independent, divine personalities; and if it could be proved that Hermes was originally a wind-god, as Roscher maintains, the fact would throw not the slightest light on the frame of mind in which the god was approached by a worshipper who did not know that Hermes had anything to do with the wind. Questions as to the origin of mythology are also irrelevant; myths in their original form, whatever that was, may have been very different from the guise in which they were presented to the Greek of the fifth century B.C., but it was in their fifth century form that they were known to him and exercised their influence on him personally and on the religious belief and life of the fifth century. Thus Professor Campbell resolutely, and rightly, turns his back upon the period of 'beggarly elements' and crude beginnings, which, as he says, explain little, and, we may

add, are much the same all the world over. He prefers to address himself to the period of 'originality and bloom' in which the higher minds of Hellas dealt with the problems of religion after their own fashion. His object is to discover not what Greek religion evolved out of, but what it evolved or tended to evolve into; not its origins, but its tendencies. He sees in the history of Greek religion a process of evolution, but for that very reason he looks to find in it not merely attenuated survivals of savage myths and barbarous rites and nothing more, but signs of substantial growth, the gradual acquisition of new and higher spiritual truths.

Professor Campbell's attitude in this matter is one of many indications that the scientific conception of evolution, after long dominating the thought of the nineteenth century, is giving way to a more philosophic conception. The physical sciences find the whole explanation of any given event in the antecedent circumstances which produced it; and evolution, for those who approach it from the side of the physical sciences, reduces itself to a perpetually regressive search after causes, the causes of those causes, and their causes again. Thus the only and the whole explanation that can be given of anything consists in an accurate statement of the antecedent circumstances out of which it was evolved. Hence it has been a dictum, long unchallenged, that no explanation of anything can be accepted as satisfactory in the nineteenth century which does not trace the thing back to its origin. This conception of the method of evolution, as an instrument of scientific investigation, has been unhesitatingly accepted from the physical sciences by those students who take man, his words, and thoughts and works for their domain; and it is, accordingly, the origins of civilisation and society, morality and religion, which for a quarter of a century or more have almost exclusively been studied. But now, even before the work in this direction has been fully accomplished, doubts are beginning to be felt whether the only explanation which a study of origins can give is any explanation at all—indeed, whether the origins themselves can be properly understood except in the light of their subsequent evolution and of their highest development. If we assume, as is generally assumed, that the course of human evolution has on the whole been one of development, progress, and advance, though in many times and in many places there have been failures, decay, and decline, it is obviously of scientific importance to be able to discriminate those elements in the origins of any institution which are

the seeds of growth from those which contain the germs of decay. But it is only by their fruits that we can know them, it is only from a knowledge of the effect produced that we can learn the nature of the producing cause. There is no *a priori* method of telling by simply inspecting the origins of a thing what it may develop into; on the contrary, if we do not know the full extent of what we have to explain, if we do not know it in its highest developement, there is considerable danger that we may overlook some of the most important of the antecedent circumstances and may form an incomplete and one-sided view of the origins, or even be mistaken as to what the origins actually were. If we are to pick out from among the innumerable fantastic, incoherent beliefs, customs, and ideas of the savage, those which contain the seeds of religious progress, and, distinguishing them from the element which will hereafter hamper that progress, are to call them the origins of religion, we must have, to start with, some idea of what progress in religion is.

It seems at first sight a truism to say that, before we can begin to inquire as to the cause of a thing, we must know what the thing is, and be able to distinguish it from other things. But this trivial truism, when pushed to its logical conclusions, yields an apparent paradox. When we compare the religion of civilised man with the beliefs of savages and barbarians, we feel no doubt that there has been improvement and advance in religion, and we should not have any insuperable difficulty in stating the nature of the progress that has been made. We can define the progress sufficiently well to justify us in proceeding to try to detect its causes, and to arrange the various forms of religion as higher and lower, according as they approximate to our conception of what is highest. But whence do we get this conception of what is highest? We cannot say that existing forms—whether of religion, or society, or law, or civilisation—are highest simply because they are the latest in time. It is clear that some forms which have been later in time have been lower than those which preceded them; and not only do we classify some existing forms as lower than others, but no existing form is accepted, even by all its adherents, as thoroughly satisfactory—the most earnest of its adherents are most earnest in their endeavours to bring it somewhat nearer to their ideal of what it should be. It is by their ideal that they measure not only the advance which they hope to make, but the progress which has been made since the beginning of things. If we do not consider the existing

state of things—in society or religion—as perfectly satisfactory, it is because we have an ideal which the existing state of things does not come up to; and consequently the standard by which we measure the progress that has been made in the course of human evolution is not approximation to things as they are at the end of the nineteenth century, but approximation to our ideal of what they ought to be.

Thus starting from the apparently harmless proposition that we cannot discover the causes of a thing if we do not know what the thing is whose causes we are to inquire into, we are landed eventually in idealism, and committed to the doctrine that we cannot tell what is real unless we first know the ideal. This is the philosophic conception of evolution which Professor Campbell prefers to the scientific. It interprets the whole course of human evolution as a process of approximation, broken and interrupted at times and in places, but on the whole a continual approximation, to the ideal. It seeks the explanation of the process not in antecedent circumstances and causes producing effects mechanically, but in the ideals for which men have striven, if not always successfully, yet not always in vain. The evolution of religion accordingly consists in man's strivings after the supreme reality, which is the ideal; and Professor Campbell, after quoting the words of St. Paul, 'that they 'should seek the Lord if haply they might feel after Him and 'find Him,' goes on to say:—

'In the wildest aberrations of the religious consciousness there is yet a groping after the supreme, a craving desire to realise what is more and mightier than man, and to find a support whereon his weakness may rely. There would be no progress if there were no shadows to be done away. Our aim should be to bring out from amidst their grosser surroundings those broken lights of higher things which come to us refracted through the thoughts of men.' (P. 2.)

The history of Greek religion, accordingly, is unintelligible except upon the assumption that in it also the moving principle was not mere mechanical causation, but a striving after the ideal, a struggling onwards to the goal:—

'If in the earliest articulate utterance of the Hellenic spirit we discern a profound conviction that the Power which is supreme sends down inevitable redress of wrong, guards jealously the family bond, protects the suppliant and the stranger, and tempers even justice with deep human pity; if, as history advances, the conviction of the divinity of justice and of the nobleness of self-devotion clears and widens more and more; if a yearning after religious purity springs up unbidden, and suggests a brightening hope of future blessedness;

if, as thought awakens, the human spirit, weary of the play of imagination and prompted by some divinely kindled spark, begins consciously to reach after "the One," "the Whole," "the True" . . . shall we be told that this struggling of noble hearts and minds to live and think aright is all in vain—that they were pressing to no goal? (P. 3.)

If the struggle to live and think aright was then, and is now, a struggle which a reasonable man may reasonably be expected to undertake, then the object striven for cannot be a mere illusion: the ideal is implied to be real and valid; there was a goal to which the noble hearts and minds of ancient Greece were pressing. If we ask whence they derived that ideal, and how they divined the goal, the answer is, 'There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of 'the Almighty giveth them understanding.' Hence on the one hand the Hellenic spirit could lend much of its intellectual form to historical Christianity; while, on the other hand, the value of the ideas thus historically assimilated has not yet been exhausted. Indeed, the religious element in Greek literature, properly studied, may yet help to meet what a thinker of our time has called 'the deepest want of 'our age: a new definition of God.' (P. 1.)

Though we cannot agree with Professor Campbell in regarding 'a new definition of God' as a happy or an adequate mode of expressing what is undoubtedly 'an ever-recurring 'want of humanity in passing from one stage of enlightenment to another,' there can be no doubt that the only fruitful and the only scientific way of treating Greek religion, or any other religion, is to deal with it as a phase of the evolution of religion in general. It is a part of a larger whole; and, if it is to be viewed aright, it must be viewed in the light which a knowledge of the larger whole throws upon it. Important as it is to recognise fully and explicitly the distinction between religions and religion, and constantly to bear in mind that none of the forms which religion takes from time to time is an adequate expression of its spirit, it is yet more important to recognise the underlying unity of which all forms are but the manifestations, and the progressive revelation of which constitutes the evolution of religion. To discover wherein this underlying unity consists is a work essential to be done, if the science of religion is to make any further progress, and it is also precisely the point which until quite recently has been most neglected by that science.

The contemplation of creeds outworn, of beliefs which

men have lived and died for, but which we now have outlived so far that they seem grotesque and even repellent, is apt to disquiet the faith of some and to strengthen the scepticism of others. Those who are thus discouraged and those who are thus encouraged are alike wrong: neither can see the forest for the trees; both are tempted to imagine that, because religions are many, religion there is none. To their encouragement or discouragement, however, science, as such, rightly is indifferent. But the fallacy to which they fall victims is one which it is of vital interest to her to controvert. If there is no religion, there is no science of religion. If there is no underlying unity between religions, the law of continuity does not hold with regard to them, and there is no evolution of religion. These elementary considerations are obscured from the view probably by the difficulty of defining the underlying unity and of expressing the reality which resides not indeed behind, but rather (though in different degrees) in all forms of religion. The biologist, however, is confronted with identically the same difficulty when he attempts to define 'life.' But the difficulty does not lead him to the conclusion that life does not exist. It causes him indeed to reject from time to time definitions which are inadequate, or which are inconsistent with the facts that he has to account for. It does not lead him to doubt the reality of life in the various forms in which he studies it. Even the long array of extinct flora and fauna presented by the geologic record has not the depressing effect on him which the contemplation of creeds outworn has upon the less scientific minds that concern themselves with the history of religion. Indeed, with a little more faith in science, they might derive considerable consolation from his example. When haunted by the somewhat unreasonable fear that religion may after all prove to belong to the pathology of mind, they might reflect that the biologist does not regard life as a pathological affection of matter: he takes himself and his subject too seriously for that. When reluctant to face all the consequences of the fact that lower forms give way to higher, they might take comfort in reflecting that as the biologist has no reason to expect the advent of a higher species than man, so they need expect a higher form not than but of Christianity.

As it is easier for the biologist to define any given species or variety of animal than to define life itself, so it is easier for the student of religion to define any particular form of religion than religion itself. The reason is that each form has its

limit: every system has its day, and, when the day is done, may be viewed in its entirety, and may be dealt with as a completed whole. But in the life of religion there is no finality: it is a feeling after God, a constant hungering and thirsting for righteousness, a perpetual struggling to do and think aright, an approximation to an ideal never fully realised. Thus, while a religion may be defined in terms stating what it is, religion must be defined in terms of what it tends to be. The form which religion takes in any given place and time is conditioned by the human imperfections of those in whom the spirit of religion manifests itself. The shape and course which religion actually took, subject as it was to the limitations of those imperfections, may be accurately defined. What, but for those limitations, it might have been, we cannot say. But the methods of the comparative sciences, when applied to religion, may enable us to form some conjecture. We cannot eliminate human imperfections from any religious system any more than we can eliminate friction entirely from any system of mechanism; but the elimination may be carried out in various degrees in various systems, and so afford us some measure of the retardation which the friction of an imperfect mechanism causes.

The comparative science of religion must always be largely concerned with the human imperfections which deflect and pervert, check and thwart the religious impulse and religious aspirations of man; and human nature, or its limitations, is so much the same in all times and in all places, that the limitations themselves afford copious materials for comparison with one another and ample scope for the employment of the comparative method. The restricted range of the savage's knowledge, the poverty of his material resources, the low developement of his morality, the narrow bonds of his tribal system and social organisation, all confine his activity—physical, mental, emotional, and religious—to grooves which are strikingly similar everywhere. If in the same stage of culture he everywhere makes his weapons of flint and his vessels of earthenware, it is because everywhere he is still ignorant of the use of metals. If everywhere he uses the same misleading analogies to explain the action of natural forces, to account for the existence of life and of death, to justify his tribal customs, or to frame his mythologies and cosmogonies, it is because everywhere he is still in the darkness of ignorance.

But, though his limitations are so similar and their action so uniform, it is a mistake to imagine that their similarity is what the continuity of religion consists in, or that they constitute the whole of the facts of which the comparative science of religion has to render an account. Yet there has been a constant tendency in the science of religion to overlook the existence of the religious impulse, and to deny that religious aspirations are a motive force contributing to the forward movement of civilisation and of man. The mistake is the same as if we were to allege the absence of metal as the reason of flint implements or earthenware vessels, and were to overlook or deny the existence of the needs and purposes which they were created to satisfy. The similarity between the implements used by all peoples in the Stone Age is only partially accounted for by their ignorance of metals; the fundamental reason of the similarity is the fundamental similarity of the physical needs of man. In the same way the fundamental similarity of other human needs—social, moral, and spiritual—is the fact indicated by the similarity which marks the social organisation, the moral institutions, and religious conceptions of all primitive peoples.

We reach the same conclusion if we take, so to speak, a longitudinal, instead of a transverse, section of culture. Rifle and bullet fulfil the same function as the bow and flint arrow-head; and the former weapon has been evolved through the cross-bow, out of the latter. A rifle is not a bow; the only points the two implements have in common are the function which they discharge and the human needs which they subserve. The motive force which has evolved the one weapon out of the other is the human need which has been constant throughout successive generations of men, and which has steadily accumulated a number of successive gradual improvements in the instrument which has for its function to meet that need. Modern science is as superior to the crude speculations and unverified guesses of the savage, as modern man's weapons are to the savage's. But his science has been evolved out of that of the savage, and still satisfies, though more completely, the same material wants, and still is prompted by the same intellectual aspiration to reach a satisfactory explanation of things, *rerum cognoscere causas*.

Thus, though human imperfections play a large part in all religions, though they condition the forms of religion and contribute largely to determine the shapes which it takes in

different times and different places, it is not in those imperfections and limitations that the continuity of religion consists, nor do they constitute the underlying unity between all forms of religion. To take into account only the impediments and obstacles which divert or pervert the current of the religious life, and to leave out of account the aspirations and needs, the impulse and tendency, which beat against those obstacles and sometimes overwhelm them, betrays a radical misconception of the function and sphere of the science of religion.

The forms of religion and of religious belief are, however, so diverse and often so contradictory that the attempt to discover wherein the unity of religion consists has frequently failed, and is often put on one side as hopeless. As long as the attempt is made to discover some belief or practice common to and characteristic of all forms of religion, and to see in that belief or rite the underlying unity of all religions, the attempt is probably foredoomed to failure. Either the belief selected for the purpose is one which might be accepted, with some straining and accommodation, as not doing gross injustice to the higher forms of religion—in which case the lower forms will fail to reach the standard, and the formula will, in consequence, not be all-embracing; or else the formula, if all-comprehensive, will simply state some external characteristic which may be a mark common to all forms of religion, but which will contain no religious significance whatever. If the religious beliefs and rites of the lowest and dirtiest savages contain all that is essential in religion, the later additions of civilised religions must be mere surplusage. Otherwise the savage has not got hold of everything essential, and a definition which is adequate for his religion will necessarily be inadequate for a higher form.

What constitutes the continuity of religion through all its various and manifold forms, from the lowest to the highest, is the fact that they are all expressions of the religious spirit, not that they are all varieties of the same expression. The problem they attempt to solve is the same, but the solutions are not the same. The continuity between the rifle and the bow consists neither in the materials used nor in the force employed, but in the purpose which the weapons are put to and the needs which they subserve. The gun is the more effective weapon of the two, but the function of the two is the same, though the forms are absolutely dissimilar and incapable of being brought under one and the same definition. Thus, though the forms of religion

may not be capable of being brought under any one common definition, there may still be an underlying continuity between them. But, if we are to discover what it is that unites them, we must consider, not what they are, but what they tend to be; their bond of union consists in the fact that they all express certain tendencies common to all mankind, not that they express those tendencies in the same or similar beliefs, rites, ceremonies, or forms. 'They seek the Lord, if haply they may feel after Him and find Him.' The arrow finds its mark as well, if not so surely, as the bullet; and the lowest form of religion, so far as it is religion, embodies the same tendencies, however rudimentary and undeveloped, as the highest. Lowest and highest are united by the fact that both are attempts, if only attempts, to realise the ideal of religion in thought, word, and deed.

What, then, are these tendencies which manifest themselves in all forms of religion, and which, so far as they are tendencies to belief, may be termed the common faith of mankind? What is that recurring need of humanity which all forms of religion strive to satisfy, though with differing creeds, different rites, and very various degrees of success? and how do that need and those tendencies manifest themselves in Greek literature?

From the beginning Greek literature speaks on this point with the frankness and directness customary to and characteristic of the Greek mind. 'All men have need of the gods,' says Homer, with the unclouded serenity of one enunciating a simple fact of common observation. Æschylus, describing the horrors of the retreating Persians' passage across the Strymon, when the ice gave way beneath their weight, says, with the same direct simplicity: 'Then many a man prayed to the gods who never prayed before.' The lyric poets, if they do not repeat the observation of the epic poet and the dramatist, do more—they exemplify it in their own practice. As Professor Campbell says, 'in their hours of most intense consciousness and passionate emotion the appeal to powers above themselves—Zeus, Apollo, Demeter, Dionysus, Aphrodite, Eros—breaks forth instinctively, as from a source of inexhaustible fulness from which they draw a momentary inspiration' (p. 115).

Every need which is strong enough to make itself felt prompts a man to set about satisfying it. Instinctive needs set up or start automatically the actions necessary to appease them. Needs not instinctive prompt actions of a more or less random character, which may or may not

succeed, according as they are wisely or unwisely selected and directed, and which require some exercise of reason. Such action implies a conviction that it is possible to satisfy the need in question. The belief is not based on evidence: it is something which is taken for granted. It is a conviction which is given with the need, and rises to the surface of consciousness from the same unknown depths of man's nature as the need itself. The need which Homer says all men have implies, for its logical justification, the belief that the gods have the will and do incline to hearken to man's prayer. And as the Greek spirit was to be explicit, Homer found the simplest and most direct expression for this simplest creed: 'A god, if he so will, may save even from afar.' The religious ideal, manifested in this simple faith, already is a Power which is or may be friendly to man.

About the power of the gods to save there could be no question. That they also had the will was matter of common knowledge; not only did Apollo in the *Iliad* help his priest, not only were Achilles, Odysseus, and Telemachus constantly befriended by Athênê, but Themistocles could say of the defeat of Xerxes, 'This deliverance is the work of the gods;' in the storms which wrecked the Persian fleet at Artemisium, the Athenians recognised the hand of a friendly god, Boreas. If all men have need of the gods, most men in the hour of deliverance from great danger have gratitude also; and feeling from their hearts 'it is not we ourselves,' they can give the glory where it is due, as does Pindar, speaking of the battle of Salamis: 'Now might Salamis bear witness to her deliverance by Ægina's seamen and the destroying tempest of Zeus, when death came thick as hail on the unnumbered hosts. Yet let no boast be heard. Zeus ordereth this or that.' 'Te Deum laudamus'—'not unto us, but to thy name, O Athena, be the praise'—is the natural expression at such times of all decent minds. Professor Campbell points to the parallel between the defeat of the Persians and the destruction of the Spanish Armada:—

'We have lately heard the story of the Armada from the Spanish side, and know more fully than we did how many causes worked together with British patriotism, courage, and seamanship to bring about that overthrow. But those who felt the joy and exultation of the deliverance knew nothing of this; they knew only that the big black cloud which threatened England had been rolled away, and they acknowledged with grateful pride the daring defence of Howard, Drake, and Frobisher, and their brave seamen, and the protecting hand of God over their land.' (P. 194.)

But though faith in a Power able and willing to save, at hand in the time of need, and never at any time far from any one of us, goes to the root of the matter, and is the earliest expression of the religious ideal in Greek literature, the ideal is not manifested fully, or clear from ambiguity, in that simple faith. Potentially it may be present, but a long process of evolution was necessary before it could reach even such developement as was possible for it in Greek religion. The ideal was visible, but there was no clear vision in the days of Homer or even of the Persian invasion. 'A god, if he will, may save.' But, if he does not will? The god of the religious ideal may be a friendly power. There is also the possibility that he may actually be anything but friendly. When Themistocles restrained the Athenians from the pursuit of Xerxes, he not only said, in the words quoted above, 'This deliverance is the work of 'the gods,' but added, 'whose jealousy would not suffer the 'pride of an impious man. Let us not provoke them by 'following our advantage too far, but let us rebuild our 'ruined temples, and restore our homesteads and our family 'hearths.' It is true that Themistocles ascribes the jealousy of the gods to the impiety of man; but the 'malignity of 'the deity' was believed by the Greeks to go much further and do much worse than punish the impious. We cannot think that Professor Campbell is right in saying that 'in 'regard to human life the ruling thought [of Herodotus] is 'that of the divine envy or malignity, which is exemplified 'in the countless miseries of mankind and the insecurity of 'all good fortune;' for in this matter, as in most others, Herodotus, as a faithful reporter of what he has learned by inquiry, is reproducing, along with the facts which he has elicited from others, the light in which his informants saw them and the tone which they unconsciously imparted to their narratives. The striking folk-tales which he records were and are striking because of the views of life which they convey. This particular class of tale owes its interest and its vitality to the very fact that the divine envy is its *motif*. Strip such a tale of its moral—or its anti-moral—and it becomes worthless for literary purposes. Herodotus was too much of an artist to write history in that manner.

There can, however, be no doubt that the malignity of the deity was a ruling thought if not of Herodotus, then of his time. Its frequent appearance in Herodotus is evidence in that direction. 'The crude form of it saw in each disaster 'an outcome of divine revenge, or of the envy of the gods

‘at human prosperity.’ God will not suffer men to exalt themselves or provoke Him by too great success. In Herodotus, the Solon of popular tradition ‘speaks of God as the ‘author of confusion and as full of envy.’ The relentless envy with which the deity pursued Polycrates and rejected the ring of great price which that too prosperous prince threw into the sea in the hope of appeasing by the sacrifice the jealousy of heaven, is the best illustration, even in Herodotus, of the doctrine of the malignity of the deity.

That doctrine is obviously a piece of folklore. It is a popular rough and ready explanation of certain striking facts of human life which cry aloud for explanation. It is based, not on a methodical study and on an organised comparison of a wide range of related facts, but on the nearest and most obvious analogies; and it owes its popularity, as all folklore does, to the fact that the analogies to which it appeals are familiar and intelligible, with the minimum of intellectual exertion, to all minds, however little educated. All men, Aristotle says, have a natural desire for knowledge; but most men, we may add, are not inclined to take more trouble than is absolutely necessary to appease that desire—the first analogy that occurs, the solution that requires the least effort to comprehend, is good enough for them. But the most obvious explanation, the one which turns up first, and which any man can hit upon, is not usually the correct or final explanation. It becomes part of the learning of the people and a piece of folklore, because it saves the trouble of further thought for the moment. Eventually, however, it is found to create more difficulties than it solves, and reveals the necessity of a deeper and more systematic study of the facts. Thus scientific explanation in the end comes to follow a process the very reverse of that adopted by popular explanations. They drew only on the facts obvious to the most superficial observer. It finds itself forced on to the consideration of facts which are only detected by prolonged study, and can usually only be properly appreciated by those who have made a special study of them. Such systematic study of Nature is Science; of Religion, Theology.

The folklore doctrine of the malignity of the deity eventually elicited from the Greek spirit a definite and valuable piece of theology, a more precise formulation of the religious ideal, and a profounder appreciation of its content and significance. It is hardly necessary to say that for this fuller manifestation of the religious ideal we must look to the great minds of Greece, the great masters in Greek literature.

Progress, whether in art, science, or religion, is due not to the many but to the few. 'The million rise to learn, the 'One to teach,' as Shelley says; or, as Confucius puts it, 'All men have palates; but how many can distinguish 'flavours?' First, however, let us consider the conditions which favoured the growth of this Greek doctrine of the malignity of the deity; in that way we shall see how from the beginning the conception carried within it the germ of its own negation, and by its own evolution led to an idea which not only comprehended in its higher unity such truth as was contained both in the doctrine and in the antithesis of the doctrine, but transcended the ideal of religion as first manifested in Greek literature in the words of Homer: 'A 'god, if he will, can save even from afar.'

Lower religions have their evil spirits, higher religions their devil; but it is a remarkable fact (not, we believe, noticed by Professor Campbell) that Greek religion knew neither. There is nothing in it to correspond to the terrible powers of evil against whose onslaughts so many of the Babylonian 'hymns' are directed. There are few traces even in the superstitious practices of the Greeks of that abject terror of supernatural foes which is characteristic of the savage state of culture—so few indeed that it might almost be regarded as an open question whether they had ever experienced it. If they had, they had long outgrown it even in Homer's time. The conflict which, according to the wisdom of the Egyptians, was waged on almost equal terms between the powers of good and the powers of darkness, was for the Greek mind a struggle that had long been ended in favour of the national gods: Typhoeus, Typhon, the serpent Python, and the Titans were things of the past. They were as the dragons and giants and monsters of fairy tales; they were not practical forces, determining the conduct of daily life, either in religious or superstitious belief. Mormo was confined to the nursery.

It is striking testimony to the eminently rational and practical character of the Greek mind that, in dealing with the Unseen, the Greeks took it for granted that all the supernatural powers had a friendly side to their character, in virtue of which it was possible for man, if he set about it in a sensible manner, to establish friendly relations and live on satisfactory terms with all of them. From the beginning, and throughout, the Greek acted on the principle that to win goodwill you must show goodwill. He persisted in treating powers that had a distinctly evil reputation with

a perfectly confident belief that their intentions were really and ultimately good. The spirits of the streams and the sea which, under the treatment they received from other peoples, became pixies and water witches, revealed themselves to the Greek—because he was worthy of the revelation—as Oceanides, Naiads, Nereids, Nymphs. Even the Erinyes, dread powers of the Curse, yielded to his invincible friendliness, his persistent urbanity, and admitted in the end that he was in the right, their intentions had been kindly all along; they were, in fact, Eumenides, and only by misconception Furies. ‘They were no longer merely blind and ‘passionate avengers, but the executors of divine justice, ‘the guardians of domestic sanctity, bringing to those who ‘worshipped them in spirit and in truth a blessing and ‘not a curse’ (p. 245).

Thus the Greek in the practice of his religion, in his actual dealings with the supernatural, made a considerable, though unconscious, advance upon the simple Homeric faith that a god, if he will, has the power to save. It is by action as well as in reflexion that the ideal, which directs the conduct of a man or a nation, becomes increasingly more and more manifest. In the first stage of reflexion, the ideal swims into the ken, as a peak of Darien appeared to Cortes’s men—as a, perhaps wild, surmise. The formula in which faith in the ideal first expresses itself in words may take the form of a hypothetical rather than a categorical statement. But in the stress of action, the cautious reserve of hypothetical statements or of a mere surmise cannot maintain itself. Acting on an hypothesis is giving a very substantial guarantee of your belief that it is something more than a mere hypothesis. The Greek showed by his action that he regarded the friendliness and trustworthiness of the Unseen as not merely hypothetical. But theory, as is usual, lagged behind practice; the first hypothetical statement of the Greek’s faith was not converted into categorical and dogmatic form until it had been acted on for generations and for centuries. This further manifestation of the religious ideal, the conviction of the benevolence, or, if we may coin the word, the omnibenevolence of the Unseen, had to grow up slowly and silently in men’s hearts, before it could be formulated explicitly in words, or be recognised as the principle on which they had really been acting all the time. It might, indeed, never have secured formal recognition from the Greek mind had it not, while yet nothing more than a silent implicit conviction, come into

collision with a conclusion deduced from the same early article of faith as itself.

The Greek, as we have seen, banished evil spirits from the domain of practical religion : he declined to recognise them as factors, either in the physical world or in his spiritual life. The logical result—and the Greek, being eminently logical, eventually reached it—was to leave the gods and man to divide between them the responsibility for everything that happens in the world. The steps by which this conclusion was reached are interesting. Savages, and some civilised men, find in demons a simple and satisfactory cause of all man's woes ; there is practical unanimity among them in ascribing disease and death to the action of evil spirits. From this explanation the Greek had cut himself off by ruling evil spirits out, and acting on the principle that all the Unseen powers are good—are gods. The gods had, therefore, to take over the functions which, in other religions, are discharged by evil spirits : Apollo and Artemis sent death and disease on men and on women. They were none the less popular deities, none the less beloved. But every great calamity also had to be ascribed to the gods, for as to their omnipotence there was no doubt : a god has power to save, and to destroy. As to their benevolence, in a general way, there was no doubt either. But their occasional malignity, due to jealousy, was an explanation of undeserved calamity, so obvious, so easily apprehended, and so compatible with a full recognition of their usual benevolence, that it satisfied the mind without offending, as yet, the religious consciousness of the people.

It so happened, however, that by the time the doctrine of malignity took shape, the conviction that the goodness of God is never failing had gathered sufficient strength in religious minds to make the theory of occasional malignity untenable. Already, even in the popular religion of Herodotus's time, the very facts which were supposed to support the theory of malignity were seen, on further reflexion, to tell against it. The envy, *Phthonos*, of the gods was seen to be really *Nemesis*, or retribution. The fate of *Cræsus*, on whom a great *Nemesis* came, 'because he thought himself the happiest of men,' was seen to point, not to the danger of prosperity, but to the sinfulness of pride. It is seemly for a man 'to walk humbly with his God.' This aspect of the religious ideal was revealed still more clearly to *Æschylus*. *Xerxes*, whose overthrow was ascribed by the popular traditions preserved in Herodotus to the action of a

spiteful god, was seen by Æschylus to have brought his fate upon himself because he trusted in his own might. In Sophocles the religious ideal, 'the divine union of omnipotence and benevolence,' the conviction that the gods have always the will, as well as the power, to offer salvation, takes still clearer shape and a yet richer content. The theory of Nemesis accounted for the sufferings of the proud and the impious, but not for the sufferings of the innocent. To reconcile those sufferings with the now strong faith in the divine benevolence called for profounder reflexion, and resulted, in Sophocles, in 'an approach to the doctrine which the Hebrews learned in their captivity, of the blessedness of sorrow. Œdipus is ruined in this world, but having suffered here for his unconscious crimes, he is accepted of the gods, and after his death becomes a spiritual power' (p. 281). Thus it became possible, in the end, for Plato to lay it down as a definite theological dogma that whatever sufferings the gods may send on man are expressions of the divine benevolence acting for the good of man. In this dogma Plato was but formulating the faith in which Socrates met his death, and that conviction of the essential friendliness of the Unseen, which had—rightly or wrongly—animated, even from pre-historic times, the whole Hellenic race in its dealings with the supernatural.

We have sketched roughly the developement in Greek literature of one aspect of the religious ideal. It was a process of evolution in the sense that it was a developement of the potential into the actual, of the implicit into the explicit, of faith into dogma, of conditional belief ('if the gods are benevolent') into conviction ('the divine benevolence never fails'). But there are many other aspects of the religious ideal presented in Greek literature. One is the impossibility—exemplified in the transition from the idea of divine envy to the ideal of divine justice, Nemesis—of separating religion from morality. Here, too, the evolution of Greek religion consisted in the developement of a tendency present in it from the beginning, and not in the accretion of elements foreign to it. It is a common but, we must maintain, an ill-sustained assumption in the science of religion, that religion and morality have different sources, start by running in different streams, and meet to flow in the same channel, either late or it may be never. As regards savages, the fact is that initiation ceremonies are commonly the occasion for instructing the neophyte in the principles of right behaviour, and that the tribal god is

the guardian of the tribal morality. As regards the Greeks, the connexion between morality and religion exists in the earliest age of Greek literature, and in each succeeding stage becomes the subject of more profound and intimate conviction. In Homer the connexion is implicit rather than explicit; a matter of feeling rather than of formulated faith. But already in the 'Iliad' 'the supreme god is 'revered by those who pray to him as supporting the *just* 'cause' (p. 72): in the combat between Paris and Menelaus, the Achæans pray that the wrongdoer may fall, and the treachery of Pandarus was greeted as a guarantee that the gods would punish it by giving the Achæans the victory over their treacherous enemies. As for the 'Odyssey,' 'the 'triumph of Odysseus single-handed, with the aid of Athena, 'is the triumph of justice over lawless insolence.' What the poet of the 'Odyssey' felt and implied finds direct expression in the words of Hesiod: 'Zeus has a virgin daughter, 'Justice, revered by the Olympian gods. When any does 'her wrong, she sits by her father Zeus, and tells of it.' With further experience of life, Greek literature attains to a yet clearer conviction of the righteousness of God; Archilochus puts it thus: 'O father Zeus, thou rulest the sky, 'thou seest what is done, whether villainous or righteous, 'amongst men, thou carest for the insolence and right conduct even of the lower animals.' Herodotus felt no doubt that the bond of society, custom and the law of the State, was of divine sanction. But it is Sophocles who calls forth the religious consciousness to bear witness from its depths to the existence of the Unwritten Laws of God, which every man may read in his own heart, which are made by no man, but are revealed to all and endure from everlasting to everlasting. In later times it was said of the Greeks, 'They show the work of the law written in their hearts, 'their conscience bearing witness therewith.'

The refusal of the Greek reason to tolerate the existence of evil spirits had, as one of its results, to leave the gods and man to divide between them the responsibility for everything that happens. The popular superstition of the malignity of the deity was in effect an attempt to divide that responsibility unfairly, and to charge the gods with what was not their doing. The superstition was found, however, to be repugnant to the Greek faith in the friendliness of the Unseen; and the conflict between the two currents of thought led to a further developement of the religious ideal, by bringing into clear consciousness the

essential justice and righteousness, as well as the benevolence, of the Unseen. There were, however, other tendencies in the general movement of the religious thought of the time which contributed to this result, and which deserve fuller attention than can be given to them here.

The adjustment of responsibility as between the gods and man, even to the extent effected by the theory of retribution or Nemesis, would have been impossible, had there not been a growing conviction that wrongdoing is an offence not only against man but against the gods, not only against morality but against the religious consciousness. The unfolding of this conviction again was a process of evolution, the rendering explicit of what was potentially present from the beginning, the realisation of a tendency which manifested itself in Homer. In the 'Iliad' we have the remorse of Helen and her bitter self-reproaches, and the conscience which makes cowards of us all in the meeting of Paris with Menelaus. The feeling of blood-guiltiness, as it goes back to times long before Homer, so it continued long after his time, finding its expiation in the forms of purification associated with the Delphian worship of Apollo. In the sixth century B.C. the sense of pollution requiring purgation was extended far beyond the particular case of blood-guiltiness. The rapid growth and wide distribution of 'mysteries,' both public and private, is testimony to the fact that the sense of sin was present, in distinct consciousness, to the Greek spirit. It is alleged that the purification was merely ceremonial, and the atonement, consequently, merely formal. If this be so—and, in the absence of evidence as to the exact nature of the experience undergone by the mystæ, it is hard to know whether it is so or not—it is sufficient, and it is important, for the historian of religion to note the manifestation, in the religious consciousness of the Greeks, of a need for atonement, and the failure of the Greek spirit to discover a means of permanently satisfying that need.

That adjustment of responsibility, as between the gods and man, which was necessary for the peace of mind of a race so logical and clear-thinking as the Greeks, required the co-operation of another tendency, which was developed by some religions further than, by others not so far as, by the Greek—the tendency to believe in a future life. The punishment in the next world of wrongdoers in this was not absolutely unknown to Homer; but it is not until the sixth century that we find the doctrine of future punish-

ments and rewards clearly and definitely conceived. Even then it appears under circumstances which suggest that it was of foreign origin ; and to the end it failed to attach itself to the main current of distinctively Hellenic thought and feeling. ‘Socrates, possessing his soul in peace, was content to leave the matter to God ; but Plato, giving substance to Pythagorean fancy through the strength of moral conviction, and identifying soul with mind, attributed to the human spirit a participation in that eternity which he held to belong to truth. Hellenic faith could go no further’ (p. 381).

Another tendency present from the beginning, another aspect of the religious ideal which took clearer and clearer shape, though it failed to attain to a complete manifestation and a perfect revelation, was the monotheistic tendency. This shows itself, even in Homer, in two forms. There is the supremacy of Zeus, which is hardly distinguishable from destiny, ‘for his will and the determination of fate are one.’ But in spite of the fact that he is literally the Unseen, inasmuch as he is the only one of the Homeric gods who never appears in visible form to man, the individuality of the other deities was too strongly marked to allow of their being absorbed into the existence of one personal God. There remained the other form, also present in Homer, the tendency to generalisation and abstraction in speaking of the divine. ‘In the “Odyssey” the divine action is already often generalised ; not only are gods spoken of in the plural more frequently than in the “Iliad,” but “god” or “a god,” in the singular, often occurs where it is uncertain what individual deity is in question’ (p. 94). This generalised use of *θεός* is even more frequent in Pindar ; and later (though Professor Campbell does not notice it) *ὁ δαίμων* is commonly used in the same way, and to express the same shade of feeling—something between compromise and non-committal as to the real separate existence of all the many different deities of the traditional polytheism. In Herodotus the process goes a step further, and we find for the first time an abstract, neuter term, *τὸ θεῖον*, which is a distinct movement away from the personality of *θεός* or *ὁ δαίμων*. To say that he attaches more reality to such abstractions as *τὸ θεῖον*, or *τὸ δαιμόνιον*, than he does to the individual personal deities who figure so frequently and so pleasantly in his pages, is rather to understate the case ; with the profoundest belief in the divine, he believes that the numerous deities of polytheism are absolutely human

inventions. That Æschylus also held them to be (in his own phrase) 'one form with many names,' and believed that, no matter to whom the worshipper prays—whether to Zeus, Jehovah, or Allah—his prayers are heard, provided that he worships in spirit and in truth, is plain from the first chorus of the 'Agamemnon':—

'Zeus,—by what name soe'er
He glories being addressed,
Even by that holiest name
I name the Highest and Best.
On him I cast my troublous care,
My only refuge from despair :
Weighing all else, in Him alone I find
Relief from this vain burden of the mind.' (P. 274.)

That this was the feeling of Sophocles and Euripides also could easily be shown, if space allowed of the necessary quotations. They also found in direct personal communion with the Unseen a refuge and haven of rest from the doubts and difficulties which the orthodox form of traditional religion excited and could not allay. Æschylus, however, had no desire to break away from the traditional form; he was of the earnest conviction that the traditional beliefs and national mythology enshrined the truth, and if read aright—as he spent his life and genius in trying to read and interpret them—could be made to yield the truth. Sophocles, too, though distinctly teaching that the Unwritten Laws, the commandments of God, were above the traditions of men, recognised with serene toleration that the divine spirit spoke by the lips of a Teiresias, the representative of the orthodox form, as well as to the hearts of those whom that form could no longer satisfy. Euripides wavers between the desire to make myths instrumental to true religion, and the impulse to show, by working them out to their consequences, how fatal to religious truth they are. Plato began by open denunciations of the traditional myths and the rites of sacrifice, but his final attitude, in the 'Laws,' recognises and acquiesces in the necessity of such institutions.

In point of fact every religion, or rather every stage of religious evolution, must have its form, if it is to do its work. It is not merely that every earnest conviction cannot help finding outward expression for itself and bewraying itself in word and deed, but that most men, in order to maintain their convictions in a state of healthy efficiency, require periodic appeals to them and systematic oppor-

tunities for reaffirming them, for doing something to emphasise their affirmation. This need seems to be felt, and to be provided for, even in the lowest stages of the evolution of religion. But the faith which is thus expressed, and adequately expressed, is *ex hypothesi* faith in its least developed stage, and the form which is adequate to it will be inadequate to its later developements. In fine, any form of religion is the expression of a particular stage in the perpetually growing manifestation of the religious ideal. Polytheism, with its attendant myths and rites, was the form taken by Greek religion before the Homeric age. It remained an adequate expression of that need of the gods which all men have until the time of the Lyric poets, who instinctively appeal in their hours of most intense emotion to Zeus, or Dionysus, or Apollo. But after their time the form and the faith of Greek religion developed on independent lines; and it was precisely at the time when the ceremonial of public worship was most imposing and ritual at its highest that the most religious minds were beginning to be most conscious of the need of something which neither ritual nor mythology could supply, and the want of which was destined in the fulness of time to be fatal to both. But of this those who were in charge of the ritual knew nothing: it was a thing hidden from them.

The connecting links between the safety which a Homeric god can afford if he wills and the developed conception of 'salvation'—between the *σωτηρία* of the Greek mysteries and of Christianity—do not fall within the scope of Professor Campbell's work, nor does he allude to them.

- ART. IV.—1. *Dante Gabriel Rossetti: Letters and Memoir*. 2 vols. By WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI. London: 1895.
2. *Life of William Morris*. 2 vols. By J. W. MACKAIL. London, New York, and Bombay: 1899.
3. *William Morris: his Art, Writings, and Public Life*. By AYMER VALLANCE. London: 1897.
4. *The English Pre-Raphaelite Painters*. By P. H. BATE. London: 1899.

THERE remains little to say, either in the field of literary or in that of technical criticism, that has not been already said and re-echoed concerning the aims and methods of the Pre-Raphaelites and their heirs and successors of a somewhat later day. The history of the birth of the school which was to inaugurate the renaissance period, not only of English painting but of the general pursuit and understanding, lay no less than professional, of all things beautiful in colour and form, has been traced in Mr. Bate's book both to its fountain-head and in its most recent developements, and the reproductions of the pictures of various artists, living and dead, will give those who study them a clearer conception of the characteristics of the school than volumes of letterpress. Indeed, the principal features of the movement, whose nativity involved so complete a change in the ideals of art, are in a fair way to become familiar to all. The ideals themselves—ideals of the wider scope of art, of its possible application to the common surroundings of daily life; ideals of the right of all men, so far as it lies in them, to participate in the enjoyment of the outward fairness art may impart to the general environment—are diffused not alone among artists, but likewise among artisans and handicraftsmen, and have found practical embodiment in a widely spread system of education in those 'lesser arts' which for centuries had fallen into abeyance, or become the prey of the mechanical copyist.

The names pre-eminently associated with Pre-Raphaelitism in its earliest stage—to whomsoever the credit of its conception be ascribed—the names of Madox Brown, Millais, Holman Hunt, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti in the first group of innovators, have become household words to the unlearned as well as to the wise. The names of Edward Burne-Jones and William Morris, who, stimulated by the same influence, incorporated and refashioned, each after his own manner,

the tendencies both expanded and developed—making the goal of the forerunner the starting-point of the disciple—are names even more intimately associated by the present generation with a fashion in decorative art of which the popularity, whether it prove permanent or transitory, is uncontested.*

Nor is it the history alone of Pre-Raphaelitism which has been popularised. With the facts many and various have been the theories and formulas propounded to account for its origin and to epitomise its elementary and essential principles.

‘Des hommes nouveaux,’ writes M. de la Sizeranne in his analysis of the methods of the school,† ‘voulant un art nouveau, substituant le geste curieux, inédit, individuel, au geste banal et généralisateur, et la couleur franche, à sec, sans dessous, brillante par ses juxtapositions à la couleur fondue, renforcée par les superpositions, en un mot la ligne expressive au lieu de la ligne décorative, et le ton vif au lieu du ton chand, voilà en toute simplicité ce que fut le préraphaélisme.’

‘Their art,’ says Muther,‡ defining the sentiment, ‘is a kind of Italian Renaissance upon English soil. The romantic chord which vibrates in English poetry is united to the grace and purity of Italian taste, the classical lucidity of the pagan mythology with catholic mysticism, and the most modern riot of emotion with the demure vesture of the primitive Florentines.’

But these and all other attempts to summarise, to reduce to dogma, or to evolve a theory from ideals whose base and foundation was the recognition of absolute freedom of individual effort from all conventions of systems and from all rigid rule of authoritative precept, are obviously destined not only to fail, but to mislead, and in most cases prove not only inadequate, but untrue. The maxims inculcated in the first glow of revolutionary enthusiasm upon students yet untrained, the ‘visionary vanities of half a dozen boys,’ to quote Rossetti’s own later verdict—have been continually cited as the decalogue regulating the skilled and experienced hand of the fully developed artist; while, on the other hand, types created by the genius and individual invention of one have been accepted as representing and bounding the ideals of the whole fellowship. As a matter of fact, when all has been analysed and specified, when the æsthetic theology has been fully determined, it may still be questioned

* See Edinburgh Review, January 1897, ‘William Morris, Poet and Craftsman.’

† *La Peinture Anglaise*. Paris. 1895.

‡ *History of Modern Painting*, by R. Muther, vol. iii.

if the world is much the wiser for the critic's labour. Creeds, æsthetic or other, howsoever carefully defined, do not for the most part contain religions, nor is an atmosphere of imagination and emotion lightly to be expressed in an article of belief. So far as the first apostles of the English Renaissance are concerned, the doctrine most obviously illustrated by their works is the doctrine of developement, and, starting from Rossetti's youthful avowal of his 'uncompromising' adherence to nature,' we may review at pleasure the kaleidoscopic changes in the phases of an art-reformation culminating in the beautiful phantasms of life presented to us by Edward Burne-Jones.

Such impressions of the futility of critical classification are more especially evoked when the publication of the personal biographies of artists supplements the records of their work, and places each artist before us in the full light of his accentuated individuality. Moreover, such biographies challenge a revision of those impersonal judgements we have been wont to bestow upon the artist's art. For they present us with a new standard—the painter's own—where-with to measure his success or failure. They enable us to compare aims with achievements, while efforts we held as sterile are ennobled by our knowledge of the great conception underlying the abortive endeavour.

Yet that such publications are wholly a gain is a proposition open to dispute. One personality, the personality the artist has himself disclosed—voluntarily, or it may be unawares—on the walls of an exhibition or on the pages of a printed book, we already possess, nor will any deny that a partial revelation of a fractional individuality is an inherent quality of true genius. But by the side of this self-revealed personality the biographer sets a second and supplementary portrait. He draws a portrait of the intimate personality known to the friends, the associates, the fellow-workers of a lifetime, and he delineates it as it existed in the privacy of affection and relationship, as it had evolved its own thoughts, been kindled with its own enthusiasms, endured its own disillusionments, suffered its own emotions. He portrays it as it evinced in daily intercourse and among common occurrences, the griefs with which it grieved, the joys by which it had been gladdened within the shut doors and curtained windows of its own separate and—for when all is shown that may be manifest, all said that may be spoken, so it still remains—impenetrable selfhood.

Such posthumous editings of personalities where the in-

terest of the biography lies—as with most artists—not in facts and actions, but in the record of those subjective phases of being for which no collective epithet suffices, may seem to some of us a doubtful homage. The dead have already given to us of their best; moreover a part of their special genius lay in their choice of what they gave and of what they withheld. If one fraction of the gifts of the gods to the elect has been the power of expression, the other has been as certainly the faculty of reticence. It has been an element of their inspiration to suppress, so far as their art was concerned, those inferior qualities which, although they form an integral section of the human paradox, tend in their manifestation to confuse that particular aspect of life, of passion, of beauty, truth, or thought, it has been the primary aim of the individual poet or painter to embody in his art, which it has been his secondary aim to imprint upon the minds, sympathies, or imagination of that outer multitude with whom the artist neither has nor desires to have any further, closer, or more personal bond. Thus it is that painters and poets with illuminated instinct have, at their own and no other man's pleasure, lifted or drawn close the veil over those heterogeneous endowments of temperament that constitute their inner individuality. They have regarded art, not as a confessional, but—however various may be the god of its dedication—as a shrine.

Upon their biographers rests likewise the obligation of selection, but it is of selection with a difference. While the choice, the giving or withholding of the artist is wholly based upon his relationship to his art, the choice of his biographer admits of other considerations, and is in a great measure determined by his desire to portray a personality in its fuller relationship to life at large. And in the accomplishment of his purpose he is weighted by a dual responsibility to observe both the loyalty of reticence he owes to his subject and the sincerity of disclosure he owes to his readers. In the performance of the task it is not perhaps too much to say that the biographer who fulfils either obligation completely is usually a defaulter with regard to the other.

Yet howsoever we may deprecate it theoretically, a curious or sympathetic public insistently demands to know more of the personality of an artist, and of those circumstances and surroundings that colour and mould it, than he has himself revealed by the medium of books written,

pictures painted, or opinions pronounced. And custom, in response to the demand, has created its own convention of compliance on the part of those to whom memories of the dead are the heritage of kinship or affection.

In the *Memoirs of Dante Gabriel Rossetti and William Morris*—the one written by Rossetti's surviving brother, the other mainly compiled from the reminiscences and by the request of Morris's most intimate friend—readers may find whatsoever it may be theirs to learn of the lives and thoughts of the two great artists whose names, inseverably linked with that of Edward Burne-Jones, have been most closely, and despite all disparities of aim and attainment, associated one with another in popular estimation and to a large extent in general criticism. The lives of the three cover possibly the most momentous period of English art—from the growth of that brotherhood, of which Millais and Holman Hunt were foremost members when Rossetti, aged 21, exhibited 'The Girlhood of Mary Virgin' in 1849, down to the summer of 1898, when the death of Edward Burne-Jones, followed by the winter exhibition at the New Gallery of his collected works, closed the chronicle of an accomplished revolution in the ideals and criticism of English painting. And thus for the space of some fifty years the biographies of Rossetti and Morris present a picture of the leading figures whose influence effected that revolution, set each in its own framework. They are the record of the human atmosphere of sentiment, affection, opinion, and habit, which gives to personality, if not its form, at least its bent; of the surroundings, social, material, and immaterial, which act as the ferment to bare initial principles and theories of art, and which leaven those ideas that each man may assimilate but no man can create, with individualisations of character, of circumstance, of time, and of locality.

For the idea, 'the rendering of absolutely poetic motives 'by naturalistic methods,' that inspired Rossetti: the ideal of beauty that illuminated Burne-Jones's imagination and kindled in the mind of William Morris a torch from which many a lesser man's hearth has caught some quiet household flame—some gleam of the beauty art may bestow upon handicraft—although not born with their birth nor dying with their death, was essentially individual, with their individuality, in manifestation. Rossetti's art was the climax of personality in painting and poetry. Burne-Jones's has been repeatedly defined as the art of one man—the art of its

originator. In Morris the social instinct in its relationship to decoration produced, as its result, an accentuated phase of individual invention in the conception of mediæval tradition allied with modern productive energy.

That the principles which generated the Pre-Raphaelite movement at large 'were neither Post- nor Pre-Raphaelite, 'but eternal,' is undeniable, and kindred ideas had, no doubt, found various embodiments at various stages of the world's history. But while the pre-existent idea retains its elemental character, its revived expression necessarily differs. Lying dormant perhaps for centuries, when it draws to itself a new group of exponents, or it may be only one vigorous spirit to serve as its interpreter and apostle; when it germinates with a fresh impulse upon the earth, it must inevitably undergo modifications governed by new conditions. The manner of its exposition may indeed to a greater or less degree resemble the manner after which previous exponents gave it form and shape; Rossetti may reproduce some aspects of the art of the primitives; in Botticelli or Mantegna Burne-Jones may have found the antitype of manhood or womanhood corresponding to the type of ideal beauty which possessed his own imagination. The designs of William Morris may recall Gothic designs of past ages; but each and all retain, to a degree no one who has studied their more mature works can question, the stamp and imprint of their time and of their idiosyncrasies. The mere copyist, who sees the surface and traces the lines and repeats the colours, may at all times and in all places, doubtless, produce, if skill of hand and accuracy of eye be his, a dead facsimile of the past. But the very perfection of the facsimile removes his work by a gulf no man may span from the work of the artist in whom the vital idea, reviving from its sleep of centuries, has taken up its dwelling. Reanimated within him, it becomes by reason of its vitality part of his vitality, of his personality, a fraction of his individual life, swayed by the influences that propel his imagination, coloured by the divided prism-lights of the temperament peculiar to himself. And thus, notwithstanding and in despite of elementary identities, it moves and impels him to create new forms of embodiment, which, if born of the same spiritual seed, are yet as diverse as the children of a new generation from the children of an old. For vitality, by law inflexible, effects diversity. The dead machine retraces, but the living spirit evolves, and the revived expression in art of a pre-existent concep-

tion, if it be living, is necessarily recast, refashioned, and recoloured. As Rossetti himself wrote, 'work, to be truly 'worthy, should be wrought out of the age itself, as well as 'out of the soul of its producers, which must needs be a 'soul of the age.'

And in that 'soul of the age' new associations have grown up with the lapse of centuries. Traditions have added chapter to chapter. We neither see, hear, nor understand as dead generations saw, heard, and comprehended. The ear, the eye, the imagination, have undergone changes innumerable, defying analysis. The hearer, accustomed to detect harmonies in discord, to whom the innovations of modern dissonances and the sensuous melodies of a Wagner have become an accustomed tale, can no longer listen to the austere purity, the transparent simplicities of a Palestrina mass or a Haydn trio, as did his forebears. Eyes trained in the later schools, classic or romantic, naturalist or impressionist, can no longer view the works of the great primitive painters of simple faith with the eyes of lost ages. 'Il faut que l'art nous dépayse,' is a maxim excellent in the abstract. But conditions of life persist, and theories become synonymous with the impracticable. Could we displace ourselves in time, dispossess ourselves of race, dislocalise ourselves in the minor matter of nationality, it would indeed conduce to a perfect and catholic sympathy with what remote times, distant nations, and other races have performed in the arena of art. But, try as we may, the effort merely amounts to a transference of our own imagination. Wheresoever our fantasy takes us we carry with us all our inheritance of years, all our associations of nationality, all our atmosphere of race. We may endeavour to ignore the interim of time that walls us out from the past as we conjure up the vision of bygone centuries, but we regard that vision, strive as we may, from the standpoint of to-day. For we ourselves *are* the present; wherever we transplant ourselves it goes with us, and a Burne-Jones can never become, according to his vain aspiration, an Italian, nor a William Morris a mediævalist of the thirteenth century. Nor perhaps is art ever more perceptibly infected with the spirit of these—its latest—days than when with futile effort its aim is to evade their grasp.

And as it is with their art, so was it with the lives of the three artists. Their works bear the teethmark of their own age in its fever or lassitude, its introspection and its motiveless melancholy, and they themselves were

emphatically men of to-day. Their homes were for the most part under the low skies of great cities; their minds were minds stimulated and cultured by the dense pressure of the intellectual life that surged around. Burne-Jones and Morris, both at the critical turning-point of their development, underwent the stimulus of Oxford companionships. Rossetti found in his own family the spur of keen and educated criticism, while, in years to come, the roll-call of their closest friends and companions embraced the foremost names in literature and art. And as denizens of that inner world that each man makes for himself within the compass of the world which surrounds him, they were stirred—whether to the recoil of the reactionist or the agreement of the participant matters little—by the vast waves of human thought and human feeling that vibrated around them, by the emanation of the multitudinous lives by which their lives were enclosed.

Outside the studios where Rossetti and Burne-Jones, in passive retreat from contact with the busy forces of modern existence, invoked image after image of mediæval tradition—dreams of dead gods, visions of fair women, where, by whatever name they named her, ‘*la femme est toujours l’Hélène*’ ‘*d’autrefois*’—the intricate network of London spread far and wide. They trod daily its crowded pavements, where, with an unsurpassed accentuation, luxury and wealth, penury and hardship, the Dives and the Lazarus of the street are confronted, suggesting problems no man may solve and summoning as with a trumpet call their wide-hearted fellow-artist to enrol himself in the ranks of Socialism. Beyond their doors every stratum of humanity might be found exhibiting each its special features; hunger and remedyless want, with all the nameless maladies of a rank and overgrown civilisation written in indelible signatures upon face after face, haunt the threshold of the London dweller. Nightmares of women and children and vagrant menace or appeal to him in the gas-glare of thronged crossings, or in the scantily peopled highways in ‘London’s’ ‘smokeless resurrection light,’ printing themselves vaguely on the memory to revive in dim sensations or unformulated thoughts. So day by day in Bloomsbury, in Kensington, in Chelsea, the complicated artificialities of city life encircled Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and Morris, shutting them out, with mental barriers all city dwellers recognise, from contact with simpler conditions of existence; estranging them, as city life estranges, from the hourly

influences of nature's elemental powers, from the contagious moods of earth's multiform vitalities, from the companionship of its children, from the intimacy of its woods, from the solitude of its expanses of plain and sea, from the sound of its innumerable voices, from the indefinite emotion—the communion of its infinitely varied silences.

And while in the outer semblances of an art determinatively ideal and imaginative, the actualities of the material world which lay around the house in Cheyne Walk or outside the garden walls of the Grange in North End Road, found no place; while the dominatively subjective tendency of their art intensified and concentrated its individuality, the emotional expression, the sentiment, spiritual or—in its widest significance—sensual, which both Rossetti and Burne-Jones stamped upon their creations, was no less the offspring of the influences around them than was the sterile dream of a social redemption with art for its Christ that cast its ennobling radiance over Morris's later years.

The lives of Rossetti and William Morris are compiled upon a widely differing scheme. As a personal narrative the record of Dante Gabriel Rossetti stands alone, even among modern memoirs, in its detail of intimate and private episode. In the life of William Morris it has been the intention of his biographer to do little more than supply an outline statement concerning all matters of domestic incident, and he has rarely abdicated the privilege of reticence which, in dealing with the lives of those who so recently dwelt in our midst, assumes the nature of an obligation never, perhaps, repudiated without loss. That a man is born, attains maturity, is married, has children, faces in hours of bereavement and sickness the inevitable end, are initial facts implying assuredly, if not inclusively, that a life has to a certain degree, and according to its individual capacity, been a completed experience of some of the stronger and deeper natural affections and emotions. The mere register of such circumstances and events indicates, so far as parallel lines of universal experiences can give intelligence to one man of what another suffers or enjoys, that a life has passed through certain general but acute stages of common hopes, and fears, and griefs; that a man has undergone certain demands on his moral being, which, howsoever impermanent in actual duration, are indelible in their aggregate effect upon the imaginative and emotional faculties. Such facts are recognised by all to be as light and darkness to the earth, making day or night, shadow or sunshine, in that

strict enclosure of personality where no stranger enters without sacrilege, where affection dominates ambition, and even the most vital aims of years are suspended, it may be annulled, beside the upspringing or the extinction of some small human flame of private love, or hope, or joy; something which in respect of the world's life is as nothing; something which in respect of the man's life is all in all.

Such inferences are, in the main, all that the memoir of William Morris invites. Upon the brother of Dante Rossetti another obligation rested. The unworthy betrayals of friendship, the mournful conditions of a life which vulgar curiosity had dragged into prominence, the ungenerous judgements of men who forget that

‘Who knows but partly can but judge in part,’

demanding, in his opinion, a fuller and more personal exposition, and have entailed upon criticism a correlatively closer attention to the more intimate aspects of the facts he has supplied.

So far as events are concerned, the lives of Rossetti and Morris, as well as that of Morris's co-disciple Burne-Jones, were exceptionally bare of incident. Each of the three great artists, whose especial gift it was to resuscitate tradition, belonged by birth to the class—embracing the lesser professional and the upper commercial—where the sense of tradition is at its lowest, effaced by the necessities of bread-winning, and by that enhanced appreciation of the value of money as the arbiter of human destiny induced by the daily labour of earning it.

Italian by race, Rossetti was born in London in 1828. Five years later Edward Burne-Jones, Welsh by origin, was born in Birmingham; William Morris, a year after, at Walthamstow. Morris alone of the three—the fact should not be forgotten—passed a childhood in touch with the earth he knew and loved so well. At the age when Rossetti, ‘who meant to be a painter,’ drew his knowledge of beast, and plant, and tree from the railing vegetation of Regent's Park, and the caged menagerie of the Zoological Gardens, studied architecture in the Ionic and Corinthian pilasters of St. John's Wood, attended classes in Portland Place and King's College, books, with an occasional circus performance or theatre-going, his main amusement; at the age when little Burne-Jones, reared in the squalid ugliness of a manufacturing town, immersed himself in classic literature among keen-witted classmates at King Edward's School;

Morris was 'riding half Essex over in search of old churches,' botanising, shooting, fishing, growing up in free open-air companionship with bird, and beast, and flower, retracing in the play-time of Marlborough days the life of dead centuries in Roman remains and mediæval buildings. And the healthful memories of nature's freshest sensations, memories for whose absence no aftermath of life, however rich, can compensate, abode with him to the end. His nature-love was no love of the town-born denizen to whom plain, field, and river, however dear as the Eden of his desires, still bear an alien aspect, but of the country-bred, to whom in farthest exile they remain the homeland of his nativity. Nor is it difficult to trace in Morris's treatment of floral arabesque the under-influence of that lifelong and innate knowledge of the heart concerning flower, and leaf, and stem, which gives an indefinable attraction to his designs even perceptible to those whose technical appreciation of their excellence of form is inadequate. They were the work of a man who in a whole garden of blossoms could distinguish each separate flower-face. 'The garden is nearly over now . . . except that there are a good many roses, and amongst them 'a pale sweet-briar blossom among the scarlet hips, *that I am sure I never saw before*' is a sentence Rossetti could never have written, and betrays a familiarity, a personality of knowledge which the exquisite fragility of Burne-Jones's harebells, the etherialisation of his columbines, lacks.

But howsoever severed in boyhood by disparities of external circumstance, in the next stage of manhood those converging tendencies that overrule outward conditions and human intention narrowed towards their meeting-point. Ten years before the year (1852) when Morris and Burne-Jones matriculated on the same day at Exeter College, Rossetti, Morris's senior by six years, Burne-Jones's by five, had entered upon the formal study of art. By 1848 he had passed from Carey's drawing school and the study of the antique at the Royal Academy to become a pupil of Madox Brown, and found in Millais and Mr. Holman Hunt, both then exhibiting painters, those congenial spirits from whose union sprang the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. In 1849 'Mary Virgin' had been publicly applauded, and in 1850 'Ecce Ancilla Domini' had, with other works of the Brotherhood, excited a storm of adverse criticism. And henceforth on Rossetti fell the lot of a leader among revolutionists, while, both destined for Holy Orders, William Morris and Edward Burne-Jones were inaugurating their lifelong friendship, each

finding in the other not only kindred literary enthusiasms, but likewise that firmer cement of friendship, the 'complemental' spirit of those sharply contrasting qualities native to each and accentuated in both by the divergent influences of childhood and boyhood.

Some years, however, were still to elapse before the two undergraduates were drawn within the circle of Rossetti's personal influence. Through his works, nevertheless, he had become one of the heroes of their Oxford enthusiasms. 'I was two-and-twenty, and had never met, 'or ever seen, a painter in my life,' Burne-Jones wrote in after years; 'I knew no one who had ever seen one, or had 'been in a studio, and of all men who lived on earth, the 'one I wanted to see was Rossetti.' In 1855 they met. Henceforth in the history of æsthetics the names of Burne-Jones and Morris are abidingly associated with that of their first master. But while the fellowship in art and in the aims of art involved, as such fellowships are apt to do, a fellowship in life, no three lives could present more obvious contrasts of personality, and as artists there were consequent and perceptible severances. In Rossetti and in Burne-Jones, the one expressing himself in poetry and painting, the other in painting alone, we are conscious throughout that their expression in art is related solely and emphatically to their ideal in art: it is art related to art. In Morris the human, and more than the human, the social, instinct is superadded, and his art assumes another relationship and becomes an art related to man. Thus, while Rossetti and Burne-Jones created, each after his own mould, the ideal of a school, Morris, acting upon an equally spontaneous impulse, infected the world with a principle, sowing the seeds of new tastes broadcast, generating wants and desires among men at large for things fair in semblance and honest in workmanship. Nor, setting the poetry of Morris beside that of Rossetti, is the same distinction lacking. Morris is above all things the teller of a tale, the communicator of that which he knows to those who know it not; his audience is ever present. With Rossetti we scarcely ever lose the impression that his poems embody some strong bias of individual sentiment, some strong vibration of personal emotion, that even in the ballad of a Rose-Mary or a Sister Helen we may read, if not an autobiography of facts, at least in fragmentary sentences an autobiography of sensations. If, indeed, it may be truly said of Burne-Jones that his pictures are the incarnation of

imagination at its emotional climax, it may with equal justice be said of Rossetti that his works embody the very climax of personality, and that where the one painter presents us with a personality possessed by an imagination, the other reverses the order of ascendancy, and confronts us as a type of an imagination possessed by a personality. Yet, thus differentiated, their genius has one point of absolute union, as the study of the reproductions in Mr. Bate's book may clearly demonstrate. Based in each case upon the fusion of individual temperament with the themes of imaginative invention, it created an outward form and semblance of beauty of which all imitations, however close, only serve to make manifest the inaccessible and incommunicable spiritual quality.

In Rossetti's art the personality revealed was one eminently calculated to excite curiosity. The story of the gradual developement of his ideal types has been interpreted by his friend Mr. Watts Dunton. Starting from the doctrine of realism—a term in Pre-Raphaelite phraseology to be dissociated from its recent limitations—Rossetti attempted to retain the mysticism of the past divested of its integral element—austerity—until, 'in a change of methods in the painting of flesh, in order to give it a mysticism it can never perhaps sustain without asceticism,' he invested the material body itself with symbolic meaning, sensuousness struggled more faintly with spirituality, and the eyes—the passion of the soul divine—contradicted, unforbidden by the genius which emphasised both, the passion of the body, whose hieroglyphic was the mouth. If in his painting we may trace such phases of individual thought, Rossetti's personality is even more legible in his poems. 'There is not one merely literary love sonnet in his book,' is the explicit testimony of his friend. Nor are those other sonnets not of love, but of foregone opportunities,

'When work and will awake too late, to gaze
After their life sailed by,'

of missed paths, of springs made barren, of fair deeds superseded by ill, of lost days and life's remorse, and of that ghost whose 'name is might-have-been,' less fraught and burdened with personal emotions, with sentiments felt not imagined, regrets not invented but suffered, repentances upspringing—to use Rossetti's own distinction, from not 'the mind's conscience but the heart's.'

And to the abstract form presented in his works by the artist-poet the biographer gives a concrete framework. Beside the personality set forth in the love-worship of poems and the love-glory of paintings, where womanhood in relation to passion, or as passion's embodiment, alternates with themes based upon the falls and aspirations of the soul, the narrative sets the personality manifest in the deeds and omissions of a life with the commentary facts are wont to supply to ideals.

Eleven years cover the story of Rossetti's love for the woman by whom his love poems were, for the most part, inspired, from his first acquaintance in 1850 to her death—his two years' wife—in 1862. Ten years of affection chequered by periods of acute anxiety, when the shadow of the 'veiled woman' menaced the life he held dear, preceded the marriage announced to his mother in a sentence full of significance: 'Like all the important things I ever meant to do, to fulfil duty or secure happiness, this one has been deferred almost beyond possibility.' In the remorseful haste of those spring days, when at length his love forestalled death's nearing feet, we may decipher an element of early character affording a key to much that is lacking in the emotional atmosphere of his work, where intensity without strength, sentiment without action, dominate the passive monotone of passion; where the one accent too much is apparent of that perilous feminine quality without which, if no man's genius is perfected, the genius of many a man is irreparably marred. Rossetti has expressed, as perhaps no other of his time, the religion of love; for the love of the body and the love of the soul are with him the fellow-conspirators of ideal passion, and 'Not soul helps flesh more than flesh helps soul,' might serve for the formula of his creed. But linking together his pre-marriage letters with the sonnets, we are conscious of a certain indefinable coldness, the coldness of a temperament which has for the moment fused in one life and art, and in the fusion forfeited the singleness of feeling essential to strength. In the very excellence of versification we miss the incompleteness of language which suggests the incompetence of art to express the emotion transcending art. It is, indeed, possible that the perfection of passion can never be rendered by the perfection of art; but with Rossetti, more than with others, the balance and symmetry of beauty detract from its human force. The poet-painter is ever present to take cognisance of the

emotions of the man. He is ever conscious in the loveliness of the woman he loves, of the possible ideality of the model he paints. And we, the bystanders, as we turn from the personality of his art to the personality of his life, cannot banish the assurance that the artist has a use for his affections, and that his worship is tinged with utilitarianism. We may concede that in some rare instances the rapture of the painter may enhance the ecstasies of the lover, but there are more instances when, to the apprehension of the spectator, it discounts them; more instances in which between the manhood and womanhood of lover and lady two shadowy figures intervene—the figures of the artist and the ideal.

Nor is the impression altogether dispelled by the record of later years. The close ties of marriage and of fatherhood, with the duties regarded or disregarded they entail, fell from him. His child was born dead, and the loss was followed, in the spring of 1862, by his wife's death, a shock painful in those details and circumstances which go far, in the first hours, to embitter almost beyond bearing the simplicity of a great sorrow. The ensuing episode, the deed of renunciation of his ambitions as poet with the burial of his manuscripts in her grave, and the deed of their subsequent exhumation, has been, however unpardonable, perhaps over rashly judged by adversaries who, if incapable of that second act, the violation of death's sanctuary, were also, it may be, incapable of the penitent atonement of the first. 'I have been often writing at those poems while 'Lizzie was ill and suffering,' was the brief phrase of his self-accusation. To sacrifice them was the impulse of a man to whom such remorse of the affections were a moral torture. Some men may bear like self-reproaches with a reasonable fortitude others have no aptitude to emulate; to them the lash of the irrevocable is incomprehensible. But Rossetti obeyed the dictation of that instinct which, in the presence of the dead, reconstructs a man's appreciation of the relative values of fame and affection, and sought by one sacrifice to expiate what might never be retrieved. Seven years after the instinct followed by the man suffered defeat at the hands of that counter-instinct—the instinct of the artist. The offering enshrined in the dead woman's grave was withdrawn and bestowed upon the world.

So throughout the Rossetti of the *Memoirs* stands before us, a man of ideals without the capacity to translate them into life's relationships or life's actions. In respect of that

sharp, albeit not always infallible, touchstone of character, the dealings of a man with men, he laid himself equally open to contrary charges. At one moment a spendthrift in generosity, selling his bride's wedding jewels to relieve the poverty of some fellow-artist's household, at another moment he wrought as a wary bargainer. Painting undeniably for art's sake alone, he was yet resolute that the valuation of his own, and his fellows', works should be appraised at a just worth. Giving with one hand, he borrowed with the other, forging too often with his own deeds shafts that every enemy might cast for his undoing. Cancelling good with evil, and evil with good, as he went on the road of life, he swayed men's enthusiasms by the gift of brilliant attraction, while, by the counter-gift of fate, he created from among the associates who surrounded him with homage, those estranged friends whom he happily characterised as 'my intimate enemies.' 'A woman may 'have some little mercy for the man she has ceased to love, 'but she has none for the memory of what he has been to 'her,' Rossetti once wrote, but within his own experience the sentence might have admitted of a less restricted application. That he should have forfeited many friendships is not a surprise. It was in the nature of things human, apart from special circumstances and events, that intimacies, based not on affinities or sympathies of enduring personality, but on the insecure foundation of early enthusiasms and common aims, should in process of time decline. But it is surely a matter of regret that in relating the incident of the dissolution of partnership, when, in 1875, Rossetti's connexion with the firm of Morris & Co. terminated, Morris's recent biographer should have disinterred from oblivion an episode somewhat differently reported by Mr. William Rossetti.

Rossetti had come to Morris as the master-exponent of truth to art, and truth to beauty. Morris had rendered him the unmeasured veneration of a disciple. Doubtless there may be a questionable wisdom in the dispensation which relegates the most vigorous faculties for worship to that stage of a man's development when the capacity of choosing aright the object of worship is least ripe—a stage when the intuitions of childhood are obscured and the experiences of maturity yet to come. Moreover,

' When I find worth
I love the keeper, till he let it go,
And then I follow it '

is a vindication which, in the case of the disloyalties of later years, may be spoken in good faith by many who have had cause to recant their earlier faiths. For most of us, indeed, the sacramental pledge of friendship is not eternal, and endures only till life—that adversary more formidable than any death to human fidelity—do us part. Nevertheless, howsoever inevitable the loss of generous illusions, of old loves and old devotions, there still remains an alternative between idolatry and iconoclasm. It is not well to ignore how much a man owes to those lesser gods of youth we so harshly term idols. If the faculty of uncalculating faith, of selfless enthusiasm for the achievements of another, is one that breaks down more than all else the base horizons of egoism and widens the barriers of sympathy, we are indebted to whatever influence evokes, concentrates, and stimulates it. This debt Mr. Mackail has not discharged.

The concluding chapters of Rossetti's life are perhaps as mournful a record as any it has fallen to the lot of a biographer to write. A prey to that malady of maladies, insomnia, a prey to the relentless remedy which gives brief respite only to extort a redoubled suffering; haunted by threats of blindness, weakened in will and nerve by inter-linked sicknesses of heart and soul and body, Rossetti clung to those remaining affections which alone companioned him in the solitude he had created around. 'Your dear face always brightens things when I look at it,' he writes to the mother without whose love he 'could imagine no good world here or elsewhere,' and whose 'help,' with that of her sister Christina, alone 'rendered tolerable' days, weeks, months of weary inaction. Other friends there were likewise whose faithful forbearance found a new claim on their love in the patient of their affections, for 'it was impossible to know [him] without deeply loving, necessary that he should be deeply loved before he could be fully known,' wrote Mr. Watts Dunton, who with Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. William Sharp, Mr. Shields, Burne-Jones, and others, did what in them lay to minister such happiness as might be to a life already anchored in shadow, bearing the conscious burden of its own shortcomings. 'I can make nothing of Christianity,' ran Rossetti's brief confession so incomprehensible to those whose heart and brain admit no disunion, 'but I only want a confessor to give me absolution for my sins.'

The end was at hand. On Easter Day, 1882, Rossetti died, a man who with eyes that saw into great distances

walked with stumbling feet among the stones of the highway, whose trespasses were the accidents rather than the essence of his temperament, who, carrying with him what was little to the grave of the man, has left us a legacy of what was great in the ideals of the artist. 'His morality is all sympathy,' Pater has said of Botticelli's works. The saying may be applied both to Rossetti and to that personality which Burne-Jones, perpetuating and spiritualising one aspect of Rossetti's genius, has embodied in his paintings. And the morality that halts at sympathy is in truth incomplete. Yet it is not a small thing, as any close experience of the morality that lacks its evidences. The emotional response of pity to the appeal of things pitiful, of homage to things brave, of veneration for things pure, is not merely a painted flame. Far rather is it the illuminating assurance that at the core of a man's being lie warm human instincts ranged on the side of all that is good, reverent, and generous, instincts rusted, warped, mutilated by disuse or accident, but still alive to testify that though deeds suffer from the paralysis of will, that which lies closer to the immortal vitality—the spirit—quickens. 'I sleep, but my heart waketh.'

Eight years before his death the friendship, which from 1871 to 1874 had made Morris and Rossetti joint inmates of Kelmscott, had drawn to a natural and inevitable close. Nor is it possible to trace in Morris's personality any lasting effects of that long-continued intimacy. Not even in the phase of first discipleship, when 'not as a pupil, but as a servant,' he apprenticed himself, a docile votary at an idol's shrine, did Rossetti's influence—apart from art—touch anything beyond the surface nature of his devotee. Morris caught indeed, we may guess, many reflexions of the imaginative emotion of his great master. But reflexions are not dyes, and throughout the untinged undercurrent of Morris's own inveterately individual personality asserted itself. In 1859—a year before the wedding of Rossetti—Morris, marrying, like his friend Burne-Jones, in the first years of manhood, had early dispossessed himself of those rights of irresponsible freedom which have for their counterpoise accumulative loneliness, and in the period of Morris's life following upon his marriage we are told that the strain of an 'orderly civic element,' which Mr. Mackail describes as one of the strongest threads in Morris's nature, 'developed till he became what he would himself have called in later days a typical bourgeois.'

With unimpaired physical strength, untrammelled from boyhood upwards, so far as things material went, by any cares or anxieties concerning the to-morrows of life, the burden of all the practical and inexorable questions entailed by marriage and fatherhood rested lightly upon him; nor can he ever have experienced the depressions and discouragements which weight men of fragile frame for whom the necessities of breadwinning make the pursuit of the ideal in art not only a road of difficulty but an ascent of sacrifice. Such inequalities of fortune and health may have had much to do with the singularly different atmosphere that clings to the works of Morris and Burne-Jones. Yet, that in his exemption from the pressure of outward conditions and the evils attendant on precarious health, by which Burne-Jones's career was beset, Morris was wholly the gainer, may be doubtful. When the soil is furrowed for the sowing deficiencies of strength and fortune are apt to bring with them, and overpast to leave behind them, for the artist, a more intuitive perception of some aspects of things beautiful; for the man a more unexacting consideration, a more winning patience with the discouragements, failures, successes and defaultings of others, a special loveableness of nature, indefinable yet easy of recognition, rarely and only by special grace of God acquired under the star of a too constant and too robust prosperity.

‘Earth’s success, at the purest, with stain of the earthy
Leaves the white worth of truth, where it touches it, less,’

and such disadvantages of good fortune Morris suffered, for, in the main, so far as a life with ideals, human or divine, material or immaterial, can be so accounted, his life was that of a man of success. At his first married home, the Red House, Upton, at his later homes of Kelmscott and in London, a large share of the good things of this world fell to his lot. The companionship of devoted friends, self-chosen associates, was his. His surroundings, and to his temperament surroundings meant much, corresponded to his creed—the doctrine he held ‘more than ever at his heart the importance for people of living in beautiful places.’ In one of such places he lived: Kelmscott ‘has come to be to me,’ he writes in 1882, ‘the type of the pleasant places of the earth, and of the homes of harmless, simple people not over-burdened with the intricacies of life; and as others love the race of man through their lovers or their children, so I love the earth through

‘that small space of it.’ As a poet, fame came to him; his firm flourished; as a craftsman his achievements were unsurpassed by his contemporaries, and recognised as the standard of taste and excellence. As a social reformer he was truly foredoomed to disappointment. But the discouragement induced by his experience of the inner workings of the socialist propaganda, however keenly felt, was tempered by the continuance of his interest in manifold industries, ‘my little patterns and dyeings, and the dear warp and weft,’ and all those other occupations he had ever set generously on one side for the ‘cause,’ but which in themselves filled his days to overflowing. So far, indeed, as his life is made known to us, his joys, griefs, and troubles were those incident to all lives, not the catastrophes of the few among the many, but of the many among the few. And, moreover, foremost among the gifts of fortune, in his open-air, clear-minded, and wholesome manhood he retained that invaluable endowment of childhood, the aptitude for taking pleasure in little things.

His feminine side—for no man can remain so perfectly a child without being partaker in the better part of womanhood—found nourishment in his intense and personal love of the earth in its freshness, and cleanliness, and gladness, and of its children. Every touch betrays his intimacy with them. ‘The blackbirds wake me about 4 o’clock A.M.; as for the rooks, they never stop all day long. I saw a leash of plovers yesterday squawking away, and making believe they had no nest at hand. The garden is full of bullfinches, which are pretty, fat dears, and sing a little, short song very sweetly.’ And the flowers no less are loved each for its own special self. ‘The snowdrops nearly but not quite gone; a few purple crocuses, but of course not open this sunless day. The daphne very full of blossom. Many daffodils nearly out, but only two or three quite. The beautiful hepatica, which I used to love so.’ . . . Such sentences recur throughout his correspondence, and by that instinctive individualisation of bird and plant may be placed his jealous fondness for his treasure-troves of other things rare and lovely. ‘If you have one of his books,’ said a friend, ‘in your hands for a minute, he’ll take it away from you, *as if you were hurting it.*’ It is a feeling every child, to whom a toy is more than a toy, has shared with the poet-craftsman. And the childhood in the man, the manhood in the artist, persisted throughout his life.

The attitude of mind and heart from which he viewed

life was one the shadowy complexities, the troubled and disquieting loveliness of the art of Rossetti, and after another guise the emotional ideals of Burne-Jones, might by force of association obscure, but could not obliterate—‘I hope I am not quite unhumble, or want to be the only person in the world untroubled; but I have been ever loth to think that there were no people going through life, not without pain, indeed, but with simplicity and free from blinding entanglements. Such an one I want to be, and my faith is that it is possible for most men to be no worse.’ In his first volume of verses, dedicated to Rossetti, the accent, if more elemental and more dramatic in its alliance to primitive passion, has yet a very close kinship to Rossetti’s own genius. In the ‘Earthly Paradise’ he stands as a poet brother in arms to the painter of Pygmalion, the Psyche, and the Perseus legends. But in spite of all such twinship of sentiment or theme, we cannot dismiss the intuition that his native sympathies always transgressed the limits of such visions with their bounded fragility of loveliness to expand in regions of colder, clearer, and stronger climes; that his affinity lies with possibly less condensed, but more active passions—the passions of the North—that he moves more freely in scenes where the climax of emotion is not languor, where the extinction of self-consciousness in one single pulsation of the heart or the soul is fraught not with lassitude but energy. While, contrariwise in Rossetti’s dual art, in Burne-Jones’s painting, fever is for ever at its ebb-tide; not passion, but the reaction of passion embodies itself before us; not the seal but the impression on the wax; or perhaps, in some of Rossetti’s later pictures and earlier poems, another metaphor may present itself, and we may feel that the image evoked is not of the fire, but of those ashes of dead burnings which should more fitly have been swept from the very threshold of the House of Life.

Nor can any contrast be more complete than that presented by the mode in which the creative genius of Morris and Burne-Jones, acting and reacting either on the other, sought and found its congenial outlet. On Burne-Jones the lot was cast to be both by temperament and choice the artist above all things of conception. To embody his conceptions by the mediums and methods of the outward art of which he was master, limited his ambition. Where other mediums and other methods were in question, he left to others the execution of his great inventive designs for painted window or woven tapestry. He had no wish himself to translate

his own art into the language of other crafts. But for Morris the joy of invention lay no less in the execution than in the conception. The acquisition of manual mastery in one means of expression was with him but a signal for the acquisition of manual mastery over another. To express what was beautiful in one form sufficed him no whit. He was master dyer, master weaver, master printer, engraver, illuminator, by turns. The restless impulse to action dominates the whole record of the years. Contentment itself, that clogwheel of unrest, seems, except as regarded the composition of verse, to have effected no permanent or perceptible relaxation of energy. 'The life at Red House' was for Morris one of almost complete contentment—so his biographer speaks of the period when the birth of a first and a second child came to give that new future to hope that parentage confers. But work never ceased, either at Red House, at Kelmscott, or at Hammersmith; rather were all those around him swept into the eddies of his busy brain and hand. And when the times of 'almost unclouded' 'happiness' drifted into that only immutable Eden—the past—he still remained, in a fellow-worker's graphic phrase, as a man going 'at twenty miles an hour.' Indeed, reading his life as the supplement to his works, Mr. Mackail's biography beside Mr. Vallance's 'record,' deeds and the doing of them, stand as his natural and vital element, and feeling takes the subsidiary part of a mere impulsion to action. Involuntarily we image Morris to ourselves companioned with soldier figures of schoolroom heroes—Greatheart fighting the pilgrims' way through giants and lions to the House Beautiful; Sigurd, the great Volsung, 'who never did lose heart and of naught was adread;' Cœur de Lion as Walter Scott invented him. St. George rises before us as his prototype to whom dragons were a necessary of life, and Robin Hood, patron of all good Socialists—

'The good outlawe
Who dyde pore men much good,'

and whose example Morris was fain most cheerfully to follow. But, doer of deeds as he was, under all surface hardihoods lay warm and strong affections. He does not rank among those who stake the whole of happiness upon the doubtful issues of human ties, his life is no story of the hazardous game played by men who risk all for all on one throw of the dice, nor did life's interpretation lie for him in the emotions of heart or soul. Yet disappointments struck

him with unblunted edge. When Burne-Jones wrote to relinquish the idea of a joint household he received the news with no equable philosophy. 'Your letter was a blow to me 'at first,' Morris answered him, '. . . in short I cried, 'but I have got over it now.' And in later days, when in Iceland he sought and found no home letters at that 'black 'white-windowed cottage that I have seen in night-dreams 'and day-dreams so often since,' he wondered 'why doesn't 'one drop down or faint, or do something of that sort when it 'comes to the uttermost in such matters,' and other people's calmness astonishes him, as the reassuring packet, when discovered, is read, and his 'terror cured' he can take ship homewards in peace, the 'glorious simplicity of the 'terrible tragic but beautiful land, with its well-remembered 'stories of brave men,' having 'made all the dear faces of 'wife and children and love and friends dearer than ever 'to me.'

And if that deep-hearted tenderness lay beneath some superficial and inconsiderate roughness of bearing, under the violence, like the fugitive fury of a child, which was so familiar a feature of his character, lay a generosity which held no sediment of those long-hatched rancours—the root of many a man's wrath—that betray in one moment's flash the controlled resentment of colder tempers. In truth, it might be said that to do Morris an injury was to lay him under an inverse debt of kindness to the offender, as some may have realised when, a few years before his death, he appeared in court to make himself surety for the editor of the very newspaper which, owing its existence to Morris, had in Mr. Mowbray's hands been made not only a medium of adverse opinion but of personal attack. Nor can any, to whatsoever camp of political warfare they belong, fail to recognise the actuating principle of a true humanitarianism, a sincere and self-sacrificing desire for 'the 'bettering of the world,' which transformed as life went on the history of the artist whose aim was the Restitution of Beauty into that of the man whose service was primarily given to his fellow-men. Flaws all may find in his creed and in his practice; the narrowness of the dogmatist and the arrogance of the partisan. The transference of barriers is not their abolition. To make outcasts of the rich is no less contrary to the communism of the spirit than to make outcasts of the poor, and if true equality of soul does not question if a man be clothed in rags, neither does it inquire if he be clad in purple. Something of that

broader sympathy which caused Morris's fellow-poet of Socialism* to find a place among his songs of 'Les jours de Combat' for the sorrows of 'les pauvres petits riches' is undoubtedly lacking in Morris's utterances, as it is in the plagiarisms of many of his imitators. Yet such flaws remain the ephemeral accidents of what those who hold a sadder if a wiser faith must needs regard as transitional ideals of aim, while the labour, the courage, the devotion that at length undermined even Morris's strength belong to those eternal ideals of character which ennoble all aims and sanctify all ideals. 'Though I have many hopes and pleasures, or at least strong ones,' his own simple words to a friend may well serve as his life's epitaph. 'Though my life is dear to me, so much as I seem to have to do, I would give them away, hopes and pleasures, one by one, or all together, and my life at last for you, for my friendship, for my honour, for the world.'

So in the October of 1896, after not too prolonged a period of failing strength, surrounded by love, and care, and kindness, Morris, in the 'common word for a man's dying' he puts into John Ball's mouth, 'changed his life.' He left to art, as an artist, an abiding inheritance—the ideal of beauty in common things. As a man he bequeathed to men an ideal of beauty in human lives.

'Dust to dust fell idly on my ears,' wrote one of the friends† who had stood beside the open grave in the village churchyard, 'and in its stead a vision of the England which he dreamed of filled my mind. The little church grew brighter, looking as if it were filled with the spirit of a fuller faith embodied in an ampler ritual. . . . John Ball stood by the grave, with him a band of archers all in Lincoln green; birds twittered in the trees, and in the air the scent of apple-blossom and white hawthorn hung. All was much fairer than I have ever seen the country look, fair with a fairness that was never seen in England but by the poet, and yet a fairness with which he laboured to endue it. Once more the mist descended, and my sight grew dimmer; the England of the Fellowship was gone, John Ball had vanished, with him the archers; and in their place remained the knot of countrymen, plough-galled and bent with toil; the little church turned greyer, as if a reformation had passed over it.'

In 1898 the death of Edward Burne-Jones followed that of his friend, leaving the revolution they with their followers had wrought in art an accomplished fact, leaving, likewise, as revolutions are apt to do, the world unquietly expectant of a new dynasty.

* [Cloris Hugues.]

† Robert Cunninghame Graham.

- ART. V.—1. *Italy: From the Fall of Napoleon I., in 1815, to the year 1890.* By JOHN WEBB PROBYN. New Edition. London: 1891.
2. *The Union of Italy, 1815-1895.* By W. J. STILLMAN. Cambridge: 1898.
3. *A History of Italian Unity: being a Political History of Italy from 1814 to 1871.* By BOLTON KING, M.A. 2 vols. London: 1899.

ITALIAN Unity was the work of three generations of men. They found Italy, in Metternich's bitter phrase, a mere geographical expression; they left her a great and united nation. The story of this marvellous change falls into three periods, each with its own special watchword: Liberty, Independence, Unity. These are the successive ideals which followed each other in a natural process of historic developement.

The first period, from 1815 to 1831, includes the earlier and later Carbonaro movements; the strife for liberty with the stolid and benighted reaction of the restored princes of 1815. But the foreigner in the land was too strong. Every effort broke against the rock of Austrian predominance and power, till it became clear that without independence there could not be liberty. During the second period, which lasts from 1831 till the fall of Rome in July 1849, independence is the goal. It is the watchword of the great struggle of 1848. But enthusiasm without union was no match for Austria, even in her hour of anguish, or for the forces of clerical and despotic reaction, which triumphed at Rome and in the South. Bitter experience taught the patriots that to enthusiasm they must add knowledge; to boldness, deliberate self-restraint. Only unity could lead to independence, as independence to liberty. For the sake of unity Republicans and Moderates had to subordinate their own political prejudices; regions had to sacrifice their autonomy, and even their institutions, till in the end too hasty assimilation, and pedantic craze for uniformity, may have somewhat restricted liberty itself.

Such is the story told in the three books before us. In the main they tell it in the same way, but they devote very different proportions of their space to our three periods. Mr. Probyn and Mr. Stillman both allow 120 pages only to the eventful years from 1849 to 1871, while the former gives 160 and the latter 240 pages to the first two periods,

On the other hand, Mr. King allows 447 pages to the third period and only 352 to the first two. It follows that his account of the last period is far the fullest and most interesting, and we think there is some internal evidence that it is the part of his work to which he has devoted most labour and thought.

Book-learning, however, is not the only road to the understanding of contemporary or quasi-contemporary history, and we are glad to learn from Mr. Probyn that 'during the period which elapsed between the summer of 1859 and the commencement of 1867 he passed the greater part of each year in Italy and amongst Italians, as well as the memorable autumn and winter of 1870 and the spring of 1871.' Similarly Mr. Stillman tells us that 'from boyhood a romantic lover of Italy, he went thither in 1861, and during subsequent years there has been no long interval in which he was not intimately conversant with the course of events.' In fact, he was for many years correspondent of the 'Times' at Rome, a post from which he did not retire until 1898.

Mr. Probyn's little book is a straightforward and simple account, written from a Liberal, but not Radical, point of view. His list of authorities is a modest one. He professes to have read or consulted only nineteen works against the 171 of Mr. Stillman's, and the 775 of Mr. King's, bibliography. Nevertheless the value of his book is by no means to be measured by these figures. By not attempting too much detail, and avoiding frequent or lengthy criticisms, and discussions of debateable points, he is able to give us a most clear and readable sketch of events, down, at any rate, to 1859. From that date his book can hardly compete with the other two. The first edition came out in 1884, when much of the material for the later history was not yet available. Even Cavour's letters had not then been published.

The volume from Mr. Stillman's pen is fully worthy of the series to which it belongs. It is the very thing for the student who wishes to be introduced to modern Italian history. The newest, and at the same time the most controvertible, matter is contained in the last chapter; but as that deals with politics and parties since the completion of the union in 1871, we need say no more of it here. There are, however, two of the writer's peculiar prejudices and partialities which peep out at an earlier period. His strong dislike of the French, and his admiration, by no means

unjustifiable, for Crispi, lead occasionally to reflexions which conflict with his otherwise just estimate of Cavour, whom he calls ‘the greatest of modern Italians.’ The following is an instance of that over-emphatic statement of individual and very disputable opinion to which Mr. Stillman is prone:—

‘It was a sound apprehension, growing out of the perception of the danger of French friendship, that led England to oppose those tendencies of Cavour which ended in the war of 1859 and the emancipation of Lombardy. And I am profoundly convinced that most of the morbid conditions of current Italian politics are due to the germs planted in the national constitution by that initial mistake.’

We have no weakness for Louis Napoleon. It was not for his *beaux yeux* that Cavour, that Victor Emmanuel had, of very necessity, to make use of that two-edged sword, that slippery friend, without whose aid, nevertheless, advance was impossible. But for the ‘initial mistake’ there would never have been an Italy at all! Mr. Stillman cannot really think, with the Republicans of that day, that Italians could by their own unaided martial vigour have won their way to unity in the teeth of Catholic Europe. Still less does he believe, as is clear from other passages, that they had much to hope from the system of conspiracies and insurrections. We find it only natural that, in his brief account of Garibaldi’s dictatorship in Sicily, he should take an extremely ‘Crispino’ view of the bickerings and of the real conflict of policy between the nominees of Garibaldi and of Cavour, and throw all the blame on Cavour. It does not seem to occur to him that both parties were wrong, possibly equally wrong.

Mr. King’s opinion is a very different one: ‘Crispi’s misrule was the first of the series of blunders which ‘marred the early years of Italian rule in the South;’ and again: ‘In the cool judgement of after years no excuse is ‘possible for the men who, led by Crispi at Palermo, and ‘Bertani at Genoa, were trying to postpone annexation ‘indefinitely.’ Yet of our three historians it is Mr. King who usually approximates most to the Radical, occasionally even to the Mazzinian, point of view! We do not wish to enter the fray. This is not the place. The dispute has much greater importance for the social and political history of the South than for that of the union of Italy. Be it here said that none of our three guides has the clue to the problem of the South. Although they write with feeling and sympathy of the struggles of Sicily, and cannot

resist the fascination of the Sicilian character, the South in general has remained to them, if not an absolutely sealed book, at any rate a volume to be glanced at, not read; not studied, but skimmed without interest, and hardly with curiosity. This want of interest is partly explained by the fact that, with occasional exceptions, the South was of less moment in the unitarian movement than the rest of Italy, and, although Neapolitan Liberals suffered far more and more cruelly than those of any other region, they did not produce any of the greatest figures of the Revolution. The insufficient interest leads to inadequate treatment, and to some degree of carelessness. The most conspicuous slips we have come across in Mr. King's book—which is on the whole a work of careful accuracy—all occur in connexion with the South. We laugh a good deal at foreigners' carelessness in spelling English names; we hardly should hold up Tivaroni, now the standard Italian historian of the '*Risorgimento*,' as an example for imitation, when he writes of '*Sir Williams Gladstone*.' Yet Mr. King throughout, even in the Index, writes '*Capitinata*' for '*Capitanata*,' and '*Delcarotto*' for '*Delcarretto*.' He also misspells Tanucci's name. On the three or four occasions when he has to mention the Cilento, the triangle between the Gulfs of Salerno and Policastro, he obviously supposes it to be a town, and not a district. Curiously enough, Mr. Probyn makes the same mistake in speaking of the rising at Bosco in the Cilento on June 28, 1828, which he describes as occurring '*at a place called Cilento*.'

Mr. King makes one glaring misstatement of fact through stumbling into a linguistic trap of the kind which occasionally will catch even the cleverest. In mentioning the insurrection of September 1, 1847, at Reggio, in Calabria—of which, by the way, Edward Lear, the artist, was an eyewitness—he says: '*The insurgents were driven back on Aspromonte, where the Government easily crushed the immature movement, and shot forty-seven of the insurgents in cold blood*.' Mr. Stillman, on the other hand, tells us that '*fourteen of the insurgents were condemned to death and four were executed*.' But even he has not given the figures correctly. Nine in all were executed. The facts are as follows:—Of 200 insurgents taken prisoners between Reggio and Gerace, five were condemned by the military commission which sat at Gerace, and shot on October 2. Another commission, sitting at Reggio, during the month of November sentenced fourteen more to death, but of these fourteen only four were

actually executed. Now the historian Nisco, in an account of these events, after mentioning by name the five Calabrians sentenced at Gerace, uses the following words: ‘Il giorno ‘2 Ottobre quarantasette questi generosi furono fucilati,’ i.e. ‘On October 2 [eighteen hundred and] forty-seven ‘these brave fellows were shot.’

There are few works so bulky and so full of detail as Mr. King’s history that do not contain many slips as bad as this. We only wish he had given us four volumes instead of two. Then he might have found room—as does Mr. Probyn, despite his limited space—occasionally to quote the *ipsissima verba* of statutes, documents, and despatches. Then he need not have so ruthlessly excluded every one of those racy and characteristic stories of the time which would have helped to a fuller and more concrete presentation of many of the scenes and actors in the drama. They would encourage the reader of the idler sort, and, above all, they would dissipate the too common notion that Italian patriots were all tears and sentiment and ‘high-falutin’.

Mr. King’s youth—he was a little boy at the time when his history closes in 1871—deprives him of the advantage enjoyed by his rivals in having lived much in Italy during those stirring times. It is remarkable how little his work suffers from this circumstance, though its effect is noticeable occasionally—for instance, in his treatment of Mazzini. Men of exactly the same cast and calibre of mind, of exactly the same political prejudices and associations, are apt to judge Mazzini from a very different point of view, according as they happen to be Englishmen or Italians. To the Englishman Mazzini is essentially the political philosopher. To the Italian he is, above all, an actor in his country’s drama. Now Mr. King has two manners in writing of Mazzini. In his first manner we see the enthusiastic student of the great teacher’s writings spell-bound by their literary and ethical fascination; in the second the sober historian scrutinising by the dry light of reason the good and evil actually accomplished in the history of the Peninsula by that inflexible but overweeningly egotistical doctrinaire.

The treatment of social and economic subjects, again, is that of an English philanthropic reformer, of the student of English industrial questions, and shows a certain lack of intimacy with the peculiar dress which the same problems put on in Italy.

On a future occasion we hope to deal with the later history; at present we are concerned only with the two earlier periods down to 1849, which roughly correspond with Mr. King's first volume.

The Liberals of the Carbonaro period, but for the interference of Austria, might have attained their object, notwithstanding Mazzini's disparaging criticism, which, of Piedmont at least, is utterly untrue. 'The Carbonaro revolutions 'failed,' said he, 'because their leaders were men of small 'capacity or originality. They had no programme beyond 'the overthrow of the absolutist governments, no social 'outlook beyond industrial freedom and a presentable system 'of law and education.'

The greatest vigour and stubbornness were shown in Sicily. But there traditional liberties and insular separatist feeling were the distinctive elements. For that reason Sicilian revolution was not in 1820 a step in the ladder of the Italian movement as it was in 1848. The Neapolitan revolution which preceded and led up to the Sicilian was purely military, and to some extent accidental. We might never have heard of it if Nugent had been a man of administrative ability. Of Irish birth, he had served long and brilliantly in the Austrian army, till, after the restoration of 1815, he was appointed 'Captain-General' of the Neapolitan forces. Had he been capable of maintaining military discipline and winning the support of the Murattist officers, who were the best element in the army, or even had Pepe's military district of Avellino happened instead to be under Church, who till a few weeks previously had commanded the lower Apulian district, the events of Nola, Mercogliano, and Avellino could scarcely have happened. But the very want of discipline and military loyalty that gave birth to the revolution also caused its destruction. The Neapolitan troops, which had proved their worth against Masséna and in Napoleon's campaigns, made no stand against Austrian invasion, and Ferdinand, the clown king, the 'Re Lazzarone,' returned to persecute the men whom he had ostentatiously thanked for 'the great service they 'had rendered to him and to the nation,' and to revoke the constitution for which he had thanked God, 'who has per- 'mitted me in my old age to do a great good to my king- 'dom,' and to which he had solemnly sworn, adding to the formal oath these words of his own accord as he fixed his eyes on the altar: 'Omnipotent God, who with infinite 'penetration lookest into the heart and into the future, if I

‘ lie, or if one day I should be faithless to my oath, do Thou
‘ at this instant annihilate me ! ’

The severities of Ferdinand’s rule on his first restoration, after the brief republican interlude of 1799, had their explanation, their palliation, in his own nervous terror, and in the horror of all revolutionaries which not unnaturally had possessed the mind of his masterful queen, Mary Caroline, since the fate of her sister Marie Antoinette. And what were these severities beside the 12,000 executions in 200 days of the Revolutionary Tribunal of 1793 ? But Mary Caroline had now long passed from the scene, and the Carbonari were of far milder temper than the men of the mountain. Ferdinand’s treachery was deliberate, of malice prepense, scarcely provoked. It rang the knell of his dynasty. ‘ *Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.* ’

The Piedmontese revolution of 1821 was more normal. Its first overt sign was the appearance at the theatre of four students in red caps, and, although the army decided the crisis, it was actuated by patriotism, not by insubordination. Santarosa was the hero of the movement, the cry of ‘ War ‘ to Austria ’ its glory. It clearly marked out the house of Savoy for the future kingdom. One proclamation of the committee of Alessandria promulgates the constitution, ‘ in ‘ the name of the Italian Confederation, and of Italian inde- ‘ pendence.’ Another says : ‘ The national committee shall ‘ be considered legitimately formed, when the king shall have ‘ made his person sacred and inviolable, by the legitimisation ‘ of his authority as King of Italy.’ How unfair to such aspirations as these is the passage already quoted from Mazzini !

The king, Victor Emmanuel I., would not grant the ‘ Spanish ’ Constitution of 1812, a doctrinaire house of cards that was in great favour with all the Carbonari. He did not believe in it ; he knew that he could not defend it against Austria, backed by Russia and Prussia. Events had made it too late for the movement to quiet down peacefully, and he shrank from a resistance that meant civil war, for the feeling of the army was doubtful and divided. So he cut the knot by abdicating :—

‘ O night of the 13th of March,’ exclaims Santarosa, ‘ night fatal to my country, which disheartened us all, which broke so many swords raised for the cause of liberty, and dispersed like a dream so many cherished hopes ! The country did not indeed fall with the king, but that country was for us personified in the king, in Victor Emmanuel, and the youthful promoters of that military revolution ex-

claimed more than once, "Perhaps some day he will pardon us for making him king of six millions of Italians."

Contrast Victor Emmanuel's conduct with that of Ferdinand of Naples! Contrast the loyalty of the feeling which the very conspirators entertained for the king!

Much of the human interest of the story lies in Charles Albert of Carignan, who is now first introduced to us. His characteristic vacillation becomes apparent at once. Though heir presumptive to the throne, he had relations with the Carbonari. There are conflicting versions—well told by Mr. Stillman, and sifted in an appendix to Mr. King's book—of what passed at an interview between the prince and the leading conspirators; but it is pretty certain that, in some form or other, he promised his adhesion, when satisfied that no hostile action was to be taken against the king. 'But on the morrow, frightened and penitent, above all anxious to have no share in suborning the army, he betrayed the secret to the Government.' Charles Albert's weakness was of no great national moment on that occasion, nor even while he was regent after the abdication, and pending the arrival of the new king, Charles Felix, Victor Emmanuel's younger brother. But it was an indication of what was to come.

For the priest-ridden Charles Felix we must quote Mr. King:—

'Not cruel by nature, he looked on the revolution as the accursed thing, and meant to stamp it out. Charles Felix was an absolutist of the strictest sect. But he had no qualifications for playing the grand monarch. Alone among the princes of Savoy he was no soldier. Of poor presence, superstitious, irritable, he had few friends, and his chroniclers have dealt hardly with him.'

During his reign the popular heir to the throne swam with the tide. Metternich gives the following account of a meeting with Charles Albert at Genoa in 1825: "I was a 'tool," he said, taking leave of me, "and I was so completely; 'to-day I do not wish to be so, and I will be so no more. 'I have learned Liberalism and its directors, and I am 'disgusted with them." His entire conduct is, in fact, conformed to this declaration, and the Emperor thinks, as I do, that he is not likely to be recaptured easily. God 'grant it.' Yet he seems to have been trying to stand well with the Liberals at the same time. On his accession in 1831 they looked for large reforms. Mazzini published a letter appealing to him to lead the Nationalists. The

reactionary Court did not feel sure that he might not return to his old love. 'We must make him taste blood,' said Count Cimiez, 'or he will escape us.' Disappointed in their expectations, Mazzini and his henchmen began to plot. They were severely repressed. Twelve executions satisfied Count Cimiez's desire. But the king's health had broken down. He lived on potatoes and spinach, and fell into the hands of quacks. He was suffering from extreme nervous exhaustion, and was subject to sudden terrors and inexplicable fears. No wonder that the blood which had been shed weighed on his shattered nerves and superstitious mind. Remorse drove him into a sombre mysticism. He wore a hair shirt, and performed acts of expiation. Jesuits and courtiers played upon his nervous fancies for their own purposes. Mr. Stillman tells the following strange story:—

'The minister of war was in consultation with the king, when several blows were struck behind a curtain of the hall in which they were. The king turned pale. "It is nothing, Sire," said his minister; "somebody is waiting there doubtless." "You are not religious, you," replied the king, with a sombre and preoccupied air. At the end of some minutes the sound recurred. The king turned pale again, began to tremble, and, quitting the astonished minister, went to kneel before a crucifix in an adjoining room. People interested in enfeebling his character had persuaded him that Queen Clotilde, wife of Charles Emmanuel IV., who had died at Naples in the odour of sanctity, returned from time to time to the palace. Often indeed a mysterious voice, coming from a corner where no one was to be seen, ordered the king what he must do. The spirit scattered in his way morsels of stuffs which the king carried as amulets. Finally it was discovered that this miserable phantasmagory was the work of a valet, a ventriloquist, in conspiracy with a bribed femme de chambre.'

But the tide soon began to turn again, and with it Charles Albert. The rise of the 'moderate' school between 1837 and 1847 showed that men might be Liberals and patriots without being republicans or revolutionaries. It is of these years that Mr. Stillman writes: 'The healthy progress made by Italian Liberalism in spite of repression in the period between 1830 and 1846, and the disastrous failures of the succeeding period in which the Mazzinian agitation began, justify the policy of the Italian Conservatives and their distrust of the Republican propaganda.' During the same decade Charles Albert's legal commissions published the enlightened 'Albertine' codes. Reform was in the air. Several minor instances of Austria's bullying interference touched the king's dynastic pride and roused

his spirit again. Then Pius IX. came on the scene. A reforming Pope was an encouragement to the king's reviving Liberalism.

'His conscience was at rest now that he was progressing 'on the same road as the head of the Church, and could set 'the Pope's example against the warnings of confessor and 'Jesuits.' And so the flowing tide swept him into the grant of the constitution, the 'Statuto' of March 4, 1848, which is to this day the fundamental law of united Italy. It swept him on into the disastrous war with Austria, where his characteristic defects helped to make victory impossible. Hear how Minghetti describes him during the campaign in a letter quoted by Mr. Stillman:—

'All the defects of his character, so entirely speculative, here come out. On the slightest strategical movement the king became engaged in a labyrinth of speculations as to the result, and arrived finally at no decision. One may say in the final analysis that the real military talent of Charles Albert consisted in seeing the defects of all 'combinations, even those of his own. He passed his nights in prayer. His gaunt face, like that of a man sick almost to death, and yet so full of fire; his sadness, which seemed even to repel the semblance of a smile, had a magnetic effect on the troops.'

And so he drifted on till the fatal day of Novara. At night he called together the generals and princes, and said:—

'Gentlemen, I have sacrificed myself to the cause of Italian independence; for it I have exposed my life, that of my sons, and my crown. I cannot maintain the struggle. I understand that my person may be an obstacle to the conclusion of a peace now become indispensable. I cannot sign it. Since I have not been able to find death on the battle-field, I will make the last sacrifice to my country. I lay down my crown, and abdicate in favour of my son.'

'His long tortuous career had closed in noble failure. 'And his country's love enshrined him the martyr of the 'national war, the patriot king, who had risked crown and 'life for a great Italian hope, the royal democrat, who had 'cast away the prejudices of a lifetime to rally his country 'to one last ill-starred but splendid venture.' So Mr. King describes the posthumous outburst of enthusiasm for Charles Albert's memory. The Italy of to-day still judges that memory tenderly. At the inauguration of the monument which has just been erected in the garden of the Via del Quirinale Signor Chimirri began his speech with the following words: 'On this augural hill, where Numa raised 'a temple to Romulus Quirinus, we to-day accomplish 'another apotheosis, inaugurating a monument to the

‘magnanimous King who was the true precursor of the ‘national Re-aring whence issued the new Italy.’ Bombast of this kind is but fungus growth on the surface of the national myth. The court of history can never set aside the severe sentence pronounced once for all by Mazzini. This is how it runs :—

‘Genius, love, and faith were wanting in Charles Albert. Of the first, which reveals itself by a life entirely, logically, and resolutely devoted to a great idea, the career of Charles Albert does not offer the least trace ; the second was stifled in him by the continual mistrust of men and of things which was awakened by the remembrance of his unhappy past ; the last was denied him by his uncertain character, wavering always between good and evil, between *to do* and *not to do*, between daring and not daring. In his youth a thought, not of virtue, but of Italian ambition—the ambition, however, which may be profitable to nations—had passed through his soul like lightning ; but he recoiled in affright, and the remembrance of this one brilliant moment of his youth presented itself hourly to him, and tortured him like the incessant throbbing of an old wound, instead of acting upon him as an incitement to a new life. Between the risk of losing, if he failed, the crown of his little kingdom, and the fear of the liberty which the people, after having fought for him, would claim for themselves, he went hesitating on with this spectre before his eyes, stumbling at every step, without energy to confront these dangers, without the will or power to comprehend that to become King of Italy he must first of all forget that he was King of Piedmont. Despotism from rooted instinct, liberal from self-love, and from a presentiment of the future, he submitted alternately to the government of the Jesuits and to that of men of progress. A fatal disunion between thought and action, between conception and the faculty of execution, showed itself in every act. Most of those who endeavoured to place him at the head of the enterprise were forced to agree to this view of his character. Some of those intimate with him went so far as to whisper that he was threatened with lunacy. He was the Hamlet of monarchy.’

Charles Albert’s character was but one of the elements of weakness that contributed to the failure of that first struggle for independence. Others were provincial jealousies ; party friction between Moderates and Republicans ; lack of practical administrative and political experience among the Liberals ; the predominance of literary men among their leaders ; reliance on enthusiasm rather than on organisation ; too little strenuous discipline and too much emotion, or, as Cavour complained at a later date, ‘too many songs about ‘Italy.’ Mr. King writes : ‘Some of the reasons of defeat ‘were accidental ; had Piedmont possessed a capable general, ‘or an honest man sat on the throne of Naples, not all the ‘staying power of Radetzky’s army would have availed.’

As a matter of fact, the element of unlucky accident was not nearly so conspicuous at this time as was that of marvellously good luck in 1860. But if the cards are to be re-shuffled, and dealt again according to fancy in this way, we should prefer to speculate on how the tricks might have fallen had Cavour directed Piedmontese policy in 1848, or Radetzky commanded the Austrian forces in 1859. For our plain answer to the question, 'What caused the failure 'in Northern Italy?' can only be, 'Radetzky and his 'Croats.'

The reluctance of Liberals, and especially of Republicans, to admit that any good thing could come out of Austria, led them to throw all blame on the weakness or lukewarmness of their leaders. So the boulevards of Paris shrieked treachery in 1870. Our historians are not quite free from this tendency; moreover, they incline to underrate the vigour and capacity of men whose moral and political conduct they condemn. Radetzky, for instance, is no favourite with Mr. King, who writes of him from a purely Italian point of view, and displays strong humanitarian repugnance to the severity of the old general's repressive measures, while hardly doing justice to his purely military qualities. Yet surely his wonderful tenacity, his *mens æqua in arduis*, influenced the result just as much as did the shilly-shallying of the Piedmontese generals in '48, or the disastrous incompetence of Chranowsky in '49.

So, too, the well-deserved execration that all right-minded men must feel for the tyranny of Ferdinand the Second's rule has led to an utterly erroneous estimate of his power and historic effectiveness.

Like Nero, Ferdinand began well. On his accession, in 1830, he excited the hopes of his subjects by censuring his father's rule, and declaring his desire to heal the wounds of the State. His good looks and soldierly bearing—he was only twenty at the time—won the heart of the populace, and he undoubtedly improved the discipline of the army. Unlike his father and grandfather, he was not a profligate. His family life was pure. Unlike them, too, he was not a coward. When Agesilao Milano attempted his life on parade, he showed a good deal of calm courage. After he lost his look of youth, the puffy fat figure, noisy swagger, and jaunty familiar manner were those of a typical vulgar Neapolitan. Yet there was something in his tone, when displeased, that made better men quail in his presence. His superstition and his ignorance were stupendous. For

literature, for science, and for the liberal professions he had the most unbounded contempt. 'What matters a quill-driver more or less?' he would say. During the early years of his reign there was some relaxation of severity, which combined with the king's first aureole of popularity to save the South from disturbance during the Bolognese movements of 1831. But after the death of his first queen, the gentle and beloved daughter of Victor Emmanuel I., in 1835, Ferdinand returned to the ways of his ancestors, only with ten times their vigour and persistency.

The constitution of 1848 was not extorted from his weakness. He had realised the serious difficulties of the moment. There was revolution in Sicily, and an outbreak in the Cilento; Delcarretto, the hitherto omnipotent minister, had turned traitor a few days before, and been very summarily dealt with; the generals did not feel sure that the army could be relied on. So Ferdinand thought it politic to take time by the forelock, and felt a mischievous pleasure in 'dishing the Whigs,' by granting of his own motion a constitution, before any of the professedly reforming princes had ventured to accept one. For the moment, no doubt, his ambition was tempted by this policy, which seemed to open a prospect of outstripping the Piedmontese monarch in the race for the throne of Italy. We do not believe that the king intended from the first to repudiate the constitution. But none of the high-souled Neapolitan patriots had his force of will; as for Bozzelli, he was mere putty in the king's hand. So, when the wind veered, and things looked better for autocracy, and worse for would-be Liberal princès, the tyrant deliberately broke his pledges, and the reign of terror set in.

This most savage of Italian political persecutions is not to be measured by the number of death sentences, which were few, but by the peculiar spirit of obscurantism that directed it principally against members of the learned professions, and the unspeakable brutality of mixing up such men in the filthiest dungeons with criminals drawn from the lowest dregs of the populace. The king's callousness to the positive tortures suffered by men of this class in their confinement is to some extent explained by his contempt for 'the quill-drivers.' He would more easily have felt for the common felon chained to Poerio than for Poerio chained to the felon. Ferdinand pursued with absolute ruthlessness his policy of 'Thorough.' In Peccheneda he found his Jeffreys. Not the slightest heed did he pay to the terrible

indictment of Mr. Gladstone's letters to Lord Aberdeen, still less to mild diplomatic remonstrance. He knew that he was master now, and master he remained through those terrible ten years till the day of his death. Yet he had no statesmanship or capacity to establish the despotism for his successor on a firm military basis. When he was gone, not sixteen months elapsed before his kingdom was overrun by a handful of bold adventurers. Ferdinand alone of the Bourbons was a man to be reckoned with.

It was not only the military power of Austria that was underestimated by the Radicals of '48. With the tendency that lurks in every party to exaggerate its own numbers, the enthusiasts thought they were all Italy, and Mazzini talked of twenty millions of men, quite failing to appreciate at their true strength the Catholic and Conservative forces opposed to them. Their purblindness has in some degree descended to our Liberal historians, who have not studied the Conservatives with the same sympathising diligence that they have devoted to the Liberals. There is some justification for them in that they are writing the history, not of Italy, but of the Union of Italy; and the Liberals of '48 were potentially the united Italy of the future. But we would have them measure all the phenomena with the same measure. The concentration of their interest on the one party prevents their setting before us the other with equal clearness and fairness. Consequently they do not really enable us to understand its strength. We quote Mr. King's description of Catholic feeling, although the first part of it seems to us to paint the position and difficulties of those Moderates who were Catholics yet Liberals, fervid Italians yet loyal sons of the Church, rather than the attitude of the pure Conservatives. It runs as follows:—

'Between the Liberals and Catholics ran at bottom the fundamental cleavage. To the devotees Liberalism meant the loosening of religion, and though often scandalised by the corruption of the Roman Court, they feared that any blow to the Papacy might be a blow to the Church and all that the Church safeguarded. Between the two schools lay deep difference of creed as to the sanction of morality. Catholics, who believed that authority and tradition were its only bulwarks, thought that if once men ceased to walk in the strait path of the Church they might be tempted to the abyss where walked unclean things. They dreaded free inquiry, the contempt of forms, the questioning of institutions indissolubly, so they believed, bound up with more precious things. . . . Behind the men and women who thought thus lay the enthusiasm of Catholic devotees throughout the world, to whom the Papacy was Catholic rather than Italian, who cared

nothing for Italian aspirations, but much for the glory of the tiara, and felt a chivalrous desire to defend a venerable and splendid name, whose own resources of defence had proved so feeble.'

Doubtless much of the Catholic opposition to national aspirations was the work of priests, playing the game of their own order. The influence of that order is, and must be, all-pervading among a Catholic people, which, without being seriously religious, is little affected by free thought. The law still allowed full scope for the exercise of that influence at the three critical moments of individual life—birth, marriage, and death—moments which even now, in spite of modern legislation, provide the priesthood with opportunities of which they take advantage to the full. Yet many of the hierarchy of the better sort had a genuine faith in the supernatural character of their own sacred office. Pius IX. really believed himself to be the Vicar of God upon earth. And we must assert our conviction that thousands of deeply religious laymen throughout Italy, as well as a far larger number of religious women, seriously and earnestly believed that all Liberals—Freemasons especially—were enemies of God and 'our holy religion;' believed that to accept Liberal views might, nay must, endanger their own hopes for the world to come. It is not on their power of moral elevation, or on any sweet reasonableness, that persuasions of this kind depend for their force, but on their sincerity. Must we jeer at them? Must we insinuate that they are nothing but the care for loaves and fishes, masked under a show of religion, because they are not our views, nor the views of the men who rescued Italy? After all, are they really so much more ridiculous than those that are characterised in the following phrases?—

'His political beliefs were to him articles of faith that admitted no questioning; wrong politics to him implied wrong morals; he was dogmatic, intolerant, too forward to obtrude the belief that he and no other was the true prophet; and though in after life he sometimes compromised, it was always against the grain, and with a half-sense of wrong-doing. None the less he stands first among the makers of Italy. . . . As moralist, as inspirer, he stands on a pinnacle where he has no rival, a prophet to Italy and the world.'

With this rather hysterical sentence Mr. King concludes a very sympathetic estimate of Mazzini, of which we shall quote the most striking portion:—

'Mazzini was the soul of the movement of 1848. The belief in a national mission was the corner-stone of his politics. The current depreciation of his country drove him into hyperbole, and

he painted Italy initiating a new life among the nations, Rome a third time the world's teacher, reconciling Roman justice and Christian altruism in the new social gospel. This new Italy must be Republican and indivisible. . . . The circumstances of Italy, all her traditions, all her great memories, he claimed for Republicanism. A Royalist war of liberty, even if it brought a constitution in its wake, would leave the social fabric still unmended, and in the Republic Mazzini saw the ideal commonwealth, where privilege was banished, where the poor were made the State's first care, where association and education opened an infinite view of progress. With such a vision before their eyes the people, he had persuaded himself, would rise in mass to expel the Austrians. Yet even dearer to Mazzini than the Republic was Italian unity. Only through unity could Italy be strong and democratic; only when Rome became her capital could she hold her place among the nations of Europe and teach a nobler ideal of government.

'Mazzini's hopes have been realised only in part. His work, from its clear high dawn to its dark and misty close, broke ineffectually against the obstacles that must meet the pure revolutionist. . . . As a man of action he failed. He always underrated the obstacles in front of him. He was, even apart from the irritability which may be pardoned to his misfortunes, a difficult man to work with. In old age he became, as many a conspirator tends to be, a mere mischief-maker.' At the last 'he intended to use against his own countrymen the arms which Bismarck had promised him. This marks the last stage of his decline from patriot to conspirator, and it was well for him that the Government arrested him and imprisoned him at Gaeta in August 1870.'

Mr. King relegates to an appendix all discussion of the often-repeated charge that his hero encouraged political assassination. He establishes, by quotations from Mazzini's writings, 'that in theory he held assassination to be wrong, 'unless in very exceptional cases. That he refused to condemn the honest assassinator as morally guilty, and would 'throw no stone at the man who killed a traitor, yet that 'he held assassination to be often a crime, and almost 'always a blunder.'

Turning from theory to practice, we find that 'on one 'occasion,' in his early days, Mazzini encouraged assassination. 'A Corsican named Gallenga came to Mazzini in '1853, to tell him that he intended to assassinate Charles 'Albert, in revenge for a brother who had perished in the 'Revolution of 1821. Mazzini tried to dissuade him, but 'not succeeding, and convinced that Gallenga was one of 'those "whom Providence sends from time to time to teach 'despots that their life may depend upon the will of a 'single man," gave him a dagger and money.' Gallenga did not carry out his intention.

The only other case that throws any real light on the matter is that of Pasquale Greco, which Mr. King does not relate with his usual transparent frankness. We follow Diamilla-Müller's account. In the spring of 1863 some of the more fanatical Republicans in Turin hatched a plot to assassinate Napoleon III., and got hold of this Greco, a Calabrian, to do the deed. In the latter part of April they arranged that Libertini should introduce the intended assassin to Mazzini, who was then at Lugano, and inform him of the plot, of which so far Mazzini knew nothing. When Mazzini was told of the design, and that the assassin was to be brought to see him, he would not receive Greco, but he did not speak a word in condemnation of the ugly proposal. Here is the letter which he wrote to Diamilla-Müller, his confidential agent:—

‘Dear M.,

‘Tell Libertini that I don't see why this Pasquale Greco should come to see me. All the world knows of my residence here, and it is unfair of my friends (*è male da parte de' miei amici*).

‘Your GIUSEPPE.’

So the ‘nature of purest temper’ does not quite act up to his own precepts. This was no ‘very exceptional ‘case.’ There was no question of ‘condemning the accomplished act’ of an honest fanatic. Nor can ‘youthful ‘indiscretion’ be pleaded as for the Gallenga incident. We have no desire to exaggerate the criminality of political murder, but we fail to see why an accessory before the fact to political assassination is in any less degree a political assassin than an accessory before the fact to common murder is a murderer.

Can we fairly gather from that letter that Mazzini would have preferred that the attempt should not be made? It is a cowardly letter. Not a word to dissuade the bravo from risking his own life. Not a word to dissuade the rash disciples from putting themselves in the power of this Greco who might himself turn traitor! Yet, ‘as moralist, as ‘inspirer, Mazzini stands on a pinnacle where he has no ‘rival, a prophet to Italy and the world.’ If this be the true doctrinaire faith, we prefer to sit with the heretics.

On the other hand, it must be recorded in Mazzini's honour that he was no persecutor. During the short time he was actually engaged in the practical business of government, as Triumvir of the Roman Republic, he moderated to the best of his power the excesses of his more frenzied allies; he entrusted finance to capable hands, and succeeded in

maintaining quiet in the city itself, to a degree which is really extraordinary, considering the tumultuous traditions of French and Italian democracy, and the unbridled license which previous slackness had allowed to the mob leaders. In the provinces there were many instances of Jacobin tyranny. At Sinigaglia the Mastai family were tormented and temporarily detained as hostages, on account of their relationship to the Pope, while sundry atrocities were committed in the Marches and in Romagna. But there was no connivance on Mazzini's part. After a first bad choice of commissioners Felice Orsini, better known to Englishmen as the author of an attempt on the life of Napoleon III. some ten years later, was sent with full powers to re-establish order, which he did most loyally and efficiently.

In fact, Mazzini did his best to govern well, but the task was herculean in districts where disorder and brutal outrages by both factions had long been endemic. During the whole Carbonaro period Romagna, and those other parts of the Papal States which were distant from Rome, had been in a continual ferment, while Rome itself remained in a state of tranquil lethargy. In like manner, and from like causes, the quiescence of the city of Naples contrasts strangely with the restlessness of Basilicata, Calabria, and Sicily during the same period. In fact, the relations of Rome to Romagna were not altogether unlike those of Naples to Sicily. The capitals enjoyed the lion's share of patronage, preferment, and profit, to their own satisfaction, but to the disgust of the remoter provinces.

The effervescence culminated in the revolt of Bologna in 1831; suppressed, as usual, by the Austrians. 'The movement of that year,' says Mr. Stillman, endorsing Mazzini's criticism quoted above, 'only showed the strength of popular discontent, but developed no distinct aim or national tendencies that might entitle it to consideration as a step in the national developement.' Indeed that developement, so far from gaining, lost ground by the movement, which indirectly raised obstacles that could not then have been foreseen. The Austrian occupation of Papal territory roused the jealousy of the French, who in February 1832 seized Ancona by surprise, and only evacuated it in 1837, when the Austrians simultaneously withdrew. Thus was laid down the evil precedent for the Civita Vecchia expeditions of 1849 and 1867.

The sore in Romagna went on festering all through the pontificate of Gregory XVI. One of the later eruptions at

Rimini, in 1845, occasioned the publication of Massimo d'Azeglio's pamphlet on the 'Ultimi Casi di Romagna.' As Mr. King tells us, 'the book at once made a party,' though, when we read it at this time of day, it is not obvious why the long-winded and not always clear reasoning should have been so effective. But Minghetti has preserved the key for us, and no one was better qualified to judge. '*I Casi di Romagna*,' he says, 'was the earliest practical exposition of the programme then first adopted—the substitution of public, peaceful, serious, and courageous discussion of our affairs for secret societies and plots.'

The book told not only on Italian public opinion, but on the new Pope himself, who owed to its pages, as well as to those of Gioberti's '*Primato*,' some of his Liberal tendencies, some more to the personal influence of his fellow-countryman, Count Pasolini, but probably most of all to his own benevolent, if not clear-sighted, nature.

What are we to say of good, kindly, easy-going Pius IX.? What else than he said of himself?—'Good God! They want to make a Napoleon of me, who am only a poor country parson.' He was, in fact, an average specimen of a not uncommon type of Italian character. Good-natured and well-intentioned, not easily stirred to wrath, not intolerant, not cruel or revengeful, but morally rather than physically timid, disinclined for exertion of any kind, and particularly for mental effort, threading the crowded difficulties of life with humorous plaintiveness, more anxious to make no enemies and to offend no man than to speak the truth and shame the devil. It is a loveable character, and pleasant to sail with over smooth waters. But of such are the immense majority of the men who at this very moment are the prey of the fierce tiger-cats of Camorra and Mafia, and of the less notorious societies of the Comarca and the Adriatic shore. Helpless as they was Pius in the tempest of conflicting beliefs and conflicting duties, helpless as they in the clutches of Antonelli. The storm was gathering as he weighed anchor; when it broke he was perplexed and frightened, and handed over the helm to his pirate skipper.

'It is clear,' writes Mr. Stillman, 'that Pius IX., on assuming power, had no precise conception of his future course. Of extreme benevolence of disposition, and a devout man, the sufferings of the people and the severity of past Governments had no doubt impressed him profoundly, and, believing in the goodness and docility of his subjects, he was disposed to do what lay in him to lessen their troubles. . . .

Ameliorations in the condition of his people he desired, but he intended that they should be conferred as those of a father to his children, and that they should be recognised as free gifts and not made obligatory by any law which should control or seem to control his action. It is needless to describe the demonstrations of devotion and gratitude which marked the first year or two of the Pope's reign. His more conservative advisers foresaw what eventually took place. A people absolutely unused to liberty for centuries, having the door opened which led to self-government, could no more be controlled in their movements than the sea tides. . . . The right of forming associations and clubs and all the paraphernalia of popular liberty came rapidly to the front; the press, for which the utmost freedom was claimed, at first reforming, became satirical and finally subversive; and all the rest of the abuses growing out of liberty presented themselves in rapid succession.'

The Pope's reforms were marred by one constant and complex defect. They were all half-measures, hampered by conditions which nevertheless were not enforced. Exactly a month after his election Pius made his first plunge by issuing an amnesty for political offences on July 16, 1846. But it was conditional on recognition of error and signature of the following formula:

'I recognise the reception of a singular favour in the generous and spontaneous pardon conceded to me by the indulgence of the Supreme Pontiff Pius IX., my legitimate sovereign, for all the part I have taken, in whatever manner, in the attempts which have disturbed public order and attacked the legitimate authority constituted in his temporal dominions. I promise on my word of honour not to abuse in any manner or at any time the sovereign clemency, and I give my pledge to fulfil faithfully all the duties of a good and loyal subject.'

Of the numerous political prisoners and exiles only a handful, among whom were Mamiani and Pepoli, refused to sign. Nevertheless they were allowed to return from their exile, and even before long to hold high office.

In August the nomination of a Liberal Secretary of State was regarded as an earnest of further progress. But who is this Liberal Secretary? It is Cardinal Gizzi, a good and kind old man, of nearly ninety years of age! Not a time of life that promises very rapid progress. Nevertheless, in March 1847, he relaxed the censorship of the press, and on April 14 instituted a Council of State, better known as the 'Consulta,' from which laymen were not necessarily excluded. Yet, in the state of men's minds in 1847, even these slow steps gave general satisfaction, and, on the anniversary of the Pope's election, the populace burst into demonstrations of enthusiasm. But their noisiness was

thought alarming, and six days later was issued an edict forbidding such assemblages. Thenceforward the popularity of cardinals and of 'Consulta' was gone, and the mob began to shout 'Viva Pio Nono solo!'—'Long live Pius IX. only!' The formation of a citizen guard on June 30—an important step towards democracy in all the revolutions of that time—led to Gizzi's resignation.

Meanwhile Metternich saw clearly what must follow, and made a pretext of some local disturbance to occupy Ferrara on July 27. This roused the national sentiment of the Romans, and the irritation which the Pope showed at Austrian interference made him for the time appear to be a champion of Italian independence. The spirit of the moment inspired Mazzini to address to Pius an impassioned appeal to put himself at the head of a movement which should regenerate at once the Papacy and Italy, religion and politics,

'to become, after so many centuries of doubt and corruption, the apostle of eternal truth; to sacrifice himself in order that the will of God might be done in earth as it is in heaven; to ask himself in every difficulty, not "Will the princes of this world disapprove, will their ambassadors present notes and protests?" but "Is this thing just or unjust; true or a lie; the law of man or the law of God?" . . . Unite Italy, your fatherland. We will raise up around you a nation over whose free development you shall preside. We will found a government unique in Europe, that shall put an end to the absurd divorce between the spiritual and the temporal power. . . . Fear not excesses on the part of the people. The people commit no excesses unless left to their own impulses without a guide whom they venerate. . . . Then, under your flag, would be gained an immense result, at once political and moral, because Italy's new birth under the ægis of a religious idea, under the standard not of rights but of duties, would outstrip all revolutions in foreign lands, and place Italy immediately at the head of European progress, and because it lies in your hands to make these two terms, God and people, too often and too fatally disjoined, arise all at once in fair and holy harmony to direct the fate of the nations.'

Of this letter Mr. King says that it was written 'in too transparent flattery, and was far from expressing Mazzini's permanent feelings.' No doubt the feelings were not permanent, but for the moment they were sincere. It is true that at a later date Mazzini seems to have been ashamed of any symptom of enthusiasm for Pius IX., and of his own misapprehension of the possibilities of the situation, even hinting (in 1856) that the letter had been written with some hidden motive, 'with a different object, which

‘ was attained, but of which there is now no need to speak.’ But on the very same day on which he penned the epistle, September 8, 1847, he writes to Giuseppe Lamberti: ‘ In a moment of expansion and youthful illusion I have written a long letter to Pius IX., pointing out to him what he could and should do ; it will be thrown into his carriage within twelve days at the latest.’ Its only effect seems to have been to frighten Pius, who nevertheless continued in his mild reforms. On November 24 was installed the newly organised municipality of Rome, and finally, on December 30, an edict was issued establishing a council of ministers on the modern plan, to be composed of nine heads of departments. But all the nine posts were to be held by ecclesiastics ! And this, although the Great Powers had, so long ago as 1831, advised that a share of higher offices should be given to laymen ; although Pellegrino Rossi, who enjoyed Pius’s confidence, had urged again and again that the possibility of moderate reform and escape from revolution hinged on this change. This, he said, was ‘ the knot of the question.’ Again half measures, and again the restrictions are thrown overboard under pressure of circumstances. In six weeks’ time Pasolini and Sturbinetti, laymen, are admitted to office. But much had happened in those weeks.

On January 1, 1848, the populace prepared to go in procession to the Quirinal, as a demonstration of gratitude to the Pope for his concessions. But Pius had been annoyed by a petition, presented on December 27, which craved the expulsion of the Jesuits. He had no intention of granting it, and would not appear. Yet he gave way to signs of popular dissatisfaction, and, notwithstanding the previous summer’s prohibition of assemblages, went out on the following day, parading the streets in his carriage, while Ciceruacchio followed him in another, with a placard bearing the words: ‘ Holy Father, justice ! The people are with you ! ’

All the tinder of riot and revolution was there, and seemed only to wait for the spark. Yet when the sparks came, flying fast enough from the risings of Palermo on January 12, of Paris on February 24, and of Vienna on March 13, the tinder did not ignite. The reason seems to have been that the news of each of these conflagrations wrung from the Pope wider liberties, which deferred the fatal hour for some months to come. Thus Palermo was followed by the admission of the laymen Pasolini and Sturbinetti to office ; Paris by the formation, on March 10,

of a ministry comprising Farini, Minghetti, Sturbinetti, Pasolini, and others, and by the grant of a constitution on March 14; Vienna, by the decision to send the army to the frontier. Half measures again! The ministry of March 10 was presided over by Cardinal Antonelli. The legislative power of the chambers under the constitution was reduced to a shadow by the control of the College of Cardinals. As for the war policy, it was the outcome of misapprehensions, and led to the most fatal of all the misunderstandings between Pius and his Liberal subjects.

The Nationalist aspirations of the latter, and the Pope's resentment at the Austrian occupation of Ferrara, united in a stream of sufficient force to ensure the despatch of the troops. The Holy Father blessed the flags before their departure. But the aims of the war party, who wished to join Piedmont in expelling the Austrians from Italy, were very divergent from those of Pius, who was only anxious to prevent any encroachment on Papal territory. Accordingly General Durando marched under orders not to cross the frontier, unless to occupy Rovigo, to which place there were some Papal claims of old standing, and when he addressed a proclamation to his troops on April 5, saying 'the Pope ' had blessed their arms, which, united to those of Charles ' Albert, would move in concord with them to the exter- ' mination of the enemies of God and Italy,' Pius took it very ill, and expressed his displeasure in the allocution of April 29. War with Austria he declared to be 'wholly ' abhorrent from the counsels of one who regarded and ' loved with equal affection all peoples, races, and nations.' Such a manifesto at this critical moment could not but alienate the moderate Nationalists, and exasperate the Radicals. It raised a wall of separation between the Pope and all who were working for independence. From that day Pius lost the influence with his own subjects, and with the whole Italian people, which he had gained as the seeming champion of nationality. Yet his previous attitude made it impossible for him to pose with any effect to the Catholic world as 'equally the father of all ' Christians.' When, on May 5, he addressed a letter to the Emperor of Austria, inviting him 'to change into ' useful relations of friendly neighbourhood a domination ' which could not be noble or happy when maintained by ' the sword,' the ill-timed appeal fell upon deaf ears. And now came the nemesis of vacillation. The first orders to Durando had prevented any effective assistance to Piedmont,

but the despatch of the troops irritated Austria, and their subsequent participation in the campaign gave her a pretext, of which she took advantage, to again invade the States of the Church and enter Bologna.

The natural and immediate consequence of the allocation was the resignation of the ministry of March 10. Then followed the feeble administrations of Mamiani and Fabbri, and, finally, in September, the reins of power were entrusted to Count Pellegrino Rossi, who united in his own person the Treasury and the Ministry of the Interior.

Rossi was not a Roman, having been born at Carrara. At Bologna, where he studied, he followed the profession of the law, until, in 1815, the part which he played in Murat's ambitious designs upon the crown of Italy drove him into exile at Geneva. There he filled the chair of Roman law, took an active part in Swiss politics, and drafted a new federal constitution, which, although not accepted, formed the basis of the constitution as eventually revised. Thence he passed to France, became professor of political economy, and afterwards of constitutional law in the College of France, until M. Guizot sent him as envoy to the Pope in 1845, entrusting him with negotiations for the suppression of the Jesuits in France.

Such had been the distinguished career of the statesman who now took up the difficult, if not impossible, task. Then, as now, the troubles of Italy were fully as much administrative as political, and Rossi at once turned his energies to administrative reform by suppressing the Ministry of Police, and uniting its functions to those of his own office. He was the stamp of man who in different and quieter times might have proved the Stein of Italy. Among his measures were reform of the army; discipline and purification of the public offices; financial reforms so conceived as to gradually curb the power of the ecclesiastics by throwing upon them a fair share of taxation; even a scheme for the relief of the exchequer out of their huge properties; suppression of the sanguinary conflicts between 'Gregoriani' and 'Piani,' and the restoration of order in the streets, and extermination of brigandage in the country, by the formation of a numerous corps of gendarmes.

All these things were good in themselves, but almost all were untimely. They only increased the general dislike of Rossi, already aroused by his non-Roman origin, by his former service under Louis Philippe, by the reserve and cold aloofness of his manner, and by the contempt which he

too plainly showed for clerical obscurantists and blatant demagogues alike. He offended vested interests of every kind. His policy in Church matters found few supporters besides the Pope himself, whose personal confidence he enjoyed. His Protestant wife; his earlier works, which were on the Index; his threatening attitude towards ecclesiastical immunities, earned for him the hatred of the Ultramontanes, while the inflexibility of his Liberal-Conservative opinions, and his frank support of the Papacy as 'the one good thing left to Italy,' ensured the hostility of the Radicals. In marked contrast to his predecessors, who had fawned upon the mob, Rossi launched scathing sarcasms at the demagogues, who fancied that, in his efforts to purify and strengthen administration, he was aiming at the restoration of absolutism, and his Jesuit enemies for their own purposes inflamed these suspicions.

There was a general sense that a crisis was approaching when the chambers reopened on November 15. Rossi had been warned that his life was in danger, but his proud courage flinched not. As he descended from his carriage at the entrance of the Palazzo della Cancelleria, he is said to have returned the menacing looks and groans of the crowd with a glance of withering contempt. But, as he was proceeding to mount the staircase, a sudden stab in the throat from an unknown hand laid him low. Thus died foully an aristocrat in soul, a Liberal by conviction, while the mean and jealous deputies within feigned to treat the death of the too superior 'foreigner' as a matter of no consequence. 'What is all this fuss about?' exclaimed the Prince of Canino; 'is it the King of Rome that is dead?' Sturbinetti, the President, proceeded to open the session without the slightest allusion to the tragedy, and the sitting was adjourned only because there was not the necessary quorum of members present.

'Who assassinated Pellegrino Rossi?' was for many years 'a political rather than a criminal question.' The net result of recent researches, the latest of which are subsequent to the publication of any of the three books under review, seems to prove that the hand which struck the blow was the hand of Ciceruacchio's son, Luigi Brunetti; that the murder was planned by several conspirators, of whom Sterbini was probably one, while the number of those who knew of the plot beforehand must have been considerable.

The fatal consequences of this, the vilest—indeed, the only very vile—deed that blots the fair fame of the Liberals

of 1848, were obscured for a time by the shortlived brilliancy of the Republic. The immediate result of the assassination was to throw Pius completely into the power of his most bigoted advisers. On the night of November 24, disguised as a simple priest, he fled to Gaeta, where he put himself under the protection of Ferdinand of Naples. The Pope's flight left Rome entirely in the hands of the Radicals. A constituent assembly was elected, which met on February 5, 1849, and, after four days' debate, decreed the abolition of the temporal power, proclaiming pure democracy as the form of government with 'the glorious name of 'Roman Republic.'

Foreign intervention was, of course, a foregone conclusion. That France, and not Austria, took the decisive action was the result of the vicissitudes of French politics, and of the personality of Louis Napoleon, but the quarter from which intervention came stamped upon the Roman Question the special impress which it bore until the year 1870, and was fraught with infinite consequences for the future of Italy. We cannot follow the fortunes of the Republic during her forlorn struggle with the power of France. But we may ask whether such a form of polity could have permanently satisfied the needs of Rome. Could it have continued to preserve order, to manage the finances honestly, to avoid Jacobin excesses? Who shall say? We only know that the defence was heroic. The Rome of Mazzini and Garibaldi was not unworthy in her fall of the Rome of the Scipios and the Gracchi,

'her soldiers fighting to the last extremity, her people vying with each other in maintaining the glorious but unequal struggle, her rulers firmly rejecting every dishonourable compromise or proposal, and as firmly declaring that Italians, and Italians only, had a right to decide what should or should not be the government under which they would live. Assuredly such men are rightly held to have deserved well of their country.'

Space forbids us to touch upon the events of 1848 in Tuscany or the minor States. With greater reluctance we must turn away from the Sicilian Revolution, which derives a certain incidental interest for us, at the end of the century, from the fact that one of its chief organisers, Francesco Crispi, still lives. It was there, in his native island, and at that time, that Crispi's strong individuality began to affect the course of the fortunes of Italy.

The first rising to break out, and perhaps with the most adequate cause, was that of Palermo on January 12. It was

the spark which set half Europe ablaze. Had the British Government, which fully sympathised with the Sicilians, been willing to risk a single ship, instead of confining itself to purely platonic friendship, Sicily might then have permanently won her liberty and her independence. That she did not was well for Italy, which would now have lacked the most precious jewel in her crown. Whether it was equally well for Sicily is open to grave doubt.

Long after the stubborn islanders had succumbed to the royal forces, and for nearly two months after the fall of Rome, the flag of Italian freedom still floated over Venice. 'Venice, the pauperised,' to quote Mr. King, 'Venice, the careless, the self-indulgent, had redeemed herself by a defence of patient heroism, that won for her the admiration of Europe.' She owed her hour of strength to one great man. To-day the name of Daniele Manin is not, even in Italy, so universally familiar as those of some other heroes of the revolution. His career was short, his stage less conspicuous, his opportunities limited. Nevertheless he towers head and shoulders above all the men of '48 for singleness of aim, for daring courage of purpose and execution, for the winning but fearless frankness, which rouses and sways a fickle multitude, yet remains its master. 'I know that you love me,' he once told those Venetians who knew him as their 'father,' 'I know that you love me, and by that love I command order.' For disorder he had 'an instinctive repulsion, as for a discord or a deformed face.' Without the egotism and intolerance of Mazzini, full of the practical wisdom that was lacking to Garibaldi, endowed with more popular gifts, more power to stir the enthusiasm of the masses than Cavour, he had, in Mr. King's words, 'the rarest gifts of statesmanship; he had all Cavour's breadth and accessibility to facts; his conceptions were as bold, his economic view, his standard of morality higher. Cavour might sway people by their reason, Manin could touch their hearts.'

Of course Manin was by preference a Republican. What traditions, what force of habit, what associations could turn his thoughts towards monarchy? For what dynasty could he feel the dimmest spark of sentiment? Most of Italy had for centuries been accustomed to the sway of a monarch. Even Tuscany could take pride of a kind in the splendour of her Medicean days, and appreciate the comforts she enjoyed under the mild Lorrainer rule; Genoa herself might forget her independence in a union to the one patriotic Italian

State, but how could a Venetian Nationalist be anything but a Republican at heart? We might as well search for Legitimists at Chicago, or seek enthusiasm for parliamentary institutions among the Cossacks of the Don.

Yet Manin was a statesman as well as a patriot. He clearly saw the great political truth that all forms of government are but means to an end, τοῦ εὖ ζῆν ἕνεκα—a truth that the scales of party blindness have too often concealed from Legitimist and Radical alike—and with that judicious opportunism which sacrifices the form to gain the substance, he lived to ‘accept the monarchy of the House of Savoy, provided that it concurred loyally and efficaciously to make Italy.’ ‘Make Italy,’ he wrote from his Parisian exile to Pallavicino, ‘and we are with you. If not, not.’ Italy, he recognised, had ‘two living forces—Italian public opinion and the Piedmontese army.’

On the 28th of May, 1856, there appeared in the ‘Times’ the famous letter in which Manin denounced the ‘theory of the dagger.’

‘There is one great enemy of Italy,’ he wrote, ‘which the national party must contend against without rest or pause as without mercy, and in that contest it will be supported and seconded by the approbation and applause of the whole of civilised Europe. This great enemy of Italy is the doctrine of political assassination, or, in other terms, the *theory of the poniard*.

‘I will not stop to discuss the morality of the question. I know that there are acute dialecticians who will undertake its defence, and among others, and above all others eminent for the exuberance of their zeal, of their acuteness and their doctrine, the reverend fathers the Jesuits. But I also know, and as a political man this suffices for me, that the feelings of every honest man in Italy and abroad reject, reprove, and abominate such a doctrine, the doctrine of destroying human life by acts of treachery, at any time, in any place, and for any motive whatever.

‘The great national party in Italy invites to itself, and hopes to draw to it, the whole of its people who really love their country, and especially the most judicious, the most worthy, and the most respected for the unstained honour of their lives. But these men will never answer to that appeal unless the national party separate itself solemnly, absolutely, and irrevocably from assassins. That absolute separation is necessary to conciliate the sympathies of Europe, and to gain our national cause the respect, the veneration, and the affection which it merits. . . . Our hands must be without stain. Let our purity from crime be the mark which shall distinguish the noble defenders of our country from the suicidal instruments of the enemies of all law. Ours shall be the honourable weapons which become noble and truly

courageous men, and our duty is to profess and to propagate the doctrines of pure and indisputable morality.

‘Let the theory of assassination be left to the Jesuits, and let us abandon the poniard to the Sanfedisti.’

Although the letter contains no reference, direct or indirect, to Mazzini, it was nevertheless bitterly resented by him, and he replied in terms of much acerbity. We recommend a comparison of the rhetorical egotism of his reply with the genuine patriotism of Manin’s language to all who would judge between the two men.

The majority of Republicans had come to consider Mazzini impracticable, as, indeed, he was after 1849, and followed Manin in accepting the programme of union under a Nationalist king.

Of a delicate constitution, Manin did not live to see Italy united, or Venice free. He died in Paris on September 22, 1857, ‘leaving behind him a name as spotless, both in public and private life, as any which adorns the pages either of ancient or of modern history.’

Neither the revolutionary turmoil of 1848 nor its ultimate defeat by the forces of reaction was confined to Italy. Yet the Italian Liberals paid the heaviest penalty for failure, and that not through any greater faults of their own; for, although they shared to the full the weaknesses and defects which led to the same result in other lands, it is in them that the nobler side of the cataclysmic upheaval is most clearly manifested. For it had its nobler aspect, at any rate in Italy, an aspect which has not failed to earn our historian’s just appreciation:—

‘Though it fell so short in grip and power, the spirit that made and spoilt the revolution had a very beautiful and noble side. The sentimentalism had for its obverse an enthusiasm and faith, sweet and pure and human, that set its trust in righteousness, that refused to bate one jot of its high ideals, that sent men to war with the crusader’s badge, to rush on Austrian or French bayonets with a prayer on their lips, glad to give their lives for Italy.’

- ART. VI.—1. *Mission en Cappadoce*, 1893–94. By E. CHANTRE. Paris: 1898.
2. *Reisen in Kleinasien und Nordsyrien*. By K. HUMANN and O. PUCHSTEIN. Berlin: 1890.
3. *The Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania*. Edited by H. V. HILPRECHT. Vol. I., parts i. and ii. Philadelphia: 1893, 1896.

ONE of the most remarkable results of recent exploration in Western Asia has been the discovery that, from the earliest ages, the influence of Babylonian civilisation extended far west into Syria and Asia Minor, preceding in these regions by many centuries the temporary influence of Egypt. The excavations conducted by M. Chantre in Cappadocia have produced tablets, seals, votive figures, pottery, &c., in abundance, casting much new light on this matter; and, though he had many predecessors in exploration of this region, his results are among the most important obtained since the recovery of the Amarna tablets in 1887, and the German excavations at Samalla in North Syria. The history of Greek civilisation, not less than that of the Hebrews, is profoundly affected by these discoveries; and the influence of Chaldea must be recognised, not only in Palestine, but also in Ionia, where the so-called Mycenæan or Ægean art appears to have sprung from an Asiatic source.

Without forgetting our obligations to Texier, Perrot, Ramsay, Wilson, Hogarth, Humann, Puchstein, Davis, and others, it may be predicted that the name of M. Chantre will stand high in the list of successful explorers in this region. He has travelled widely in Syria, Armenia, and Asia Minor, from the Caucasus to the Ægean; and the mission with which he was entrusted by the French Government in 1893 was most successful. Wherever he has gone his diligence has secured a considerable harvest. He is an ethnologist and naturalist, rather than one of the modern school of professional (and often too narrow and dogmatic) archæologists; and though he possesses only a general knowledge of antiquity, and is obliged to submit his results to specialists for explanations (sometimes more pretentious than sound), the good sense of his personal—and very modest—conclusions is as remarkable as his energy in travel and his diligence in collecting genuine records.

The discoveries and explorations of M. Chantre represent

Cappadocian civilisation from at least 2500 B.C. down to the time of Justinian. They include the ancient texts and sculptures which he, like others, compares with those of Chaldea, the early Aryan remains, the Persian, the Greek, and the Roman. Broadly speaking, the history of this region began with colonisation by Mongols, related to the first civilised race of Mesopotamia, which is usually known as Akkadian. About 850 B.C. the Medes and Scythians—whom Sir H. Rawlinson has shown to have been Aryans*—displaced these older rulers in the East; while the Ionians, Phrygians, and Lydians, who were also Aryans, pressed in from the shores of the Hellespont till, in the sixth century B.C., Cræsus ruined the cities of the older civilised tribes.† The Semitic Babylonians were known in Cappadocia at least as early as 2000 B.C. in the character of traders, and the Assyrians invaded Cilicia and drove the Mongols to the North in the ninth century B.C. Cyrus and his successors, following the Medes from the East, established the Persian sway in Asia Minor in the sixth century B.C., and the Greeks, mingling first with Phrygians (from whom, according to Herodotus, the Armenians were descended) and with other Asiatic Aryans who had preceded them from Europe, displaced the Persian rulers after the conquests of Alexander the Great in 334 B.C. Perso-Greek civilisation continued to prevail, under Roman and Byzantine emperors, until the time of Turkish conquest by Alp Arslan (1063 A.D.), which resulted in the permanent settlement of a Turkish population in Asia Minor, in spite of the Greeks and Armenians who profited by the Crusades. The Seljuks have left many important remains in this region, as have the early Ottomans, after the transient victory of the Mongols under Timur. We have thus to consider in turn—first, the period vaguely called ‘Pre-Hellenic,’ ‘Proto-Armenian,’ or ‘Syro-Asiatic’ by various writers, which might better be defined as Kassite or Akkadian; second, the appearance of Semitic traders from Babylon; third, the inroads of the Assyrians; fourth, the establishment of the Aryans; fifth, the Persian conquest; sixth, the Greek domination; and after these the rule of the Romans and of the Turks. Cappadocia shared the same history, better known in other regions. It was on the southern highway to Ionia from Syria, and along its north

* Herodotus, 3rd edit. vol. iii. pp. 190, 702; vol. i. p. 202.

† Ibid. i. 76.

border ran the route which led from Europe to Armenia, by which Phrygians and Armenians advanced eastwards before the time of Herodotus.

Boghaz Keui ('town of the defile') is an ancient site east of the Halys, on the borders of Pontus, which is usually supposed to represent the Pterium of Herodotus.* Texier and others had discovered, very early, at and near this site, the remains of a very old civilisation. This has long been recognised as being the same found all over Asia Minor, North Syria, and even in Assyria, and it has been called 'Hittite,' much as we might call the English race 'Kentish,' because it is also represented in the ruins of Carchemish, Merâsh, Aleppo, and Hamath, or in the region where, according to the Assyrian and Egyptian records, the Hittites lived between 1700 and 700 B.C. But no previous explorer had recovered any texts in the peculiar script of this race before M. Chantre at this particular site; and to these he has added the remarkable tablets in a non-Semitic language, which Colonel Conder has recently translated,† and which are written in the familiar characters which represent the cuneiform of the twelfth century B.C. or later. These letters and reports represent the political and social conditions of this early Cappadocian race at the time when they were resisting the inroads of the Assyrians who, in the twelfth century B.C., conquered the tribes of Syria and Southern Armenia under Tiglath Pileser I., and about 832 B.C. advanced across the Amanus under Shalmaneser II., and, driving the Mongols to their northern plateaux, extended their sway in Cilicia as far as Tarsus. For the purpose of writing letters it appears, therefore, that the Kati tribes had then abandoned their original script in favour of cuneiform, and we have two seals much older, on which the so-called 'Hittite' characters stand side by side with Semitic texts in cuneiform. We know also, from two letters in the Amarna collection,‡ that both the Hittites and the Mongols of Matiene (or Armenia) used cuneiform in the fifteenth century B.C.; and as the alphabet had come into use in Syria at least before 800 B.C. (as shown by texts well dated found by the Germans at Samalla), it is only natural to conclude with M. Chantre, who believes the Hittite texts to have been written between 2500 and 2000 B.C., that these inscriptions and the archaic bas-reliefs which

* Herodotus, i. 75.

† 'Times,' October 10, 1899.

‡ Nos. 10 and 27, Berlin Collection.

they accompany represent an ancient system which was gradually superseded by more widely used scripts before about 1500 B.C., and an art which can only be compared with that of the earliest Mongol race of Chaldea, and which is too rude in character to be placed as late as the more advanced work of the Assyrians, represented by the monuments of Nineveh.

We learn, then, that the Kati were a people ruled by kings or princes, possessing fortified towns, making use of auguries to decide their warlike designs; and also trading from at least 2000 B.C., and down to the eighth century B.C., with the Semitic Babylonian merchants, who travelled among them. In language, customs, physical type, dress, and religion they are indistinguishable from their relatives in Syria and Armenia, who were called Minni, Hittites, Kaska, &c. These tribes—all of one race—allied themselves for resistance against Assyria, but appear to have then had no central supreme authority. Their religious system, and the symbolism by which it was expressed, are the same found among the Akkadians and Kassites in Babylonia; and the names even of the gods were the same, as may be seen in the attached list, taken from various notices of divine names in cuneiform and other texts:—

<i>Deity</i>	<i>Hittite</i>	<i>Kassite</i>	<i>Akkadian</i>	<i>Meaning</i>
Heaven	Tarku	Turgu	Tarum	'High'
Earth	Ma		Ma	'Earth'
Sun	Uru	Urus	Eri	'Shining'
Moon	Iskhara		Iskhara	'Light maker'
Water	Zovo	Suvu		'Stream'
Fire	Set		Sit	'Fire'
Air	Tessub	Tessub		'Moisture'?

What is here seen to apply to the names of gods applies to many other known words as well, which have been found to connect the language of the early inhabitants of Syria and Asia Minor with that of the Kassites and Akkadians of Mesopotamia.

Close to Pterium, on the east, is the wonderful rock temple of Iasili Kaia ('carved stone'), with its great procession of figures approaching the two supreme deities of heaven and earth—the former, male, and standing on the shoulders of men; the latter, female, and erect on a lion—as Ma, the 'earth' goddess of Cappadocia, was represented much later. Behind her is the sun-god, also on a lion, and two smaller goddesses, borne aloft by the two-headed eagle—a peculiarly Mongol emblem. The northern procession of

forty-one figures behind the male deity consists mainly of men—priests, kings, warriors, and citizens—the southern approaching the goddess, of seventeen females. In other bas-reliefs strange lion-headed figures occur at this shrine, and a few emblems in the national script define the civilisation to which these early sculptures belong. The Assyrians were fond of representing their gods standing erect on lions in similar manner (as at Samalla, Bavian, &c.); but these representations are in a much later style, and accompanied by cuneiform texts. The excavations of M. Chantre at this site produced only rude fragments of pottery, and bones of domestic animals; but these probably represent ancient sacrifices at this early temple.

At Eyuk, a little further north, our explorer examined a temple of peculiar interest, and proved, by the recovery of a few ‘Hittite’ signs, that it belonged—as has always been supposed—to the same class of antiquities. The temple gate is flanked by two colossal sphinxes, somewhat Egyptian in character—but it must be remembered that the sphinx is also found in Babylonia—and on the side of one of these the two-headed eagle is again carved. The bas-reliefs on the walls represent again a procession approaching an altar, and bringing sheep and goats for sacrifice. Here, and elsewhere in similar pictures, the priest holds a lituus like that of the Roman augurs, while kings are distinguished by a sort of club sceptre, which is noticed among the Hittites in both Egyptian and Assyrian accounts of wars in Syria.

M. Chantre also added a new instance of this class of design, in the sculpture found at Fraktin, west of Comana, in southern Cappadocia. In this case—as at Pterium—a small temple is represented behind, or above, the figures. Fraktin M. Chantre identifies with the Dastarkon of Strabo; and the name may mean ‘the pass of Mt. Arge,’ the site being on the river Sarus, S.E. of that remarkable extinct volcano. A seated king or god is here represented, with a cup in his hand, and before him is an altar, on which an eagle perches. A priest faces this figure, and stands pouring a libation; behind him are other figures of warriors, and seven ‘Hittite’ emblems form a short text above. The eagle resembles a bird on the rude bas-relief of Merâsh, in Syria, which represents the mother goddess and her child. In this instance it is perched on what looks like a harp—but might even be a cage—and the altar again occurs, while the deity holds a club sceptre. Jupiter, it

would thus seem, was by no means the first deity to be accompanied by this royal bird, which also occurs on bronze *ex votos* found by M. Chantre. The great goddess of Cappadocia was still known by her old name, Ma, down to Roman times; Comana ('the place of Ma') and Mazaca ('Ma's shrine') were the old names of Shar and Cæsarea in this region.

Evidence of the early appearance of Babylonian traders in Cappadocia had already been collected, by the discovery of tablets relating to commercial transactions; and to this collection M. Chantre adds sixteen new instances. They are all written in the Semitic language of Babylonia, and in cuneiform characters, which must have been penned about 2000 B.C. They are not as early as the linear forms of Chaldea in 2800 B.C., and they are older than those in use about 1000 B.C. These letters have for the most part been roughly translated by Scheil; and an earlier example was shown, by Mr. T. G. Pinches, to refer to the purchase by Babylonians of horses and mules, for which Armenia has always been celebrated. Altogether some fifty examples of this remarkable correspondence are now known, and Mr. Pinches believes that this region was known as *Cusa* or *Cush*,* which again connects the native race with the Cushites of Babylonia.† Even the name of the father of the earliest Chaldean King of Ur, found in a text at Nippur by the American explorers, may likewise be rendered *Cush*; and, if it were advisable to give a new title to this Mongol race, they might well be called Cushites.

These tablets relate to the loan of silver, at the rate of about 20 per cent. per annum, and to the purchase of native products, including cloths or robes (such as the Assyrian kings specially mention in their Syrian and Cappadocian spoil lists), leather (*galid*), silver (from the Taurus mines), and tin (though some read lead); the cloths were in some instances dyed blue, in others they appear to have been 'hand-worked' in embroidery, such as is represented on royal robes in some of the Hittite sculptures. The patterns have even survived to the present day among the Turkish peasantry of Asia Minor, whose carpet-making is as famous as in the days of St. Paul. Colonel Conder has given, in the 'Times,' a translation of one of the longest of these letters, written by a Semitic trader, who inquires whether he is likely to be well treated by the native race, and to

* Gen. ii. 13. Akkadian *Cu-sa*, 'the west.'

† Gen. x 7.

make profits by trade, in spite of the cost of obtaining permission to enter the country. This represents much earlier conditions than those of the period when, as above explained, the Kati were struggling against the encroachments of Assyria. Probably also fresh light on ancient measures of weight may be gained from these tablets, and in one case the 'Manah of the West' seems to be noticed as being a fifth more than the Babylonian. Both in Babylonia and in Syria there was a double system of weights, one being half the other; and the Hebrew shekel was a fifth heavier (in both standards) than the Babylonian. The Phœnician weights preserved this difference in the sixth century B.C., but it is now shown to have distinguished East and West as early as 2000 B.C.

Among other remains* M. Chantre collected pottery and *ex voto* figures of bronze, and in one case of gold. It is always difficult to determine the date of any pottery not marked by inscriptions within very wide limits. Ancient methods long survived, and the rough work intended for the poor is often quite as recent as the more costly and better wrought. Some of the pottery found is probably of Kati origin, some appears to be Greek. It often closely resembles that found by Schliemann at Troy and Mycenæ, and may in these cases have been purchased by the illiterate Aryans from the East. The art of Mycenæ generally is distinctively Asiatic, and the actual objects of gold found by the celebrated discoverer of Troy tally most closely with the descriptions given in Dusratta's lists of the jewellery and other treasures sent from Armenia as the dower of his daughter when she married Amenophis IV. in the fifteenth century B.C.† But in time the Greeks greatly improved on the models furnished by the art of Asia Minor, and their pottery became highly prized. Some of the pottery in Cyprus, which has been described as Phœnician, and which resembles that of Cappadocia, is now known to be Greek from the inscriptions, which have been read.

* One of M. Chantre's tablets is written in a character closely approaching Cypriotic, and apparently representing the latest known 'Hittite.' Some sixty emblems are repeated, and the text is thirty-nine lines long. This is the first known instance of a Hittite tablet in native characters on brick, and it is probably at least as old as 2000 B.C. It appears to record conquests in this region by Tarkontimne, of Gozan, a king already known from a cuneiform text, found on a rock sculpture near Casarea in Cappadocia, representing his victory. See 'Times,' October 24, 1899.

† See Amarna letters, Nos. 25 and 26, Berlin Collection.

The custom of suspending small metal figures in the temples as *ex votos*, or of burying figures of the gods under the foundations of temples and palaces, or of placing them in tombs as amulets, is of remote antiquity and common to many races. But most of the figures found by M. Chantre are distinguished by the peculiar costume worn by the Hittites, Kati, and other tribes of the same race, and though not inscribed they may safely be classed as of Mongol origin. Most of the human male figures are beardless. Some wear the horned headdress found on Hittite as well as on Assyrian representations of gods. The female figures recall those of Etruria and Cyprus, as well as of Babylonia. One of the most remarkable represents a man riding what looks like a mule and holding a hawk, but horses are clearly represented in other cases, as is also the falcon used (as it still is by Arabs) to hunt gazelles or deer in conjunction with hounds. The bird is shown perched on the deer's head, and is still trained thus to hinder its flight from the dogs. One remarkable design, perhaps the top of a standard, shows a man struggling with what M. Chantre supposes to be a horse, but which perhaps (on account of the paws and tail) is, in spite of its long neck, meant to be a lion, recalling the common group of the hero and lion, which is found in Babylonia centuries before Greek representations of the Nemean victory.

It has long been known that the Egyptians, after their conquest of Syria about 1600 B.C., extended their influence to Cilicia. The land of Alasiya or Elishah, noticed in the Amarna letters, appears to have been near Tarsus. It was reached in ships from Egypt in the fifteenth century B.C., and copper was thence imported. The cartouche of Rameses II. is said to have been cut on the famous statue of Ma at Mount Sipylus, far west in Lydia (though this is disputed), and M. Chantre has found in Cappadocia two Egyptian scarabæi and two small figures which in attitude and dress are distinctively Egyptian. He also found a signet on which is represented a woman (whom he calls an Eve) seated by a tree with a serpent behind it, recalling a famous Babylonian design which represents both a man and a woman (or a god and goddess) plucking the fruit of the palm with a serpent rising behind the woman. In this and many other instances it seems clear that Babylonian legends were of Mongol rather than of Semitic origin.

The existence of three civilisations, native, Babylonian, and Egyptian, in Cappadocia before 1000 B.C. has thus been

proved, but the Aryans do not as yet appear on the scene. That the native race was the same to which the Hittites of Syria belonged may be considered as now generally acknowledged by scholars. That they were of the same Mongol race found in Chaldea there is every reason to believe. Their language was certainly not Semitic, nor does it appear to have been Aryan. All the best established words found in personal names or otherwise recognised are of Mongol, and even more particularly of Turkish type, and show no resemblance to the Aryan vocabularies; and it is evident that if Hittite inscriptions in a known character (the cuneiform) can be read so as to make sense in the Akkadian or Kassite language, they cannot be Aryan, for the whole genius and idiom, the grammar and phonology of these dialects, are entirely irreconcilable with the features of Aryan inflected speech. Dr. Sayce has therefore been right in connecting the new Kati texts with the language of Mitanni (Matiene), of which we have an example in Dusratta's great letter of 500 lines,* and in calling the Hittites Mongols, though he has not translated their texts. Sir H. Rawlinson devotes several valuable notes, in the standard edition of Herodotus, to the nationalities of Western Asia. He shows the Medes and Scythians on the one hand, the Lydians and Phrygians on the other, to have been Aryans; but he classes the early inhabitants of Asia Minor and Armenia, Cappadocians, Moschi, Tablai, Alarodians, &c., as Turanians, that is to say, Mongols, with the Akkadians, Sumerians, and Kassites. Recent discovery has confirmed his conclusions, which have been accepted by all those who have given special study to the question. He states that the Etruscans, who emigrated early from Lydia,† were not Aryans, and Dr. Isaac Taylor has shown in a special work, by study of their numerals and of other known Etruscan words, that they too in Italy belonged to the same race with the Kati, who survived until finally overthrown by Cræsus and by the Scythian invaders soon after the Mongols of Eastern Armenia had been destroyed by the Assyrians and superseded by the Medes.

The earliest evidence of the existence of the Western Aryans in Asia Minor is found in the so-called Phrygian inscriptions, of which there are very few. M. Chantre has

* Amarna tablets, No. 27, Berlin Collection.

† Herod. i. 94.

added two fine examples of this language, which is written in an early alphabet akin to the Greek, and which has been thought to date back as far as 800 B.C., though this date is perhaps somewhat too early. He publishes a learned treatise by De Saussure on these texts, but the writer does not attempt to read them. The Phrygians were European Aryans, and the texts found in Phrygia may probably be theirs, though the name does not appear to be recognisable in any known case. There can be no real doubt, when the terminations and other indications of grammar are considered that this dialect is Aryan, and closely connected with—though also distinct from—Greek. In the new examples the name of the Ionians may perhaps be read, and they appear to be mortuary texts set up by the sons or other relatives of the person in whose honour they were carved.*

Intermediate between the period of conquest by Gyges and Croesus and the later age of Alexander, comes that of domination by the Medes and Persians, of which there are many known remains in Asia Minor. M. Chantre has published a number of Persian cuneiform tablets, which have been regarded (for various reasons) as forgeries,† but which may still prove to be genuine. The name Darius, and other well-known words, are clearly legible, and a fine seal from the same region ‡ has been published, which shows the same characters, with the well-known Persian name *Mithradata*. Why Dr. Sayce regarded this first as ‘Hittite,’ and then as a forgery, is not clear. The work in the design is far too delicate and original to be the production of a modern forger. But we do not depend on this evidence alone; for the coins of the later Perso-Greek age, when, after the great defeat of Persia at Issus, Greek population swarmed over into Asia, are found in Cappadocia, while further west the Lycian language, written in a distinctive alphabet, was early recognised by Grotefend and Rawlinson as connected

* No. 1 may be read, ‘Vasthus the great man, by race an Ionian, akin to Zeus.’ No. 2, ‘To Otos, son of Vetes, who was born a citizen of the Ionian city Antioch in Asia, this his sons have inscribed.’

† With one exception these tablets appear legible in Persian, though not translated in M. Chantre’s volume. Three of them appear to be letters, in the name of ‘Darius, King of Kings, son of Hystaspes,’ appointing provincial governors; a fourth, also of official character, may prove to be from an Antiochus.

‡ Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archaeology, November 2, 1897, p. 301.

with Persian,* and it appears to represent the speech of the Medes who, under the elder Harpagus, took Xanthus in 545 B.C.,† the extant texts however being a century and a half later than this date. In Cappadocia the Medes appeared as early as 650 B.C., when King Pharnaspes is mentioned, who married Atossa, sister of Cambyses, the great-grandfather of Cyrus. Strabo mentions Persian gods (*Vahman* and *Amendat* and *Anahita*) in Cappadocia, and the later calendar of this region gives Persian month names. Probably the small bronzes found by M. Chantre, which represent the Indian humped ox, may belong to this age; and near Cæsarea (Mazaca) he collected a great number of coins—both silver and bronze—including, besides those of Antiochus Euergetes, Ormisdas and Tigranes, others of Ariarattes III. and Ariobarzanes I. Such Persian names of the pre-Roman period are very distinct in character from those of the earlier Kati, which recall no Aryan known names at all.

We may glance for a moment at the later Greek and Roman remains of the region, beyond which period M. Chantre's researches do not extend, though the beautiful early Ottoman buildings in Persian style, which Mr. Hogarth has described, show us at a much later period the Mongol Turk restored to power, yet borrowing his civilisation from the Aryans who had, in old days, learned all they knew from his true ancestors the Kati, and from the Phœnicians, long before they came into contact with Babylonia—the old home of both Kati and Phœnician culture. The art of Mycenæ and Ægina was Asiatic, and the Greeks of the latter island city used the same weights which were used in Babylon. But when the current turned again east, and the generals of Alexander set up petty kingdoms in Asia Minor, it was Persian rather than Babylonian civilisation which they encountered. After Eumenes had reigned a few years in Cappadocia a dynasty of Persians, descended from the royal family, succeeded, and lasted from Ariarattes III. for more than two centuries, until the kingdom of Armenia was established by Tigranes, son-in-law of the great Mithridates of Pontus. Thus until Pompey's conquest in 65 B.C., Cappadocia, like Pontus, was more Persian than Greek in culture; and these kings quite possibly continued to use

* See the study of this language in the 'Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society,' October 1892.

† Herod. i. 176.

Persian cuneiform, side by side with the Greek lettering of their coins; for in Babylon the old characters were still employed even after the Christian era. The seal above mentioned might be that of the celebrated Mithridates IV. of Pontus;* and some of the tablets found by M. Chantre may belong to this same period—the fourth and down to the first centuries B.C.

The most remarkable monument of this mingled Greco-Persian style is however found rather further east, at Nimrûd Dagh, above Samosata, near the Euphrates in Armenia. The huge statues built up of masonry, with well-carved heads—the heads alone being six feet high—are Persian in character. The accompanying bas-reliefs are partly Persian, partly in ill-copied Greek style. The Antiochus of Commagene, who built this shrine shortly before Pompey's conquest, calls himself a 'lover of Greece,' and writes his long inscriptions in Greek. His family was an offshoot of the great house of Seleucus; but among the gods whom he invokes in Greek speech are Ahura-mazda and Mithra of Persia, whom he worshipped side by side with Zeus.

The Romans in Western Asia generally, accepted the Greek civilisation which preceded them. The language of literature and of trade alike was Greek, and the number of Latin inscriptions is very small as compared with the Greek official, religious, or funerary texts of the Roman age in Asia Minor or in Syria. Roman architecture equally borrows from Greek in these regions, and the origin of the division of the Roman Empire is found in the essentially Greek character which the Asiatic provinces maintained. But the various elements of population were, as we have seen, numerous, and the old worship of Ma continued in Roman times. Strabo describes her sanctuary at Comana in Cappadocia, and the institution of the 'temple girls,' which was probably of Mongol origin—a peculiar morality common among Turanian races and still existing in Japan, of which we read not only in Babylonia and Phœnicia, but also in Lydia † and Etruria.

As time went on new elements of race appeared among the early Christians (of whom a few texts are found in Phrygia, besides many that are doubtful) and the Jews, of whom also inscriptions in Greek have been discovered by

* About 240–190 B.C. The text reads probably *Mithradata Girtu*, 'Mithridates the Fourth.'

† Herod. xii. 13.

Ramsay. The inscription of Asbolus (Yashub-el), who left money for 'burning the *papoi* on the customary day,' belongs to about the third century A.D. The name is Jewish, and Asbolus belonged to a guild of dyers—a common Jewish trade. The '*papoi*' were perhaps 'woollen' objects burnt at the tomb—a custom still preserved by Jews in the East; and the supposed allusion in this and in other texts of this region to Christian societies appears to be unfounded, though there is no doubt of the very early spread of Christianity in Cappadocia, Phrygia, and Pontus.

The Semitic race existed, as we have seen, in Cappadocia by 2000 B.C. In the fifteenth century B.C. the Princes of Elishah (or Cilicia) wrote to Egypt in a Semitic dialect. The coins of Tarsus at a later period bear Phœnician texts, and the same race is believed by Renan and others to have still existed in this south part of Asia Minor in the days of the Apostles. This, it may be noted, casts a remarkable light on a passage in the New Testament* which has not so far been explained. At Lystra, north-west of Tarsus, the natives, who took the Apostles for gods, called Barnabas '*Dios*,' and Paul '*Hermes*,' in the '*speech of Lycaonia*.' They apparently misunderstood the Apostles' names, and rendered the first *Bar-Nebo*, 'son of the god Nebo,' while Paul became *Bul*—the name of a Phœnician deity which frequently occurs on Palmyrene texts of the same century. The population of these regions—Semitic, Aryan, and Mongol—Jews, Greeks, Persians, and aborigines, was as mixed in Paul's time as it is now, when the Aryan Greeks and Armenians live among Jews, Turks, Tartars, and Mongol Lazis from the Caucasus, as described by M. Chantre.

The latest ruins which this explorer describes belong to the Roman age, including the fine baths of Saravena—probably of Justinian's time—and the earlier temples, palaces, and theatres of Comana. It may be noted in passing that some of the smaller buildings, which he calls temples, are clearly family tombs, such as are found also in Syria with texts showing them to have been erected during the life of the owner.† M. Chantre himself found funerary texts in the examples which he describes, one erected by the senate and people of Cæsarea Hieropolis (the older Mazaca), to Marcus Ulpius Valerius Cornelius, and another for himself and his wife Euphemia, by a certain Eutyches. Both

* Acts xiv. 12.

† See '*Edinburgh Review*,' No. 371, January 1895, p. 216.

of these are in Greek, though the name in the first case is Roman.

Our author's conclusions from his evidence are sensible, if not as definite as the translations of the Kati texts allow. He supposes the 'Hittite' monuments to be older than Jensen and others have thought, and to belong to an age earlier than that of the Egyptian conquest of Syria (about 1600 B.C.). He concludes that this race came from the East, and even suggests that Sargon of Ur was their leader. This, of course, is speculative, as we do not know exactly how far Sargon I. pushed his conquests, though he is said to have reached the Mediterranean. The later Babylonians believed him to have lived about 3800 B.C., and he probably belonged to the Akkadian race. By about 2000 B.C. he was deified, and is mentioned as a god on Semitic seals, and bricks, and bas-reliefs of that age. M. Chantre quotes the opinion of Col. Conder that this race was of Mongol stock, and attributes to Dr. Sayce the discovery that they were not Semitic, which had, however, been shown as early as 1866 by Chabas. He considers the peculiar type of their features to be still observable in Armenia, which is only natural as, in addition to the Turkish peasantry, he himself speaks of the Lazis and other Tartars whom he met. The Armenians themselves have probably a strong infusion of the old Mongol blood in their veins, which accounts for their using the Turkish instead of the Armenian language. There is much evidence on this question which he does not mention, and the symbolism of the monuments, the physical type and dress of the figures on bas-reliefs and seals, the language, and the history, alike clearly connect the aboriginal civilisation of Cappadocia with that of the Kassites and Akkadians. The evidence is constantly increasing, and even since the publication of Col. Conder's recent work on the subject* several new texts have been published, including a fine cylinder signet of very Babylonian design but with a very clear Hittite inscription. It represents (as do others) the sacrifice of a king by a stream, while a pillar has been erected behind the worshipper. Another bas-relief, from near Malatiya in Armenia, again gives a picture of sacrifice by two persons, with a text in three lines. Thus, including the new discoveries of M. Chantre, we possess some forty texts of various lengths, and upwards of fifty seals, with Hittite inscriptions. They occur as far east as Nineveh, and as far west as the

* *The Hittites and their Language.* London: Blackwood, 1898.

shores of the Ægean; as far north as Pontus (where also Ma was worshipped according to Strabo), and as far south as Hamath and perhaps Damascus. In the ruins of Lachish, west of Hebron, a Hittite seal has been found in connexion with others of the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty, reminding us that, in the days of Amraphel and Abraham (or about 2100 B.C. at latest) there was a Hittite settlement among the Amorites of Hebron (Gen. xxiii. 3).

Something has already been said of the symbolism of these very ancient monuments, which is practically the same found in Babylonia. Besides the eagle, the sphinx, and the lion-headed god, with the deities standing on lions, we find the winged Sun commonly shown on these bas-reliefs. At Ibreez in Lycaonia we have a gigantic deity, holding corn and grapes in his hands, and wearing a cap with horns—as on the *ex votos* above mentioned—which recalls the representation of Bel in Assyria. The Hittites were also fond of introducing winged figures; and the naked Istar holding her breasts (a common Babylonian figure) is represented at Carchemish with wings. Representations of Ma, the ‘Earth Mother,’ occur at Merash, where she holds the infant Sun-god on her knees, at Eyuk, and far away west at Mount Sipylos. In all cases the gods seem to be represented as much larger than their human worshippers.

The physical type represented is similar to that of the Akkadians, as found at Tell Loh, and it recalls the Etruscan. Dr. Isaac Taylor points out the Mongol character of Etruscan faces and figures. Dr. Birch said the same twenty years ago of the Hittites. The prominent nose, receding forehead and chin, beardless face, and slanting eyes recall the pure Tartar type of to-day. The Hittites, Kati, &c., wear pigtails—also a Tartar fashion—and beards are allowed only to ancient gods and kings; for, as Dr. Beddoe remarks, the Tartar beard remains scanty until late in life.

The high conical cap, which was also worn by Etruscans, was a distinctive Turkish dress down to the present century in Asia Minor. The curled-up toe of the boot is less distinctive, since even the Jews are represented wearing it on the ‘Black Obelisk.’ The very archaic character, both of these sculptures and of the accompanying hieroglyphic emblems, cannot be reconciled with any theory of late date for such monuments. It is the character of the oldest Akkadian sculptures, and of the oldest ‘linear’ emblems, which they used about 3000 B.C., or earlier.

At Samalla, the great Phœnician city above the pass

which leads down to Issus in North Syria, Humann excavated remains of the same class, but found also Phœnician inscriptions of the eighth century B.C., and one in Assyrian as late as 670 B.C. M. Halévy jumped to the conclusion that the Hittites were thus proved to be Semitic. But the texts are separate, and the writer speaks of rebuilding his palace. An inspection of Humann's photographs shows that the sculptures are older and have been re-used. Only one Hittite symbol occurs, accompanying a lion-headed god—probably Set. The conclusion that all Hittite texts were therefore later than 800 B.C. was entirely unwarranted by the facts; and in 717 B.C. the Hittites were carried away captive to the east by Sargon. The finest and most clearly pictorial texts are those of Hamath and Carchemish; those of Cappadocia, Armenia, and Ionia are more hastily and irregularly carved, and approach the later Cypriote forms, the 'hieratic' developement of the script. The term *Kali* ('people of the 'left hand' or 'North') suggests an extension from the south; and Cappadocia lies north of Syria. It was probably not reached until after Syria had been colonised, when the Hittites crossed the Euphrates at Carchemish.

Dr. Sayce has lately suggested that this conquest of Syria did not occur until the time of Amenophis IV.; and he dates the texts as not older than 1400 B.C. He ignores the Bible statement that Hittites dwelt in Hebron seven centuries earlier, and believes that Hamath was not founded till after the fifteenth century B.C. But he seems to forget that the Hittites are noticed in Syria as early as the reign of Thothmes I. (probably about 1650 B.C.), and that they were tributary to Thothmes III. The geographic lists of the latter (about 1600 B.C.) mention Hamath, with Kadesh, the great Hittite capital (now *Kedes*) east of Tripoli. Thothmes IV. also attacked the Hittites of Meràsh, in the extreme north of Syria. In the reign of Amenophis III., according to the Amarna letters,* Artasumara of Matiene was leagued with Hittites, Kassites, and Amorites, who attacked Gebal in Syria, and advanced as far south as Sidon. All these notices precede the reign of Amenophis IV., when Edugamma of Kadesh—probably a Hittite—aided the Amorites in their attack on Tyre and on Damascus.† The

* Berlin Collection, Nos. 9, 10, 42; British Museum Collection, No. 61.

† Berlin Collection, Nos. 37, 142; British Museum Collection, Nos. 30, 46, 64, 76.

people of Matiene, however, were then under Dusratta, father-in-law of Amenophis IV., and the Kassites were under Burnaburias, who was also related to him by marriage. They therefore discouraged this revolt, and even appear to have attacked the Canaanites in rear.

Of the later history it is unnecessary to speak at length, because it does not affect the question of the antiquity of the monuments under consideration. The Hittites, by about 1500 B.C., and the Kati, probably before 1200 B.C., had ceased to use their own characters, and had adopted the cuneiform, which was the common script of all Western Asia, and even understood in Egypt. The famous treaty of Rameses II. with Khetasar of Kadesh, whose daughter he married; the friendly relations between Mineptah and the Hittites in the next reign; their conquest by Tiglath Pileser I.; and their final destruction by Sargon in 717 B.C., are well known and have often been described. It is more important to consider the new facts, brought to light at Nippur and Tell Loh and Nineveh, respecting the spread of the Mongols to the west, before the reign of the great Ammurabi—the Amraphel of the Bible—and the question of recent proposals for decipherment, which have been commended by some writers who have not the necessary special knowledge to enable them to judge, and whose opinions appear now to have been finally disproved by the discoveries of M. Chantre.

Those who boldly state that we now know of kings called by the portentous names *Lugal-Zag-gisi* and *Lugal Ki-gub-ni-du-du*, and that they lived in Chaldea about 7000 B.C., can hardly have studied the evidence on which such assertions rest. These texts, deciphered by Professor Hilprecht, are probably the oldest yet found in Babylonia; but the proposed date is entirely unsupported by evidence, and they may have been written forty centuries later. The first name may probably be read ‘King Sargon,’ and the second is very likely not a proper name at all. The Babylonians believed Sargon to have been the first ruler who built up a Chaldean empire such as these texts describe, and they probably knew more about it than we now can learn.

But, in spite of much loose work of this kind, there is no doubt that some centuries before the foundation of Babylon the Akkadians had reached Syria. Texts from Tell Loh, in the time of Dungi (whom the later Babylonians place about 2800 B.C.), show communication with the west as far as Mount Amanus, which overlooks the Gulf of Issus; and

Kazalla, which lay near Cappadocia, was then well known in Chaldea, as was also the Sinaitic peninsula. It is possible that the Akkadian race had then spread over the whole of Palestine.

Babylon was founded in the twenty-third century B.C., and its first kings appear to have been of Kassite race, judging from the facts, that they worshipped *Suvu* or *Sumu*, who was a Kassite god, and that at a later period King *Agukak-rimi* (as his name is supposed to read), who was a Kassite, claims descent from the kings of this first dynasty. Their chronicle, written in Akkadian, has recently been published by the British Museum, and we have texts of Ammisatana and Ammizaduga of the same dynasty, also written in Akkadian. From the chronicle we learn that Sumuabi, the first king of Babylon, entered Syria; and he appears to have conquered Aleppo, according to Dr. Sayce. His successors all held on to this extension of the empire between the Euphrates and the Mediterranean. A text from Nippur, which seems to record the reign of the famous Ammurabi—whose conquests in the West are well known from other sources—speaks of the marriage of his daughter to the Prince of Merash, who was very probably a Hittite. Another text of Ammizaduga (about 2000 B.C.), also found at Nippur, seems to speak of his conquests as extending to Damascus; and it appears clear that, before the victories of Thothmes III., all Syria—and perhaps Palestine as well—was dominated by the Kassite kings of Babylon, who wrote in the Akkadian language, though they had also a large Semitic population under them, so that many of Ammurabi's letters and records are in Semitic speech as well.

The history so recovered agrees, therefore, entirely with the conclusions of M. Chantre. We have to deal, in treating these ancient populations, not with the Aryans but with the Mongols, whose first centre was at Ur in Chaldea, and their later capital at Babylon. They dominated the Semitic race, which, as far as any extant evidence exists, did not attain to political importance before about 2200 B.C. It is clear that the Hittites, Kati, and other tribes may be supposed, without violating historical probabilities, to have established themselves in Syria and Cappadocia some twenty or thirty centuries B.C.; and the Akkadian language is therefore the tongue most likely to be found in their inscriptions.

Dr. Isaac Taylor was apparently the first to suggest a clue to the decipherment of this distinct system, which is peculiar to the north and west. He proposed comparison

with the syllabary which the Greeks used, in the fifth and fourth centuries B.C., in Cyprus, Egypt, and at Xanthus. The emblems are very clearly the later 'hieratic' forms of the Hittite hieroglyphics, and thus in any Hittite text the sounds of some two-thirds of the emblems are established. It is, of course, no more probable that the Greeks invented this system—which only most imperfectly designates the sounds of the Greek tongue—than that the Persians invented the cuneiform, which they adopted from the older Mongol civilisation of Susiana. Dr. Sayce was at first inclined to accept this principle, but afterwards abandoned it in favour of very doubtful speculations. It has been developed by Colonel Conder, and it has been accepted by M. Chantre as the foundation of decipherment. It is very clear that this new system did not include more than some 160 signs, which constantly recur on all the newly discovered texts. This evidently represents a syllabary—not an alphabet such as the Phœnicians used, nor a picture or 'ideographic' writing like that of the Chinese. The old Akkadian syllabic texts, found at Tell Loh, Nippur, and elsewhere, are written with about the same number of signs; and George Smith, some twenty years ago, suggested an ultimate connexion between this old 'linear' hieroglyphic character, which developed later into cuneiform, and the Hittite system—a suggestion which is now supported by many striking coincidences of both form and sound.

The theories of Dr. Jensen on this subject do not require serious notice. His views have been severely condemned by Sayce, Hommel, and Messerschmidt. Dr. Hommel not very courteously calls his supposed decipherment a 'mixed composition of tautologies' which are 'impossible;' and certainly the results, which are quite arbitrary, seem hardly worth the trouble of carving in hard basalt. But Dr. Hommel's suggestions are equally unscientific, and these speculations recall the early attempts to read the Egyptian as a 'picture writing,' before Champollion determined the sounds of the emblems and the affinity of the language to Coptic.

Dr. Jensen has, unfortunately, started on several false assumptions, which make it impossible that he should succeed, however learned he may be. First, that such texts can be read either by the pictorial values of the emblems or by bold but unsupported assumptions as to the signs. Secondly, that the key to the language is to be

found in modern Armenian, which all scholars who know anything of Asiatic languages recognise as a purely Aryan tongue of European derivation. Its vocabulary and grammar alike are quite different from the Akkadian, and it is clear that inscriptions legible in the one cannot be read in the other. Thirdly, that the Hittites used an alphabet (with many picture emblems interspersed) and not a syllabary. In this he looks rather to Egypt than to Babylon for the key; but the idea is not in accord with the evidence afforded by the Cypriotic character, nor was the Egyptian alphabet ever really adopted in Asia. Finally, Dr. Jensen and Dr. Hommel entirely ignore the sounds derivable, as above explained, from the later Cypriotic syllabary, and suggest others which are entirely arbitrary, and not based on any particular language or on any comparative study. They as a rule disagree entirely between themselves, and also with Dr. Sayce, as to what these sounds were; and they have made no proper study of the terminations and other common combinations, which should first be treated by a student of such enigmas. They have also been misled by bad copies of the texts, and they learnedly discuss emblems which do not occur at all. The supposed Armenian and Georgian explanations may thus be dismissed, especially as, during the last four years, these scholars have proved unable to explain the new letters found by M. Chantre, which were at once perceived to be in the so-called 'Hittite' language.

This question will, however, probably still remain controversial until it is settled by the recovery of a long bilingual, giving the Hittite side by side with some known character—whether in cuneiform script or in Egyptian, Phœnician, or even Greek. Should M. Chantre be inclined for further exploration, there remain two sites where serious excavations might lead to the desired information being obtained. The first of these is Carchemish (now Jerablus) on the Euphrates—the border city between the Hittites and Assyrians, which has already produced fine Hittite remains, but has never been properly explored. The second is Malatiya (in the ancient Melitene region), west of the Upper Euphrates. This site also is on the borders of two civilisations, and a place where bilinguals are very likely to be found. If he has time and opportunity to explore these sites, as he has explored Cappadocia, M. Chantre may yet further add to our knowledge of an almost forgotten civilisation.

ART. VII.—1. *Life and Campaigns of Alexander Leslie, Earl of Leven*. By C. S. TERRY, M.A., University Lecturer in History, University of Aberdeen. London, New York, and Bombay: 1899.

2. *Rupert Prince Palatine*. By EVA SCOTT, late Scholar of Somerville College, Oxford. London: 1899.

A LIFE of Rupert of the Rhine and a Life of Alexander Leslie both appeared not many months ago. Although the works are entirely independent and have each an interest different in nature from the interest of the other, any one who compares the stories of these two men, now told again with new incident, will draw some old inferences seen clearer in a fresh light concerning that epoch of many features, which as it recedes into the depths of time, year by year and century by century, only comes nearer to our imagination and our understanding. Both Miss Scott and Mr. Terry have gone deep into the historical materials of the Civil War, and have put into an easily attainable form some important and much curious matter. Both are to be congratulated on their adoption of that habit, excellent in historians of a time when the English language was still pure and strong, of frequently setting in their own text, and even in the middle of their own sentences, some phrase from a contemporary letter or narrative that bears in its turn and cadence the charm of a vanished century. Often ungrammatical, and often involved almost to the limit of comprehension, but never flat or vulgar, was the language spoken and written by the men who slew each other in the Civil War. The dull incident lives and the unimportant event gains a personal interest, when the modern historian calls on the actor or eye-witness for a few brief and telling words where they are most wanted.

Miss Scott, whose subject and material very properly aroused in her the hope of making her book delightful to read, has in the matter of quotation gone no further than this excellent practice, and has refrained from printing letters and documents wholesale in such a way as to interrupt the course of her story. She has had the good sense to realise that the chief deficiency in existing literature was some true account of Rupert as a man, that there was material at hand to supply the want, and that she was well suited to carry out the work. She has rightly sacrificed the discussion of military and political problems,

except when they particularly illustrate Rupert's character and abilities. This method is specially desirable in the biography of one who was before everything else a human being, one to whom life was a game not of parties but of persons. The treatment of the subject from this essentially correct point of view actually throws back more light on the public history of the period than if the task of the biographer had been half sacrificed, as it so often is, to that of the military or political historian.

Mr. Terry, on the other hand, finding that the more scanty and less attractive materials for a Life of Alexander Leslie must of necessity make the book a detailed account of the campaigns he fought and the military business he transacted, has printed long papers and despatches. He has produced a work chiefly valuable as a collection of facts and documents, put together in the form of a biography of one whose real 'life' can never be written. The true history of Leslie is the history of the cause with which he so wholly identified himself that his personality did little to affect its nature, though his abilities did much to maintain its fortune.

The daily increasing importance which under modern conditions of life the Scotch character and intellect are assuming in every quarter of the globe, gives a great place in the history of mankind to the incident slightly known as the First Bishops' War. In these years 1638 and 1639 the Scotch people, by a voluntary effort of unusual heroism, saved from imminent danger of suppression the peculiar type of nationality which they were then slowly building up by institutions no less peculiar. Although the question whether Laud's Prayer-book should or should not be used may seem of inferior importance to the question whether Edward I. should or should not make Scotland an appendage to the English crown, the real issue was in each case much the same. National characteristics were in the seventeenth century more than in any later age, and in Scotland more than in any other country, formed by religion and by the many influences and institutions that were then included in its sphere. The difference between the Prayer-book service and that series of metaphysical discourses which a Southerner seldom voluntarily attends a second time, is the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual difference between Englishmen and Scotchmen, between Mr. Kipling's Gloster and M'Andrew among common men, between Ruskin and Carlyle among the uncommon.

High as was the stake for which the Scotch rebels played,

the risk of losing was at the outset proportionately great. The inability of our generation to imagine the Scotch as anything but Calvinistic, combines subtly with the comic elements of the story to make the whole affair seem to have been what it was not, a sort of holiday revolution carried to its inevitable issue with joyful uproar and throwing of stools. But, in fact, it was a very desperate business. It required no ordinary courage for a country so thinly peopled and so poor to levy war on the strength and wealth of England. For the Scotch, when they first defied Charles, had no hope of any rising behind his back; they had no definite communications with the English parliamentary party, which had for ten years been dispersed, without leaders and without organisation. And, in fact, during the first Bishops' war there was no stir among the English Puritans. Throughout that agony of suspense and danger on the Tweed, Pym and Hampden remained at home among their neighbours, and Cromwell went about his daily business in the Fens. 'We knew not then,' wrote Baillie the Covenanter, even when Charles's first troubles had begun at York, 'the estate of the English affairs; there was no intercourse betwixt us; our intelligence had much failed us. We heard of nought but of all England's arming.' On such terms there did not seem much likelihood of the smaller nation being able to resist. The Scotch could not encourage themselves by repeating any such pleasing national tradition as that one Scotchman was worth three Englishmen, for the field of Flodden and the conquest of the country after Pinkie were memories which border raids had done nothing to efface. Experience taught that England had been able to subdue Scotland even when she had a king and government of her own. Was it to be expected that she would fare better under an improvised committee of rebels, not yet masters of the principal fortresses in the kingdom, who might at the first check be left stranded by a loyalist reaction, or at the first success break into a fierce faction fight among themselves, as had always been the nature of the Scotch nobility?

The nobles of Scotland had, for very good reasons of their own, put themselves at the head of the movement, with scarcely less enthusiasm than the peasants, townspeople, and lower clergy. They had been ousted from their political position as advisers to the Scotch crown, by the bishops whom James and Charles had raised, at first to preside over the Church, but latterly to hold the chief offices

of state as well. The local importance of the nobles was no less threatened by the large grants of land already made to the new hierarchy, and the rumours of resumption in that interest of the confiscated Church lands in their possession. But it was not merely that their political and social position was endangered. They too had been brought up, like the rest of the nation, to love the Calvinistic doctrine and worship, which the bishops had hitherto done little to suppress, but which was now threatened by the new Prayer-book. What good effects two generations of upbringing in that strait school had had on the nobility may be judged by comparing the moderation and public spirit which they showed during these two years of crisis with the savage violence and untutored egoism by which their grandfathers had repeatedly endangered the same cause, and half enlisted the sympathy of mankind on the side of Mary Stuart. But the Scotch nobles were still, though in a lesser degree, the same mad forces as of old. To appoint one of their own number as commander-in-chief would be to awaken hereditary feuds and jealousies, while to appoint over their heads a burgher or a private gentleman of no reputation would merely be to expose him to their insolence. On the other hand, without a chief whom all would willingly obey, no army could be formed, still less held together. The Scotch enterprise would in all likelihood have gone to ruin but for the timely appearance of a man who curiously combined all the qualifications essential for this very peculiar post, which a man of greater genius might have filled less well.

Alexander Leslie was of gentle birth and profession, but being an illegitimate child had no hereditary pretensions. His claim to respect lay in the record of his services in the camp and on the field, for he was one of the first generals in the famed Swedish army. Having been in foreign employment practically without a break from his twenty-fourth to his fifty-seventh year, he appears to have had in Scotland no connexions, and consequently no enemies, personal or public.* He was the very man to unite the quarrelsome leaders of his native land under his authority, provided his talents and his temper were as suitable as his position in the world.

* He went with Lord Rothes to raise troops in Fife; Rothes was head of the Leslies, and his position among the Covenanters may have helped Alexander to obtain the post of general. But there is no proof of this, and certainly, if the connexion had involved further political consequences, more mention would have been made of it in Baillie or elsewhere.

Fortunately he possessed exactly the qualities most required. Without being a good strategist, he excelled at raising and disciplining armies. Without being a politician, he had a keen eye for the bearing of a political situation on military possibilities. Without being a leader of men, he knew how to manage them; and how to temper command with courtesy, as time and person might require. Although he had long commanded regular mercenary armies abroad, he remembered to observe the subtle, but all-important, difference of manner that befits a leader of volunteers. He inspired the peasants and burghers with confidence in his leadership, the ministers with satisfaction in his orthodoxy, the nobles with acquiescence in his bearing towards themselves.

‘We were feared,’ wrote Baillie, ‘that emulation among our nobles might have done harme, when they should be mett in the fields; bot such was the wisdome and authoritie of that old, little, crooked souldier, that all, with ane incredible submission, from the beginning to the end, gave over themselves to be guided by him, as if he had been great Solymán. Certainlie the obedience of our nobles to that man’s advyces was as great as their forbears wont to be to their king’s commands’—

fortunately, indeed, far greater than what they had shown to most of the vexed wearers of the crown of Macbeth—

‘yet that was the man’s understanding of our Scotts humour, that gave out, not onlie to the nobles, bot to verie mean gentlemen, his directions in a verie homelie and simple forme, as if they had been bot the advyces of their neighbour and companion.’

It is often upheld that Leslie had little enthusiasm for the cause of the Covenant, or for any other cause whatever. This judgement appears to be based on the purely negative evidence afforded by his despatches, because they are not loaded with the usual texts of Scripture; but Cromwell’s habit of expressing his religious and political feelings in business letters was by no means universal even among the English Puritans, and it may well be that it was still more rare in the school of Gustavus, where Leslie had learnt the duties of a general. Although it cannot be doubted that he was a less emotional man than Cromwell, there is reason to think that he carried about much silent devotion under an impassive exterior. In the first place, an old battered soldier nearer his sixtieth than his fiftieth year, and sated with wealth and honours, does not throw himself into a new and arduous service in which failure means hanging, without further incentives than pay and reputa-

tion. Secondly, his later conduct showed that he was not prepared, as is often asserted, to engage in any quarrel for which the Scotch Estates were ready to hire his service. When in 1648 they organised an invasion of England in alliance with the Cavaliers, he disapproved so strongly that he resigned his command. On the other hand, in the Dunbar campaign two years later, when Scotland was again in arms for the Covenant, he consented to go down into the field as Lord General, though his extreme old age forced him to leave most of his duties to David Leslie. Lastly we have the evidence of a letter to Hamilton, which for once is something more than a despatch. Here only, in all the correspondence that Mr. Terry gives, does Leslie utter the thoughts of his heart. But on this occasion it is no uncertain voice; there is no touch of conventionality, coldness, or hypocrisy in his lament for Gustavus:

‘ So ar we to our unspeakable greife deprived of the best and most valorous commander that evir any souldiers hade, and the Church of God with hir good cause of the best instrument under God, we becaus we was not worthe of him, and she for the sinnes of hir children; and altho’ our lose who did follow him sal be much greater, for how can it be when the heade which gave such heavenly influence unto all the inferioure members that nevir any distemperature or weakness was seen in them, how can it be since that heade is taken from the body, bot the members thereof sall fall unto much fainting and confusion? But this I say not, that after I Joubt of God’s providence, or of these whom he has left as actores behind him, for I am perswaded that God wil not desert his own cause, bot will yet stirre up the heartis of some of his anoynted ones to prosecute the defence of his cause, and to be emolouse of such renowne as his Majestie has left behind him for evir. . . . Now it remaines that we turne our sorrow to revenge, and our own hearts to God by earnest prayer that he would stirre up the heartis of such men as may doe good to his cause, and now tak it in hand when it is in such a case’ (p. 31).

It is to be observed that it is not the man so much as the cause that Leslie has at heart. His is not the cry of Heine’s grenadier on hearing that Napoleon has fallen. It is not the lament of a soldier for his chief, but of a Protestant for his religion. He came to Scotland to uphold the same cause, and he did it all the better because he was a shrewd and businesslike man who preferred action to long discourses.

In the spring of 1638 Leslie had visited Scotland to bring away his wife and children.* But he found his

* This visit to Scotland in the spring has escaped Mr. Terry’s

native land convulsed by an agitation which, by appealing to his sympathies, altered not only his immediate plans, but the whole future course of his life. He returned quietly to the Continent, retired from the Swedish army where he had served thirty years, busied himself in the arrangements for the import of arms and ammunition into Scotland, and used the great influence he had with numbers of his countrymen to induce them to throw up their commissions and return home to defend their country. In the autumn he and many of his comrades in arms found their way home by slipping through the watch of the English cruisers. Posterity, misled by the obvious analogy of Sir Walter's hero, has sometimes regarded these men as inspired by the motives of Sir Dugald Dalgetty. But this was not the impression they left on those who knew them best.

'To help their boasted mother-church and country,' says Baillie, 'they have deserted their charges abroad to their great losse, which they knew she was never able to make up: they have here, on verie easie and small conditions, attended her service. . . . The renowne of their kindness, and the conscience of their desert at the hand of their mother, for ever will be their greatest and most glorious recompence.'

With the help of these professional subordinates, many of whom had already served under him and knew his methods, Leslie was able to carry out his designs in his own way, and to weld the enthusiastic Scotch volunteers into a real army. The nobles and gentlemen were made colonels and captains over the troops they had led to the muster, but the lieutenants who advised them were nearly all officers from over the sea. The vigour that inspired this national armament was first tested in operations which reduced all resistance within the covenanted districts of Scotland. Edinburgh and Dumbarton Castles, which in more than one civil war, both before and after this date, proved insuperable obstacles to the complete triumph of the stronger party, were surprised and captured. All centres of royalism throughout the country were stamped out by military expeditions, and when in the late spring of 1639 Charles approached the border, a united nation and a disciplined army stood in his path.

In England Charles had not been paralysed by resistance, but he had been hampered by want of support. His

notice. But see Gardiner (cabinet edition), vol. viii. p. 388, text and note.

enemies sat still, not knowing their strength, but the friends on whom he was now forced to rely were lukewarm in the extreme. The Puritans indeed stayed at home in the south; but the private soldiers, and still more the nobles who composed his army and his council of war, had none of the Cavalier spirit of later times. Although it was not an army with which he could fight a severe battle against a formidable and determined foe, yet, as it was strong in numbers and no worse than indifferent in feeling, he could certainly have conquered Scotland if the force opposed to him had been feeble or disunited. Owing to the presence of Alexander Leslie it was as strong and compact as it was zealous and brave.

It is impossible sufficiently to admire the alternate firmness and moderation, in strategy and diplomacy alike, by which the Scotch brought this dangerous campaign on the Tweed to a peaceful but glorious conclusion. They shed no blood to cry for vengeance between the English and themselves, and they sent home the king, baffled but not insulted. Their devoted expressions of loyalty, their studied moderation of manner throughout the negotiations, must be attributed to the canny wisdom of the Scotch political leaders. But the military operations which first induced Charles to abandon the offensive and remain south of the Tweed, and then frightened him into readiness to grant terms, all without a battle, must be set down to Leslie's knowledge of his art and full appreciation of the political object of the war.

When, next year, the king, in an evil hour for himself, renewed his attempt to reduce Scotland, the conditions were totally changed. The second Bishops' War was not so heroic a business as the first, for the Scotch had not only gained confidence from the success of last summer, but had since seen in the Short Parliament welcome proof that more than half the English people were their friends. Instead of a royal army on the Tweed they had only to deal with a small detachment on the Tyne. But again their political measures exactly balanced the possibilities of the situation, and again Leslie accomplished his military task without a flaw. The rapid march through Northumberland and the occupation of Newcastle (described in Mr. Terry's book in detail that should interest all North-countrymen) put the Scotch in a position militarily secure and politically commanding. As long as Leslie sat safe behind the Tyne the Long Parliament sat safe in Westminster, and the converse

proposition was equally true. As Charles found he had to get rid of one by concession before he could attempt to remove the other by force, he came to Edinburgh in August 1641 and surrendered unconditionally to the Scotch demands. Among other ironical courtesies exchanged on this occasion, he made Leslie Earl of Leven. The old man drove round the town in friendly fashion with the sovereign he had thwarted—and, though he knew it not, dethroned—amidst the hearty cheers of a populace who had conquered their king, and could afford to be goodnatured.

It would have been well for the Scotch if these festivities at Edinburgh had indeed been the end. They had settled their own national problem with a success that would have been final had they not been unfortunately drawn back into the greater vortex of the English civil war. It was perhaps impossible for them, from the point of view of their own safety, to permit Charles to conquer his Parliament, but their heads were also filled by a less prudent spirit of proselytism, which was to cause terrible woe to both kingdoms. In January 1644 Leven again entered Northumberland, this time at the head of a more professional army than the muster he had commanded on Dunse Law. The troops were regularly enlisted and paid, and the majority, not only of the lieutenants but of the colonels, were soldiers trained in the continental wars. After considerable marching and countermarching in Durham through bitter snowstorms the Scotch army left the town of Newcastle in the rear occupied by the enemy, and, joining hands with their English allies, sat down to the famous siege of York.

Although the great feud had raised up man against man in almost every corner of Britain, it had up to this time remained everywhere local in character. But in the summer of 1644 the capital of the North of England drew around its walls, with magnetic influence, types of every great party that was struggling to snatch its own triumph out of the victory of Parliament or King. While in the camp of the besiegers Cromwell's speculative troopers from the eastern counties and the more orthodox infantry of Fairfax were taking stock of their brother Scots, of whom they had for six years heard so much and seen so little, there was hastening up from the south-west, with a scarcely less divided and certainly more motley host, a young man who was to the Cavalier cause what old Leven was to the Scotch nation. For Rupert of the Rhine was the fighting man from over the seas, who had

taken little part in the politics that led to the war and the negotiations that ever failed to put an end to it, but who had, at the outbreak of hostilities, rendered to his party the inestimable service of training a civil people in the ways of war as he had seen it among the Swedes and French. And, like the Scotch general, he had rendered this service not from the tangible motives of Sir Dugald Dalgetty but out of pure fidelity of spirit. Here, however, the parallel stops; for, while the spirit of Leven was fidelity to the Protestant religion and loyalty to the Scotch nation, the spirit of Rupert was fidelity to the friends of his youth and loyalty to Charles Stuart, the patron of his family. Most men are half for the public and half for their friends. But Leven was wholly for the public, and Rupert wholly for his friends. Neither is it hard to see the causes that had turned the cold deep stream of the Scotchman's consideration into a great public channel, and the tumultuous mountain cataract of Rupert's life into a thousand particular loves and hates. Leven, a bastard, a man without family and relations, had been forced to spend the years of his youth, when personal ties with strangers are most easily formed and most firmly knit, in suppression of all sides of himself that would not lead a poor and unknown man to promotion. Meanwhile, under the influence of the Dutch and afterwards of the Swedish services, the cause of Protestantism became to him the one absorbing outside ideal; and as self-interest became satisfied with success the outside ideal occupied more and more exclusively the mind of the old soldier of Gustavus. But besides the ever-present cause of an international religion, the memory of his native land was kept alive as a distant desire; for though far from Scotland he was never far from Scotchmen, and the talk around the camp-fires on the Danube and in the guard-rooms of Pomeranian garrisons turned ever back to the High Street and the Castle, the Firth and the distant hills beyond, the blind road over the moor, the valley head, the farm behind its sparse and wind-bent trees. So that when in 1638, sated with wealth and honours, yet unbound by any close personal ties, Alexander Leslie was called on to fight for the country he had never forgotten and the cause he had ever loved, his whole being answered, 'Here am I.'

Rupert's experience of life, on the other hand, seemed no less specially designed by Providence to put public considerations to the back of his mind and private motives to the fore. The son of Frederick Elector Palatine and of Elizabeth,

daughter of James I., he had no country ; for within a year of his birth (1619) his father lost Bohemia and the Palatinate, and the family established itself in the capacity of distinguished exiles in Holland, halfway between the mother's native England and the father's lost dominions on the Rhine. Flying visits to the one, unsuccessful campaigns into the other, were enough to teach young Rupert the ways of the world, but not enough to give him patriotism or a home. His family, in fact, stood to him in the place of a country. The common claims, privation, and dangers of a doubtful position, bound together the numerous family of sons and daughters with ties unusually strong. The father died in 1632, but the mother's manly and imperious spirit still taught the boys to look forward to the day when they should regain the family inheritance by the sword. In spite of, or perhaps on account of, the fact that they lived largely on the charity of the States of Holland and of their uncle Charles I., the characteristic of the Palatine brotherhood was the opposite of humility. In spite of the fact that they suffered severe privations for want of money, mother and sons alike were buoyant and gay, 'of wild humour to be 'merry in spite of fortune.' But reckless courage and love of adventure were the most strongly marked characteristics.

When this most electric family quarrelled, the quarrels were not to be laughed at ; but during the boyhood of Rupert mother and children were closely allied, and the shocks were felt only by the world outside. Their sister Sophie, who shared her brothers' early fortunes and characteristics, lived to bring into the world a race of kings who were not famous either for prolonged and romantic exile or for love of boisterous and gay adventure. That the daughter of the house of the Palatinate should be the mother of the house of Hanover is one of the freaks of fortune and the mysteries of nature.

If Rupert's family stood to him for a country, a high and real code of honour stood to him for a religion. Although he had been brought up with all his brothers and sisters in the strictest ways of Protestant theology, a visit to England and the influence of a host of new and delightful acquaintances at the Court of Henrietta Maria almost made the impressionable young man a Catholic. Fortunately his mother was able, before it was too late, to lure him back to the Continent with the prospect of a campaign. Although he ever afterwards remained staunchly Protestant, often at some cost to himself, it may be suspected that the traditions

of the family, his sense of honour, and his dogged and independent nature, had at least as much to do with his resolution as any deep theological conviction. He was not indeed a special product of that pious and dogmatic century; he was the gentleman adventurer of all ages, the young man of Shakespeare's comedies, detached from abstract considerations and party catch-words, relying in all his sudden decisions 'upon the genial sense of youth.'

The most important relation of Rupert's life was the strong affection that had sprung up between himself and his uncle Charles I. during these boyish visits to England. The removal of the head of the Palatine family by death, and the extreme youth of his orphan sons, had for some years lent a very good colour to the inaction of the uncle with regard to the reconquest of their lost patrimony; while all that kind words, a hearty welcome, and high favour in the charming English Court could do to win the gratitude of a poor exile, who 'no revenue had but his good spirits,' was done for Rupert with all the gracious dignity of which Charles was born master. The prince had, in fact, promised to serve his patron whenever he should be needed, so that when in August 1642 he received in Holland a commission as General of the King's Horse, he was bound by honour as well as by inclination to accept. Thus his relation to the Civil War was not public but personal. England was not his country, and the quarrel was none of his. Indeed, since the Puritan Parliament had for twenty years been opposed to the royal peace policy, and would certainly have used its victory over the king to prosecute the cause of the exiled Palatines as the common cause of all true Protestants, political gratitude and private interest would alike have placed the prince with his much-abused brother Charles on the side of the Parliament. 'Let all England judge,' wrote Fairfax, complaining of his famous plunderings, 'whether 'the burning of its towns, ruining of its cities, and destroying of its people be a good requital from a person of your 'family, which has had the prayers, tears, purses, and blood 'of its Parliament and people.' But one ounce of personal gratitude outweighs a pound of political; and, though Rupert raised endless disturbances in what he conceived to be his private interest, he was always eager to sacrifice it to his private honour.

Whether this sudden summons across the seas of Rupert of the Rhine proved the blessing or the bane of the Cavalier cause, is no easy question. Mr. Gardiner, without commit-

ting himself to any distinct utterance on the subject, leaves an impression on the whole unfavourable to Rupert, but Miss Scott supplies details which again give pause to hasty judgement. The case may be stated thus. The Cavaliers had not monetary resources enough to carry the war successfully over a prolonged period; but on the other hand they had, among the volunteers of 1642, material from which a first line of attack might have been constructed sufficient to bear down all opposition in the first or second year of the war. But constructive ability was needed, for, good as the material was, it was raw. No doubt the more fashionable and less puritanical half of the English gentry, in days when duelling was no joke, were less startled by the clash of arms and more practised in the use of weapons than burghers who had been brought up under less barbarous social conventions; no doubt the hunting-field was a better training ground for cavalry than the yeoman's weekly ride to market on his ambling nag; but of actual war there was no more experience among the gentlemen of the county than among the train-bands of the town, and perhaps even less of military organisation. The king's cause required two men, of natural genius and of experience gained in the wars of the Continent: first, a man who could weld the excellent material ready to hand into a cavalry that nothing could resist, and who could lead it on all the various services which that arm could then perform in war; secondly, a man who could conduct the tactics of the battle-field and the strategy of the campaign as a whole, using cavalry and infantry together in their proper place. Now, although Rupert performed the first service to perfection, in so far as it can be perfectly performed without relation to the second, he was not only incapable of performing the second himself, but he stood seriously in the way of its performance by any one else. Before, however, dwelling on the faults which ruined the Cavaliers, for which the prince was only one of many persons responsible, it will be well to insist that it was he who organised the cavalry, who filled them with his own spirit of endurance, confidence, and dashing valour, who led them with extraordinary strategic as well as tactical genius on all services, where he could command, and where they could act alone. All this he did at the age of twenty-two to twenty-three, a record almost unequalled in the annals of youthful achievement. All this immense weight of business and responsibility he had not only carried off successfully, but had impregnated with

his own ideas and his own character, at an age when Bonaparte, a forward youth enough in his way, had only carried out a small though important operation against the fort at Toulon.

But where was the man to use Rupert and his cavalry? Where was the man who might have changed the fate of England and rolled back what is now called the 'inevitable' advance of freedom? Not only was there no man of genius forthcoming for this high service, but the post of commander-in-chief was to all intents and purposes never filled at all. If Strafford had been allowed to survive, he would at this supreme crisis of the cause of despotism have been at Charles's side to force him to appoint a commander whom men and nephews should obey. But left to himself the king could no more grasp a military than a political necessity. The one bond of union of all the jealous men and selfish interests that clamoured around him, as well as of the more modest and self-sacrificing members of the party, he was so indispensable to them all that if he had remained firm fixed he must, without effort of his own, have become their polestar; but his shiftiness made him their shuttlecock. He might have chosen some man at least not wholly incapable, and said to them all, 'Friends, country-men, and kinsfolk, here is your general. Either obey his orders without appeal to me, or leave my service.' This he would have done if nature had endowed him with that little strength of will or that considerable want of sensibility with which she has armed three-quarters of mankind. But he had none of the qualities of a shop-keeper. His delicate sense of personal relations, continually reflecting what was near him, but never what was far from him, keenly alive to the claims and susceptibilities, not indeed of his people, nor even of his party, but of all who thronged around him with passionate entreaty to his good-nature and appeal to their past services and present loyalty, would not allow him to enforce discipline among his officers. Thus it came about that he appointed a nonentity as general-in-chief, practically keeping all important decisions to himself and to those who were about his person from time to time. This arrangement was even worse than the fatal system which has lost so many armies, both in ancient and modern warfare, the command on alternate days; for whereas in the case of Paullus and Varro it was always possible to calculate who would be in command on any given date, the boldest gambler in camp would hesitate before he

staked his deferred pay on the issue whether Rupert or Digby, Goring or Forth would have the upper hand on the morrow. If Charles thought that by keeping the strings in his own hands he would secure the desired unity of action, it is only another example of how long a man may live in complete ignorance of himself. Be that as it may, the system set a premium on intrigue and gave a stimulus to jealousy and faction, things that could have been found in the royal camp without the offer of a special reward. Fine old Cavaliers like the Earl of Lindsey and Sir Edmund Verney, men who only asked to be spent or sacrificed for their political principles or their religious ideals, had less influence than they merited under a system that was little better than an indecent scramble for the king's confidence. As the only way to obtain military authority was to push others aside in that scramble, it came to pass that no man could rise to the top without making a host of personal enemies among his future colleagues. Mr. Gardiner has scarcely done justice to the instructive story of the feuds among the royalist military leaders which Miss Scott sets out in fascinating detail. The modern historian, with his tendency to explain everything on difference of principle, is in his own element among the Independents and Presbyterians, the train-bands and the Ironsides, the Wallers and the Leslies, and the Cromwells. But when he carries his notions over to the Cavalier lines, he is soon at fault. His 'golden words are spent' over Falkland and Verney, Fuller and Chillingworth. He cannot tie up Rupert in a formula, or state Goring's views on the relation of Church and State. The much-talked-of rivalry of the military and civilian parties is inadequate as a complete explanation of the feuds that divided the Cavalier leaders. The greater part of these were purely personal quarrels, natural among full-blooded men who had been brought up to regard life as an affair, not between parties and creeds, but between man and man, and inevitable under the system which Charles had chosen to establish. They fought, not on points of principle, but on points of precedence; they threw up their commissions not because the Crown had intrigued with the Catholics or offered toleration to the sects, but because this one had not been given a colonelcy, and that one had been expected to carry out the orders of a superior he disliked. The personal motive which Marvell, naturally because he was a poet, gave as the reason why Cromwell

'Did thorough his own side
His fiery way divide,'

is better applied to Rupert and Goring.

‘For ’tis all one to courage high
The emulous or enemy,’

exactly explains why those young Capulets and Montagues could not work together for the common cause of their prince. The less violent though no less dangerous quarrel of Essex and Waller is almost the only case of a difference among the Parliamentary generals that was more personal than political. As their divisions generally turned on questions of Church and State, they were of higher significance, and have rightly been treated at greater length by Mr. Gardiner. The contemptuous silence with which he passes over the mutual animosities of the Cavaliers is justified from the point of view from which he writes his history; but those will read Miss Scott's book who are pleased to contemplate on a stage of great historic events the simple passions of life, working in men of uncommon valour, vigour, and talent, but warped by that false definition of personal dignity which is only taught to aristocracies, and wholly unrestrained by the great influences which were then beginning to teach Englishmen of all classes a new view of the value of life and the dignity of man.

It would be a gross injustice to Rupert to class him, without further distinction, with Digby, Goring, and Wilmot. Each of them headed his own party and worked against the others in turn, with a violence or a subtlety of intrigue that was grossly disloyal to the public interest. But whereas Digby, Goring, and Wilmot were each a particular kind of scoundrel, Rupert was a gentleman, loving to friends and often generous to enemies. He was rewarded by the sincere attachment of his devoted servant, honest Will Legge, and of his inseparable brother Maurice, whom death alone after many years divided from him. It is pleasant also to find that the long sufferings of the Civil War and the terrific catastrophe of Marston could not dry up the springs of genuine and honest gaiety in the two brothers. When in January, 1645, the negotiations of Uxbridge were on foot, the Parliamentary proposals contained ‘a long list of excepted persons, who were to expect ‘no pardon,’ headed by the names of Rupert and Maurice. The two princes, as their names were read out, caught each other's eye across the council table, and, as if they were back in the nursery at the Hague, ‘fell into a laughter, at which the King seemed displeased, and bid them be quiet.’

‘How much lies in laughter, the cipher-key wherewith we ‘decipher the whole man!’ Considering that Rupert, who knew enough of war to see the cause was lost, continued to press for the completion of the treaty, the incident is a gracious one, and will make every one wish that he had known the prince.

Rupert’s relation to his uncle was at once too intimate and too insubordinate for the requirements of discipline. The advantage he possessed, as nephew, over all competitors, even over the favourite secretary, Digby, was such that whenever he was present with the king he generally had his way. But his ceaseless activity—which made the Parliamentarians think there were four Ruperts, one for each quarter of England—drew him away so often from Oxford, that Digby, who generally retired into the background during these touching family interviews, resumed operations as soon as the clatter of horse-hoofs down High Street told that the war-storm had passed away into the enemy’s lines. In a few days messengers would be spurring off with counter-orders in quest of the vanished prince, or some friend of Rupert would be disappointed of a commission to which he laid claim. After that it was only a matter of time before an unusual stir in the ante-chamber told that the General of the King’s Horse had come back almost unattended, straight as a homing pigeon, by some dangerous short cut through Roundhead territory, full of noisy remonstrance only to be appeased by protestations, caresses, and some compensating concession.

Although the prince suffered injustice on sundry occasions from his uncle’s inability to adhere to any fixed course of conferring royal favour, he had upon the whole too much rather than too little of his own way. At the very outbreak of the war he stipulated that in his command of the cavalry he should receive orders from no one but Charles himself—a condition which reduced the general-in-chief to little better than military attendant on the king. It would even be rash to say that Forth, the nominal commander of the royal forces, had the most influential share in drawing up those plans of campaign which he had not the authority to carry out. The really excellent schemes which the king finally approved, for the advance on London in ’42 and ’43, and for the reduction of the North and West in ’44, are of uncertain origin. They are supposed by Mr. Gardiner to have chiefly come from Rupert.* It was certainly natural

* Civil War (cabinet edition), vol. ii. pp. 63–4.

that an intellect which afterwards turned to physical science for occupation should master the theoretical problem of a campaign. If this supposition is correct, the prince had not only the very highest qualities as an organiser and leader of cavalry, but an acute intelligence for grasping the conditions of the war as a whole, and for varying the general plan of operations according to the changing fortunes of each season. For during the first three years of the war the Royalist strength lay not only in the superior quality and handling of their cavalry, but in the general plan of action which lent to the movements of all their widely scattered forces a unity they would otherwise have lacked and an ulterior purpose that was nearly fulfilled. But even if the Cavaliers owed both those advantages principally to the genius of Rupert, he was fatally deficient in that branch of the art military which lies between the province of the general of cavalry and the province of the theorist who sketches the campaign as a whole—namely, the art of actually conducting the campaign which has been sketched, and fighting a great battle of all arms together. In this capacity he was tried and found wanting. It was he who brought about the battles of Marston and Naseby under conditions which gave no advantage of ground and left no place of retreat to the weaker army. Time might have taught this marvellous young man the conduct of a campaign in the field, but he had not learnt it at the age of twenty-five.

Nothing better illustrates the conditions of Rupert's failure and success than the story of his services in the year of Marston Moor. The February of 1644 saw him established in his new headquarters at Shrewsbury as Captain of North Wales and the neighbouring English counties, where the king's hopes for recruits and supplies chiefly lay. Long intrigues had been necessary to win him a post for which he was eminently qualified, and now that he had left Oxford to occupy it, it was all that his agents there could do to prevent his supplies from being cut off. 'Persuasion,' as one of them bitterly complains to him, 'avails little at Court, where always the orator convinces 'sooner than the argument.' But the prince made a good shift, and what he could not get from his allies he took from enemies and neutrals. The administrative work of the district, which had fallen into disorder and bankruptcy, would alone have occupied the energies of any ordinary man, but Rupert found time also to organise, and some-

times personally to conduct, military expeditions of a local character. Trumpets calling in the grey winter's dawn, a troop of horse plunging down miry lanes and up steep banks all day, and at nightfall the clash of steel ringing through some Roundhead mansion, that had dreamt dreams of safety retired among the western woods! By two or three months of active work Rupert did much to stamp a uniform Royalism on the country between Chester and Ludlow. His youth, which still impaired his efficiency as field-marshal, lent him that elasticity of body and energy of mind which this sort of work required, while his great physical strength—which years afterwards enabled him to hold a mutinous sailor over the side of the ship—made it easy for him, after days and nights in the saddle, to dismount at Shrewsbury with vigour unimpaired for the despatch of the official business of his lieutenancy. During this period in winter quarters, when he was imposing on himself mental work equal to that of a cabinet minister in time of war combined with physical exertion equal to that of a master of hounds on a hard day, his idea of relaxation was not a sofa and a novel, but 'a cast of goshawks,' for which he wrote to Ormond. It was not the necessities of his situation, but his insatiable appetite for ever fresh activity, that kept him throughout his whole life ceaselessly engaged.

In the middle of March he was temporarily called away from his western command. Newark-on-Trent, which, since the complete submersion of Lincolnshire under the rising flood of the armies of the Eastern Association, was highly prized by both parties as a link with the increasingly important war in Yorkshire, could hold out but little longer against the besieging Parliamentary force under Meldrum. There was no time for Rupert to collect a regular army; dashing through the midland counties with a small force, he summoned to his standard all the Cavalier garrisons in the neighbourhood of Newark, who readily trooped out to serve on such an enterprise under such a leader. So rapid were his movements that the besiegers remained in their trenches, incredulous of his advance, till they were beaten, surrounded, and forced to capitulate on the terms of the surrender of their artillery. The garrison, which had endured horrible privations, not for fear of the governor, but from loyalty to the cause, gave Rupert one of those receptions which need no organising.

'As he entered the old gates one cry of triumph rose,

To bless and welcome him who had saved them from their foes;

The women kiss his charger, and the little children sing
"Prince Rupert brought us bread to eat, from God and from the king."

This was the crowning moment of Rupert's life—the summit of his personal success, for all round him the tide was ebbing fast away, and his own fate was already preparing in the north. The garrisons who had marched together on this joyous little crusade returned each sadly to its home, to resume, in manor-house and castle, the watch of doubt slowly turning to despair and terrible protracted expectation, till death took them one by one. Rupert, again left without an army, went back to his ordinary duties in the west. From these he was again called away, to face a problem very different from the relief of Newark—to raise the siege of York and save the Cavalier cause in the north of England. Renewed entreaties and intrigues at the uncertain fountain-heads of Oxford, renewed personal energy in the west, put him in a few weeks at the head of an army with which he determined to start, calculating, as he had calculated in March, that he would grow like the snowball as he went. Towards the end of May he plunged into Lancashire, where a fierce local war was going unfavourably for the Cavaliers, cut his way through a country studded with hostile garrisons and seething with hostile armies in the field, and emerged at Skipton in Yorkshire with considerably increased forces. But the Parliamentary generals in the leaguer round York were not the men to be caught in their trenches as Meldrum had been at Newark. They broke up the siege, and moved west to meet Rupert. He slipped round by the north, and joined the relieved garrison under Newcastle outside the gates of York. So far no general could have acquitted himself better or more successfully; but now, in spite of the remonstrances of the old and torpid Newcastle, he decided in an evil hour to give battle to the great army which he had outmanœuvred and to the great generals whom he had outwitted.

Although Miss Scott considers that the letter from Charles which he had in his pocket was a plain command to fight a battle, that part of it which she quotes only speaks of the defeat of the besieging army as an operation necessary for the relief of the town, while that part of it which she does not quote makes it still more doubtful whether any duty further than the raising of the siege is enjoined on the

prince.* But although much may be said for the decision to give battle, less on the ground of the king's ambiguous letter than from the pressing need of victory to a cause whose resources were on the wane, Rupert cannot wholly be excused for the place and circumstances in which he deliberately forced the retreating enemy to turn back and fight.

It is needless again to relate the unexpected march and countermarch which set the two great armies drawn up within cannon-shot—the Roundheads amid the waving corn on the southern slope, the Royalists on the flat and open moor from which the sun of a still bloodless summer day was already beginning to sink. Whether, as Rupert proposed, the sun should be again in the east before the Cavaliers charged into the corn, or whether, as Cromwell disposed, its last rays should light on his own cuirassiers as they fell among the squadrons on the moor, it was plain that evening or morning would see a notable slaughter among the chosen of the land. Long as the war had lasted, no great battle had yet been fought to a finish. Waller had lost all his infantry at Roundway Down, but they had scarcely amounted to two thousand in all. At the great battle of Edgehill, the infantry had on neither side paid the last penalty for the misconduct of the horse, and at Newbury the hedges and the broken ground would, in all events, have prevented a great disaster on the field. But now were assembled, from north and from south, the picked men of the two parties, stronger in numbers, stronger in experience of war than in any former battle, and set against each other on a plain where there was no shelter behind which repulsed regiments could rally, or fugitives make off unseen. Such was the place and such the hour in which, for the first and last time, Leven and Rupert met on a day which was to prove the fatal climacteric of both their lives.

It was already getting late when Lord Eythin came up with the last of the Royalist infantry from York. As Rupert and he were old acquaintances, having fought together in the Palatinate years before, the prince paid him the unusual compliment of asking his advice, in spite of the fact that he

* This wonderful despatch illustrates the great fault of early seventeenth-century prose—so far superior to ours in almost every other way—obscurity arising from want of construction. Charles presumably wished to make clear what he meant Rupert to do, yet the sentences are so involved that historians are still quarrelling as to what he did mean.

was Newcastle's own military expert. Lord Eythin unceremoniously pointed out that the disposition of the troops on the paper which Rupert held in his hand did not correspond to their actual order on the ground, but that no rectification of the line, still less any retreat from the hazardous position in which they stood, could now be made, since the slightest disarrangement of the ranks would bring the enemy on them at push of pike before order could be restored. The troops must sleep in their ranks and attack at morning. Rupert took his chiding well and sat down on the ground to supper, somewhat damped perhaps, but confident of making all good at daybreak. But his meal was still unfinished when he leaped to his feet in sudden horror at a sight which he had not contemplated as possible. Birnam Wood was coming to Dunsinane, the Roundhead army was rolling down on to the moor. It is impossible now to say how great were the disadvantages under which Rupert's carelessness or ignorance had placed the Cavaliers. Whether the marshalling of the army criticised by Eythin was really defective, whether the cavalry were so completely surprised that they obtained no impetus for their first charge, or advanced in real disorder, can never be certainly stated. There remained only a few seconds before the opposing armies were locked together, and in that pregnant interval every man was too busy with what he himself had on hand, to take note of the general conditions of a battle that was joining with a crash over nearly two miles of ground.

Rupert, in spite of his responsibility for the battle as a whole, rode out at the head of his hitherto invincible cavalry. Possibly, if the success to which he was accustomed had followed his charge, the fact that he was in command of the army might have brought him back with more timely succour than he deigned to lend the foot at Edgehill and Naseby. But this time his horsemen had met their match. No ordinary strength could have turned to flight the men he led, 'many of them, if not the greatest part, gentlemen;' but the loyal co-operation of the Ironsides and the Scotch cavalry finally prevailed in a confused and protracted *mêlée*. The flower of the Puritanism of two countries put to flight the flower of the chivalry of England. A detachment told off to follow the fugitives and prevent their rallying carried the pursuit far over the countryside. A mile behind the fighting line stood Wilstrop Wood, on the flat level of the moor. The flight of the horsemen was turned aside by this

obstacle, so that they 'fled along Wilstrop Wood side as 'fast and as thick as could be.' It is probable that many of them were here ridden down and shot; it is certain that a hundred and fifty years later sawyers at work in its gloomy shade found bullets embedded in the trees. Rupert himself, separated from all companions in the chances of the flight, escaped by leaping his horse over a high and dangerous fence into a bean field, where, sheltered by the growing beans, he 'played the creep-hedge,' far from the battle where he fain would have been.

Rupert was not the only leader at that moment flying from this strange battle which made and sullied so many reputations. The victory which the Royalist cavalry under Goring achieved over less formidable opponents than those who had routed Rupert, exposed the Roundhead infantry to a terrible ordeal. First Fairfax's Yorkshiremen, then the Scotch reserves, turned and fled. One by one, as night fell, the regiments broke up and ran, till at last Leven himself, who could see nothing in the dubious light but his men making off the field, supposed that the battle must everywhere be a rout, and fled fast and far—how far, let those inquire who laugh over the misadventures of good men. But, though Leven himself had gone, the chief work of his life, the Scotch army he had made, remained in force enough to save the cause of freedom. Three of his regiments, if the brave old man had but known it, still stood like rocks amid the flood, beating back the continuous storm of horse and foot. So weltered the battle in confusion and disaster for the Roundhead cause, when Cromwell, returning at the head of his cavalry, took stock of the victorious bands of Royalists ranging at large over the field, or fiercely grouped round the Scotch battalions at bay. In moments like this, which bewildered more experienced generals, Oliver still kept his head as clear and heart as undismayed as other men, two hours before, when they had first gone down shouting into the ordered battle. Keeping their men well in hand, the leaders of the Puritan cavalry conducted their operations with a methodical division of labour and precision of purpose which, at this stage of the fight, was sure to secure victory, and soon scattered the victorious Royalist horse. And now, by the light of a strong moon upon the shadowless open field, the reapers reaped through the short summer night the dreadful harvest. Newcastle's white coats, the old guard of the northern Cavalier army, worthy of a more valiant leader, were cut down man by man as they

stood. When the sun came round again into the east, it saw, not Rupert leading his unconquered squadrons to the charge, but four thousand naked corpses, and wounded men without number, stretched upon the moor, where a little band of ghastly victors were ordering the files of captives.

Meanwhile in York the 'gentlemen came dropping in one ' by one, not knowing but marvelling and doubting what ' fortune might befall one another.' Rupert, after lonely adventures in the darkened hedgerows, found his way within the walls shortly before midnight. He was welcomed with tears by the unshepherded crowd that thronged the streets, waiting for some well-known voice to speak the word of authority which could alone prevent further ruin and dispersion. The moment put the leaders to the test of their true qualities. Newcastle, with an aristocratic selfishness, on a point of personal dignity worthy of Sir Willoughby Patterne, declared that 'he could not endure the laughter ' of the Court,' and made off to Scarborough to take ship for the Continent. Rupert, gathering together all who would follow a drooping flag, rode out of the city towards the north-west, which appeared to him to be the safest direction for the retreat of the army. He halted at Richmond Castle, on the great rock round which the Swale sweeps out of its rugged valley into the plain of York. There, with one foot on the hills ready for flight, he waited to give the scattered Cavaliers time to rejoin him. Then, turning his back on the lost Ridings, he led his broken forces up Wensleydale and over the pass into North Lancashire, whence after some time he effected a retreat into Wales.

Such a crushing disaster, followed without a day's respite by the perpetual worries and anxieties involved in the work of leading about a beaten army, for once told on the spirit of sober and cheerful endurance with which it was Rupert's wont to take the blows of fortune. His friends confessed to each other with alarm that the temperance which, among other good qualities, distinguished him from Goring and Wilmot, had yielded to the cynical sensuality of a man who had given up all true hope in life. But before winter fell Rupert was once more master of himself, and never, amid all the storm of adversity through which he was yet to pass, did he again lose his self-respect.

Marston Moor made Rupert's life a failure, so far as anything so noble fails. His military reputation never recovered, and all that he loved even better than his own fame, the

friends who had always stood by him, the brother whom nothing could part from him, the uncle with whom he had so many lovers' quarrels, all were involved in that common ruin, which in moments of depression he must have suspected to be the work of his own hand. His sensitiveness on this point is pathetically suggested by the fact that, for all the long remaining years of his life, he carried about on his person that letter from Charles which he maintained to be an order to give battle, as a man carries the thing which in all the world touches him the most dearly. He himself had a double share of the cup of bitterness mixed for his whole party on that fatal day. Indeed, life never smiled on him again. The years of pain and poverty, of perpetual fruitless endurance by land and sea, the death of Maurice, the thousand ignominies of a twice-exiled doubly homeless adventurer, are all to be read in Miss Scott's well-told story. And even after the restoration of the Stuarts Rupert had little joy in life. His misfortunes had made him sad and sardonic, though not wicked or cynical; and he regarded with increasing disgust a Court where power was usually obtained by statesmen as unprincipled as Digby, and fashion always set by gentlemen as licentious as Goring. And so, amid public duties performed without ambition, and private activities exercised without pretension, his life passed away sadly, but not ignobly, amid the memory of the better men among whom he had lived in his hot youth and the beautiful old world which had sunk with the dying day off Marston Moor.

But while this battle had ensured the destruction of that fair society which had kindled the ardour of Rupert's early idealism, it did not serve to establish on an enduring basis the principles for which Leven was contending. Indeed, from the moment when he was brought back to the field to find what a victory had been won, he and his cause began to be entangled in that iron net of political difficulties which Cromwell died vainly attempting to break. Leven was too old even to attempt to grapple with it; his ability to direct the current of events seemed gone. This short northern campaign had illustrated better than any that had yet been fought the advantage of loyalty to principles over loyalty to persons; in the south, Essex had himself shown too much of the Oxford spirit of jealousy. But the divided minds of Rupert and Goring, Newcastle and Eythin, who followed the Earl in his flight overseas 'from the laughter of 'the Court,' had not been a match for the intense purpose

of Leven, Cromwell, and Fairfax. When, however, the scale of victory inclined towards the Parliament, this very intensity of purpose began at once to divide as strongly as it had before united. If in public life a principle that is believed like religion binds closer than personal ties, it also divides more irreparably. The petty quarrels of the young men who scowled at each other across the king's council-board, the contempt Rupert felt for Newcastle, and the fear Newcastle felt for Rupert, could never have set them to levy war on each other. Though such rivalry was one of the causes of failure, it would not have marred victory if victory had come. But, on the other hand, since Leven and his friends truly believed that Christ's Covenant, signed publicly by all men, would prove the panacea for England as well as for his own country, while Cromwell believed no less that every man should make his own unsigned covenant with God, the day was not far distant when the victors of Marston Moor should meet again at Dunbar. From that moment there was no longer any real hope of giving a new direction to English history, and of completely rooting out all sacerdotal tendencies from English religion.

But Leven's work was not in vain. He, more than any one man, had helped Scotland to save her national existence and her Covenant to be a Protestant people. Because in Scotland there was only one principle of Puritanism, that one principle became embodied in the national institutions. The fact, of which Carlyle is loud in complaint, that the Scotch Puritans never found a hero to lead them, though it resulted first in Dunbar and then in Bothwell Brig, did not prevent their final victory. In the hour of the first and greatest danger Alexander Leslie had served their needs on Dunse Law. And therefore he will never be forgotten by a people who, though now prosperously scattered over the face of the earth, remain a people still, because their ancestors, when Charles decreed that Scotland should be Scotland no more, gathered themselves together without counting the enemy or thinking on the penalties of treason, against a power which seemed overwhelming, but at day-break vanished like the mist.

- ART. VIII.—1. *An Atlas of Representative Stellar Spectra.* By Sir WILLIAM HUGGINS, K.C.B., and Lady HUGGINS. London: 1899.
2. *Spectra of Southern Stars.* By FRANK McCLEAN, F.R.S. London: 1898.
3. *Comparative Photographic Spectra of Stars to the $3\frac{1}{2}$ Magnitude.* By FRANK McCLEAN, F.R.S. 'Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society,' vol. 191. London: 1898.
4. *On the Chemical Classification of the Stars.* By Sir NORMAN LOCKYER, K.C.B. 'Proceedings of the Royal Society,' May 4, 1899.
5. *Spectra of Bright Stars photographed with the 11-inch Draper Telescope, and discussed* by ANTONIA C. MAURY. 'Annals of the Astronomical Observatory of Harvard College,' vol. xxviii. part 1. Cambridge, U.S.A.: 1897.
6. *Untersuchungen über die Spectra von 528 Sternen.* Von H. C. VOGEL und J. WILSING. 'Publicationen des astrophysikalischen Observatoriums zu Potsdam,' Nr. 39. Potsdam: 1899.
7. *Photographs of Stars, Star-Clusters, and Nebulæ.* 2 vols. By ISAAC ROBERTS, D.Sc., F.R.S. London: 1894, 1900.

IN the year 1856 Mr. William Huggins equipped an observatory in connexion with his private residence at Tulse Hill. The instruments erected there were of the usual type, and they were for some time employed in the usual way. Transits were duly taken, occultations watched, planetary surfaces scanned and delineated, with no important result save the observer's gain in technical skill. He was unsatisfied; vague promptings of originality pursued him. Uncertain what direction to take, 'I sought about in my mind,' he tells us, 'for the possibility of research upon the heavens in a new direction, or by new methods.' New methods were not slow to present themselves. In 1859 Kirchhoff discovered the key to the hieroglyphics of the solar spectrum, and the vast and varied realm of astronomical physics was thrown open for exploration and conquest.

The invention of the prismatic mode of attack upon celestial problems marked a fresh epoch in science. By means of the telescope we learn the direction from which the heavenly bodies send us their light; by means of the spectroscope we learn what kind of light they send us.

The telescope serves for purposes of localisation, the spectro-scope for purposes of analysis. The novel principle thus introduced—that of investigating the nature of self-luminous bodies through the quality of their radiations—goes very deep, and leads very far; it has implications still dim, and consequences still remote; its horizons are indeed illimitable; and they drew onward from the first all the more adventurous spirits in the astronomical camp.

None responded with more alacrity to this *calling of the unknown* than Sir William Huggins (to give him his present title). ‘To apply Kirchhoff’s method to the stars,’ was the ambition that laid hold of him. Under its impulsion he became the founder of sidereal chemistry. It was no easy task that he undertook. Stellar light-analysis strains the resources of human ingenuity, even now that its advance is, so to speak, through a settled country. But in those early days every step was tentative; no tracks had been laid down, no survey executed; it was exploratory work, pure and simple. The difficulties besetting it may be illustrated by the statement that from Vega, one of the three brightest stars in the northern hemisphere, we receive about one forty-thousand-millionth part of the light imparted by the sun. And what was aimed at and substantially attained was to derive from beams thus emaciated by distance and diffusion, information comparable to that afforded by the copious rays of our own splendid luminary. Not a mere superficial inspection of stellar spectra was undertaken, but their thoroughgoing interpretation. Hence special contrivances had to be devised for their comparison with light from terrestrial sources, by which to test the presence in the stars of materials occurring on the earth. At the outset of his investigations Sir William Huggins was aided by Dr. William Allen Miller, Professor of Chemistry in King’s College, London, a man of sound intellect and considerable experimental skill, although lacking the *vis vivida* of his younger colleague. But enthusiasm must have been contagious when ‘nearly every observation revealed a new fact, ‘and almost every night’s work was red-lettered by some ‘discovery.’ Their preliminary results, communicated to the Royal Society in January 1863, ‘established the important, and, at that time, new fact, that all the stars ‘belong to the same order of bodies as our sun, and consist ‘of matter identical, at least in great part, with the ‘chemical substances which form the material of the solar ‘system.’

A pioneer rarely keeps the lead in a second generation as Sir William Huggins has done. We do not, however, propose here to follow the long course of his inquiries, or to enumerate the attendant disclosures. An authentic account of them is contained in the historical section of the admirable volume of which the title is prefixed to this article. It is designed to be the first of a series of publications emanating from the Tulse Hill Observatory; and we can only say that unless by its successors its merits are unlikely to be surpassed. The combination which it presents of artistic beauty with scientific value is, within our experience, unrivalled. From the mere bibliophile's point of view the book is a treasure. Paper, type, binding, are all choice and delightful, while a feature of unique interest is added in the numerous incidental illustrations from Lady Huggins's drawings, forming the headings and initials of the various chapters. They show us the picturesque aspect of the astrophysical scene of action—the wide sky, the trellised porch, the fair garden with its lovelinesses and curiosities, including an armillary sundial more than two centuries old, and a hive for the abode of exemplary bees, austere inscribed 'Nil nisi labore.' But the roses of forty years ago are no more; they have perished, asphyxiated by the insidious approach of mephitic London. And their decease is symptomatic of a deterioration in the transparency of the air. The 'seeing' at Tulse Hill is no longer what it was. From open country the district has passed to the suburban condition; it has consequently forfeited its rural claim to exemption from city fogs, and impracticable nights succeed each other there with exasperating monotony. Yet the temptation to transplant the observatory was most prudently resisted. The gain in such changes is problematical; the sacrifice certain. Habits of work are dislocated; inestimable time is lost; delicate human machines are perhaps deranged, to say nothing of accidents, incalculable in kind, inevitable of occurrence. Truncated careers have too often resulted from observational breaches of continuity, which should accordingly be sedulously avoided except under the '*force majeure*' of necessity.

The results embodied in this volume cover thirty-eight years of uninterrupted progress—of progress in many directions, since the tree planted by Kirchhoff shows its abundant vitality by sending forth suckers and ramifications innumerable. And not a few owe their start to the eminent observer who may be said to have taken all the sidereal

heavens 'for his province.' Not, indeed, to the exclusion of the solar system. He originated the spectroscopic study of the planets; recognised the carbonaceous nature of comets; anticipated the prismatic method of observing prominences at the sun's edge, first realised by Janssen and Lockyer; and invented, in 'daylight coronal photography,' a plan of research which may yet prove one of the most effective weapons in the armoury of solar physicists. The discovery of gaseous nebulæ falls into line with the main trend of his activity, no less than his momentous application of the spectroscope in 1868 to determine the radial or 'line of sight' velocities of the stars. Our immediate concern, however, is with his work in photographing stellar spectra. He was the first to attempt the task; he was the first to succeed systematically with it; his skill in its execution has never been surpassed. The magnificent 'Atlas' just issued by him—the designation emphasises the fundamental importance of the graphical section of the volume—bears unimpeachable testimony to this skill. Nor to his alone. The name of Lady Huggins appears on the title-page, and it has a significance there which only a minority of readers can fully penetrate. Since 1875 she has been, on equal terms, her husband's coadjutor, and while content to merge her initiative in his, she has known how to make its effect and influence tell as essential factors in the joint product of their labours. Apportionment of credit would be equally invidious and impossible. Suffice it to say that all belongs, in the truest and deepest sense, to each.

'Spectrography' is the complement to spectroscopy. The examination of spectra through the medium of the camera does not supersede, but essentially completes, their direct observation, the 'chemical retina' being mainly affected by impressions to which the eye is blind. Invisible, like visible, light is subject to specific absorption by interposed vapours or gases, and thus comes to us from the stars variously inscribed with signs of determinate meaning. But the messages are shrouded and inaccessible to sight. They can only be read by the use of a sixth sense, the organ of which is the sensitive plate. Autographically printed they become legible, while, apart from some such intermediary process, they should remain for ever unread, and their content of knowledge undivulged. Hence the urgent necessity for the developement of the new method.

It is applicable besides to a considerable part of the visible spectrum, and can, by certain modifications, be rendered

applicable to the whole. And, even in direct competition with the eye, it asserts a superiority scarcely qualified by some minor drawbacks. Visual impressions are evanescent; the memory may play fast and loose with them. Photographic records are permanent; they can be measured at leisure, consulted again and again, and examined at long intervals, for the resolution of questions that had not yet arisen when they were obtained. They are, moreover, objectively true; they escape the influence of subjective bias and personal error, and largely eliminate the effects of air tremors that baffle the eye in its efforts to interpret delicate spectral details.

Sir William Huggins's adoption, in 1875, of dry gelatine plates secured the future of celestial photography. For, by their substitution for the wet collodion plates previously employed, indefinite lengths of exposure became feasible, and the accumulative faculty of silver-bromide gained free scope. More, however, was needed for the satisfactory registration of the long range of ultra-violet light waves. Glass strongly absorbs them; it had therefore to be abolished in the special apparatus constructed for their analysis. A reflecting telescope with metallic specula replaced the customary refractor as the agent for their concentration; Iceland-spar prisms and quartz lenses—substances transparent to excessively short undulations—served for their dispersion and transmission. Star spectra of unprecedented actinic extension were by these means delineated, and proved highly characteristic, especially those of 'white stars,' like Vega and Sirius; for in them, on a brilliant background, a set of strong dark lines stood out, disposed in a definite harmonic order, at intervals narrowing continuously upward. Unmistakeably sequential to the four visible hydrogen rays, they formed with them the first recognised spectral series. That it should have been discovered in the stars is one of the most curious facts in scientific history.

A spectral series is a group of ethereal vibrations connected by a numerical law so definite that from the wave lengths of the first pair those of all the others can be inferred. They occupy places in the spectrum strictly calculable and surely occupied. A gap in their rhythmical progression is wellnigh unthinkable. Crowds of such series, belonging to a variety of chemical substances, are now known. Their occurrence is evidently rooted deep among the essentials of molecular structure and movement. They hold the keys to baffling enigmas; their study engages the attention of

experts; their explanation fascinates the assiduous thoughts of profound speculators. And this fresh start in terrestrial physics, so full of promise, so strangely suggestive, was due to the spectrographic impression of a hydrogen-star! Who could have ventured the forecast?

In the paper containing this announcement, presented to the Royal Society in December 1879,* Sir William Huggins essayed an 'evolutional' arrangement of the stars on grounds supplied by his photographs; he recurred to the topic in his address as President of the British Association in 1891, and it is treated of with some fulness in his recent work. That sidereal bodies run through some course of developement is undeniable. They undergo 'life changes' due to 'the gradual diminution, terminating in total extinction, of their "vital force," as expressed by their 'temperature, actual and potential.'† Stars are cooling bodies. They continually and lavishly expend energy in the form of radiation, and no agency apparently exists by which any appreciable part of it can be restored. They pursue accordingly a downward slope towards darkness, which is the death of suns. No arrest of decay is possible.

'Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis.'

The difficulty is to determine the successive gradations by which they descend thither. Here authorities are at variance. Some attribute comparative youth to classes of stars held by others to be verging on decrepitude; the order of progression laid down by one investigator is inverted by the next; there is total disagreement as to which are the 'hottest' stars. In a subject so new and complex, unanimity of opinion, it is true, could scarcely be expected; yet needless divergences have arisen through the neglect of some obvious principles adverted to by our present authors. Under their guidance, a few broad conclusions are, we believe, safely within reach; although many frontier problems remain, which we should vainly attempt to solve by a speculative *coup de main*. Formal approaches must be made to them by the regular methods of experimental attack.

The four spectral types, defined some thirty-five years ago by Father Secchi, still prescribe the main outlines of stellar classification. They have been variously and

* Phil. Trans. vol. clxxi. p. 669.

† Huggins, 'Atlas of Spectra,' p. 67.

minutely subdivided ; but their large correspondence with facts remains unaltered. We may briefly remind our readers of their distinctive peculiarities.* The first type consists of white stars, with strongly absorbent hydrogen atmospheres (Sirius, Vega, Rigel, are examples) ; the second, of solar stars, in which fine metallic rulings are prominent ; the third, of red stars like Antares and Betelgeux, showing banded spectra of undetermined chemical origin ; the fourth, of *redder* stars, their photospheres closely veiled by carbon vapours. This mode of grouping, then, remains essentially fixed ; and has proved a help, rather than a hindrance, towards the evaluation of minor differences. One of these is especially important. It depends upon the representation of helium in stellar spectra, and establishes an unmistakable partition within the first type between 'Orion' and 'Sirian' stars (as they may be conveniently designated). In the former kind, which prevails almost exclusively in the constellation Orion, helium displays conspicuous dark lines ; in the latter, patterned by Sirius, they are scarcely, if at all, perceptible. In the solar spectrum, as is well known, helium makes no sign, notwithstanding the profusion with which it occurs in the solar vicinity ; so that its disappearance from Sirian spectra does not imply its absence from Sirian atmospheres.

Now 'helium' or Orion stars merge imperceptibly into Sirians, Sirian into solar, solar into 'Antarian' stars.† There is no gap in the ranks ; no line of demarcation can be drawn between them. These four great stellar orders are linked together by small marginal variations into a chain that cannot be broken. Their arrangement points obviously to continuous progression. But the progression might conceivably be in either direction—forward, from white to red suns, or backward, from red to white. We have, then, to seek out some trustworthy criterion by which to distinguish the beginning from the end of the long process of stellar development. Looking at the matter in its wider bearings, we find two such available.

One hundred and nine years ago, the conviction that nebulae are inchoate stars was forced upon Herschel by the irresistible logic of the eye. He met with them in every stage of condensation ; he met with stars provided with

* See No. 312 of this Journal, p. 415.

† To borrow Sir Norman Lockyer's convenient designation for third-type stars. *Nature*, May 18, 1899.

every form of nebular appurtenance. His experience, and the conclusion founded upon it, have since been amply confirmed. The 'lucid matter' of space is neither more nor less than *star-spawn*. Small compact nebulae—those called 'planetary' among others—may give rise to single stars; while great nebulae seem to be nurseries of entire stellar systems. Striking evidence to this effect is adduced by Dr. Roberts in the fine work the title of which is quoted among the headings of this article. His argument is pictorial. The perpetual recurrence, in all quarters of the sky, of curves and lines of equal stars, regularly interspaced, is attested by his plates; he next points to similar configurations, likewise self-delineated, of stars just connected by thin threads of nebulous matter; finally, to corresponding arrangements of nebulous nodules along the structural groovings of vast hazy formations; and draws the plausible inference that such nodules are embryo stars, which grow by consuming, and eventually survive, the nebulae they are embedded in. And this Herschelian method of demonstration by the continuity of instances gains much stringency through the substitution of photographic for visual comparisons.

We may here pause momentarily to congratulate Dr. Roberts on his achievements in celestial photography during the last fifteen years. His leading aim has been the portrayal of nebulae, and his results, published in two quarto volumes, dated 1894 and 1900 respectively, are a triumph of steady persistence over climatic disadvantages and discouragements. They are noteworthy for what they comprehend no less than for what they exhibit and disclose. They may, indeed, be said to initiate that photographic survey of the nebular heavens which will doubtless be carried out to completion in the twentieth century. What it will amount to can be gathered from the estimate of one hundred and twenty thousand as the number of nebulae lying within the photographic grasp of the three-foot Crossley reflector, lately mounted at the Lick Observatory in California. This instrument is of the same type as that in use at Crowborough, but greatly exceeds it in light-gathering power.

To resume. Since stars develop out of nebulae, those with patent nebular relationships must be still in the formative era of existence. Their spectra, accordingly, belong to the earliest type. And it proves to be of the 'Orion' pattern. Helium-absorption seems invariably to

characterise stars just emerging from the nebular matrix. As examples we may take the Pleiades, the entanglement of which in nebulae of all sorts and conditions is one of the most singular revelations of the camera. Nearly all the Orion brilliants, too, have nebular attachments, more or less close and obvious. The famous nebula in the Sword-handle is only the nucleus of a formation embracing wellnigh the entire asterism. Of prodigious extent and complexity, it constitutes a subordinate universe still partially chaotic. Within its compass, however, some luminous vortices have 'edded into suns'—such colossal suns as Rigel, Bellatrix, and the three in the Belt—the light of which, in Professor Pickering's opinion, probably takes a thousand years to reach us. Some of the Orion stars make local centres of concentration, and own individual misty appendages, while the nebulous affinities of others are more general and less visually apparent; but that stars and nebulae here combine to form a system on a prodigious scale, and of inconceivable organisation, can admit of no manner of doubt. And the stars are of the helium variety. So much for the application of our first criterion.

That of the second is less easy, but leads virtually to the same conclusion. The principle involved is thus laid down by Sir William and Lady Huggins:—

'Successive evolutionary stages of a star's life in the order of their sequence,' they write, 'must clearly be along the line of changes which a star passes through in consequence of the gradual exhaustion of its original store of energy by radiation. In a classification of stars, that type of star must come first which we have reason to believe to be the most diffuse, or, in other words, in the stage in which condensation is least advanced. Relative density, as representing relative richness in potential energy, should be taken as the guiding principle of a natural system of classification. It seems clear that the earliest stars are not to be regarded as the hottest.' ('Atlas of Spectra,' p. 76.)

Nothing in cosmical history is, in truth, more certain than that luminous bodies condense with the efflux of time. For the steady pull of gravity compels the mutual approach of their particles, as the resistant energy imparted to them by heat is slowly squandered by radiation. Two forces are pitted against each other, one unwasting, its opponent unrecuperative. 'Dissipation of energy' appears, to our limited apprehension, to be the law of the universe, and *pari passu* with its advance gravity infallibly gains the upper hand. Thus our sun was assuredly more tenuous a million years ago, and will assuredly be more compact a

million years hence, than it is now. And the same may be said of every star in the heavens. We cannot, of course, infer an individual star to be younger than another merely because it is specifically lighter, since primitive differences of constitution might largely modify single results. But if we find a low mean density to be a distinguishing feature of a class of stars, we may securely conclude that the objects it comprises are near the outset of their careers as radiators.

Now stellar eclipses afford a ready means of fixing, at any rate an upper limit to the density of the bodies undergoing them. Their specific gravity—so to call it—cannot exceed, although it may fall short of, a certain assigned value. This value proves to be extremely small. ‘Algol-variables,’ taken all round, are of less than one quarter the solar density; and the sun is but slightly heavier than an equally large globe of water, notwithstanding its metallic constitution and the tremendous pressure of its voluminous strata. Transcendent internal temperature is thus indicated.

A word about eclipsing stars. They are recognised as such by the sudden failures of light which overtake them at regular intervals of a few days or hours, while outside of these ‘minima’ they shine with sensible constancy. Each thus shows itself to be a close binary system, revolving very nearly in our visual plane. And here the spectroscope comes in most opportunely to ratify what had already been less directly asserted by the photometer. For by its means the progress is demonstrated of radial movements corresponding exactly to those assumed on the theory of occultations. Algol, in the head of Medusa, is the model of the class, which now includes nearly a score of members. It has a period of revolution of less than three days. Its eclipses occupy about ten hours, and they are produced by the interposition of a dark globe almost the size of our sun. In other cases a combination of two *bright* globes gives rise to similar, but easily distinguishable effects. The more attentively, in short, these wonderful objects are studied, the more various and interesting are found to be their characteristic phenomena.

They are marked out as in an early stage of growth, not only by their diffuseness, but also—should the views advanced by Dr. See, of Washington, prove sound—by the shortness of their circulatory periods. If double stars originate by the cleavage of a single primitive mass, and

separate through the reactive effects of tidal friction, then the most nearly contiguous are the youngest. To this category Algol-variables obviously belong; moreover, all, so far as present knowledge extends, give first-type spectra, and the two most closely scrutinised—those of Algol and λ Tauri—are included in the Orion division. And, remarkably enough, just these couples have, according to the recent calculations of Mr. H. M. Russell,* a mean density practically the same, and only one-seventh that of water. Air compressed to one-hundredth of its ordinary volume would fairly represent their average consistence. The circumstance is surely significant that just the two helium stars amenable to a determinate test should prove to be of such extreme tenuity. The inference of a primitive condition for this stellar class, arrived at on other grounds, is, then, so far ratified, and may be admitted without hesitation.

This suffices to establish a starting-point from which the procession of types advances, with a certain inevitableness, through the ages. Not but that incidental modifications must arise; but they do not affect the general character of the changes supervening through slow cooling and contraction. These, as already stated, lead without a break, by subtle gradations, from Orion to Sirian and solar stars, and onward to the Antarian family. In Sir William Huggins's words:

‘The white stars, which are the most numerous, represent the early adult and most persistent stage of stellar life, the solar condition that of maturity and commencing age, while in the orange and the red stars we see the setting-in and advance of old age.’†

Here we are brought to a halt. Many stars with banded spectra—Antares, Betelgeux, γ Crucis—shine splendidly, despite the vaporous veils that impede and redden their beams. They are vastly, if not immeasurably, remote, and must hence be regarded as suns much more potent than our own. Assuredly no shadow of coming extinction has as yet fallen upon them. Yet it cannot be far off. How, it may be asked, are we to recognise its approach? What are the symptoms of actual stellar decadence? The conjecture may be hazarded that ‘long-period variables’ supply the missing link with totally dark stars. These extraordinary objects are characterised by banded spectra of both varieties; they hibernate in obscurity usually during

* Astrophysical Journal, December 1899, p. 317.

† Report Brit. Association, 1891, p. 12.

several months, then flare up to a maximum, increasing perhaps hundreds of times in lustre, and finally subside back into inactivity. Mira Ceti, the first recognised periodical star, vividly exemplifies this strange and inexplicable mode of behaviour, and it must be admitted that it has so far given no sign of failing vitality. But an acquaintance of two centuries is but momentary, estimated on the cosmic time-scale. Changes so extreme as those undergone by 'Mira-variables' appear, indeed, destined to be transitory, and already one among them has, under the attentive eyes of American astronomers, ceased from its customary outbursts. 'T Ophiuchi' lies low at a permanent minimum; it will probably never again be seen to hang burnished in the sky. Its example lends countenance to the suggestion (which we do not claim as original) that variability preludes the final quenching of light.

Since stars are cooling bodies, it might seem like a truism to assert that their temperature runs down continuously from beginning to end of their careers. Yet the truism would be untrue. Gaseous masses, in point of fact, gain by contraction more heat than they lose by radiation. The principle upon which this curious result depends was made known in 1870 by Homer Lane, an American physicist. Whether or not the sun still conforms to it is a moot point. The more probable view appears to be that it has passed beyond the purely gaseous condition, in which case its thermal receipts no longer balance its expenditure. But the deficit, if deficit there be, is small. No rapid decline, and certainly no appreciable increase, of heat is in progress. Such a condition of approximate equilibrium implies a maximum temperature. The sun never was, and never will be, much hotter than it is now. This significant conclusion was arrived at by Ritter eighteen years ago, and it is confirmed by photographic evidence of greater intrinsic brilliancy in solar than in white stars, now unexpectedly adduced by Sir William and Lady Huggins.

'The photospheric radiation of the solar stars,' they say, 'must be more intense than that of the white stars, which come nearest to them in brightness as estimated by the eye, for the solar stars are relatively at an enormous disadvantage. They may be compared respectively to a sunlit sky as darkly perceived through a Venetian blind, and the same sky pouring its light through a window having no other obstruction than the narrow bars between the panes. In the solar stars, the light of the photosphere can only filter to us between the dark lines of a very close absorption-screen, a screen of so close a grating that

Rowland's map of the solar spectrum contains no fewer than some 20,000 dark lines, each of which intercepts a portion of the light of the photosphere. . . . Now what is true of the very restricted part of the star's radiation which can be perceived by the eye, is so, even in a greater degree, of the violet and ultra-violet parts of the spectrum.' ('Atlas of Spectra,' p. 80.)

The strength of this ultimate region, moreover, is distinctively symptomatic of an elevated temperature. The radiative centre of gravity shifts upward with thermal exaltation. If this criterion be accepted, 'we should have to 'consider Procyon,' our authors continue,

'as at a hotter stage than Vega, and that the highest stage of temperature is reached in the true solar stage, of which Capella is typical. Then a fall of temperature sets in, as shown in the advancing enfeeblement of this part of the spectrum in Arcturus, Betelgeux, and Aldebaran.' (P. 85.)

Their arguments, although materially reinforced by their plates, will not, we imagine, be very readily admitted. A counter-stream of opinion runs, just at present, very strong. Professor Scheiner, of Potsdam, alleged in 1894* certain facts connected with the spectrum of magnesium as demonstrating Sirian and solar stars to be superficially hotter than solar and Antarian stars. And Sir Norman Lockyer's researches on the 'enhanced lines' of iron and other substances have been similarly interpreted. The term 'enhancement,' it should be explained, is used by him in this connexion to signify the relative gain in brightness of certain metallic rays with augmented electrical excitement.† They come out prominently in white stars, while their associates, which thrive best under moderate laboratory conditions, characterise yellow and red stars. To the former, accordingly, as the general upshot of these and analogous inquiries, a temperature is assigned not very different from that of the electric spark; to the latter, the considerably lower one, as it is supposed to be, of the electric arc. The difference, although undetermined and at present indeterminable, has an estimated range of several thousand centigrade degrees.

But the problem cannot thus be solved offhand. It may, indeed, be regarded as established that early stellar conditions correspond in some degree with those prevailing where a high-tension current of electricity leaps from electrode to electrode, while in the atmospheres of later stars the state

* 'Sitzungsberichte der preuss. Akad.,' März 1894.

† The Sun's Place in Nature, pp. 294 *et seq.*

of things dominant in the arc is more nearly reproduced. But the question remains whether variations of temperature are solely, or even chiefly, responsible for the observed spectral diversity. Sir William and Lady Huggins strongly hold the negative view.

'It is well known,' they write, 'that the most salient spectral differences of different classes of stars depend, in great part, upon different conditions of intensity and of breadth in a few lines of the same substances. Further, it is upon the conditions under which similar states of the lines can be artificially produced in the laboratory that we have to base the views we form of the state of things existing in the different stars.'

'Now, the two main conditions of radiating and of absorbing gases which affect largely the characters of their spectra are those of temperature and of density. Unfortunately, in laboratory work it is generally difficult to distinguish the effects which are due to temperature from those brought about by differences of density. Experimentally, it is often scarcely possible to alter one of these conditions without at the same time introducing a change in the other. It is not easy, therefore, to avoid falling into the mistake of attributing to a change of temperature an alteration in the spectrum which is really due to a change of density.' ('Atlas of Spectra,' p. 89)

They speak with authority, for they succeeded, in 1897, in proving experimentally that changes affecting the spectrum of calcium, previously attributed to a raising of the heat-level, actually ensue upon a reduction of density in the emitting vapour; and they have further

'reason to suspect that some analogous modifications which are well known in the spectra of magnesium and iron, and which have been considered as criteria of temperature, will be found, like those of calcium, to furnish indications mainly of states of density.' ('Atlas of Spectra,' p. 91.)

If so, then the progressive changes in stellar spectral types cannot be accepted as *thermometric* indications. They depend rather upon the advancing condensation of stellar atmospheres. This, however, is retarded by increasing heat. And so temperature, ejected from the primary position allotted to it, takes up another of far from negligible importance. 'Driven out at the door, it comes in at the 'window.' Nevertheless, as our authors insist, the main regulating power appertains to gravity. The incandescent vapours enveloping suns are kept by it from indefinite diffusion. Any addition to its effectiveness entails, *cæteris paribus*, their increased concentration. And its effectiveness rapidly augments as the globes exerting it contract. The sun, when its diameter has shrunk to one-half its

present length, will possess a quadrupled surface-gravity; a ninefold value will correspond to a diameter of one-third, and so on. The contraction of a Sirian into a solar star involved, then, a compression of the absorbing layers producing the dark lines in its spectrum, quite likely to be accompanied by alterations of their relative intensities; while a concomitant and powerful cause of change was found in the quickened atmospheric circulation similarly due to the augmentation of superficial gravity. The primitively simple composition of stellar envelopes was thus replaced by marked heterogeneity; hydrogen and helium no longer floated serenely alone; they were churned up with glowing metallic gases to form the mixed stratum showing the complex 'flash spectrum' at the beginning and end of solar eclipses. To this growth in heterogeneity the gradual enfeeblement and final disappearance of helium-absorption in aging stars may, with great probability, be attributed.

Gravity is accordingly a potent factor in determining stellar types. But its gain of power in a single body, shrinking millennium by millennium into a smaller compass, has not alone to be considered. It varies enormously between star and star. How, it may be asked, does diversity of mass act in producing spectral diversity? The answer universally given is that massiveness delays developement—that a giant sun runs, indeed, through the same course as its lesser fellows, but at a much slower rate. Its time-allowance is supposed to be commensurate with its magnitude. This would be certainly true if temperature, as the current view assumes, prescribed the pace, since there can be no doubt that among coeval stars the most massive are necessarily the hottest. According to Ritter, 'the surface temperatures of two stars of equal densities are to each other nearly as the square roots of their masses.'* Professor Perry has lately reached an analogous, though not an identical, conclusion.† Sir William and Lady Huggins express no dissent. Indeed, they tacitly accept the corollary drawn from it, that the developement of radiating globes undergoes delay proportionate to the quantity of matter they contain. But this appears to us to involve needless difficulties. The spectra of double stars, for instance, present, thus looked at, intolerable anomalies.

The members of binary systems are virtual contem-

* *Astrophysical Journal*, vol. viii. p. 307.

† *Nature*, July 13, 1899.

poraries. Their separate existence may even date from the very same instant. Spectral dissimilarities cannot, accordingly, be explained in them by literal differences of age. Nor are they likely to originate in chemical diversity, the stars being chips from the same block. Their study, then, just because change is reduced by their strict conditions to its elements, is of prime importance to our present subject.

Double stars considerably unequal in light are often markedly unlike in colour. These contrasted pairs, beautifully exemplified by Albireo (β Cygni) in the beak of the Swan, are among the most exquisite of telescopic objects. Nor are they simply a delight to the eye. Their tints are no unmeaning kaleidoscopic display. They are apportioned systematically, and for deep-lying reasons. It is a fixed rule that, where prismatic light is contrasted, the more refrangible share falls to the lesser star. The 'predominant' partner being yellow or reddish, its attendant is blue or green; and this is the more remarkable from the total absence of blue or green stars elsewhere than in chromatic combinations. Moreover, they give corresponding spectra. Sir William and Lady Huggins, who have made this branch of inquiry peculiarly their own, show that the redder and more powerful light-source is solar or Antarian, while the bluish satellite is Sirian in quality. In other words, the large star has progressed further in evolution than the small star. But, by the received opinion, the greater mass necessarily traverses its curriculum more slowly than the smaller coupled with it. Nor can it be argued that the proportion of mass reverses the proportion of brightness—that the fainter object may be the weightier body. All the evidence at command, direct and indirect, goes to prove exactly the opposite. White stars undoubtedly contain the minimum of matter relatively to light. Sirius itself, the magnificent Dog-star, shines as fifty suns, and gravitates as two. The areal brilliancy of Algol is, by a strictly moderate estimate, seventy times that of our sun. Computations based on the revolutions of binary systems—computations derived from the statistics of stellar distribution—agree in proving orbs of the first type to be more conspicuous through radiation than powerful in attraction. This being so, we have no alternative but to reject as erroneous the current view as to the comparative rate of stellar development.

The truth seems to be that mass has an accelerative

rather than a retardative influence. Of two unequal suns, emerging simultaneously from a nebulous condition, the larger effects the more rapid passage from type to type. The phenomena of double stars demonstrate that this *is* so. The principles enunciated by our authors convince us that it *must* be so; for spectral characteristics depend fundamentally upon certain correlations of temperature with gravity, and the solar condition is reached when contraction has gone far enough to produce a given strength of surface gravity combined with a not overmastering degree of heat. Now, in a large mass these conditions will be fulfilled with comparative promptitude; in a small mass much more tardily. The former displays a solar spectrum countless ages before the latter has ceased to shine with Sirian light. Here, we believe, resides the solution of the problem offered by coloured star-pairs. And it is fortified by the hitherto unexplained circumstance that solar stars, whether single or double, are, on the whole, built on a more imposing scale than luminaries less mature and more diffuse. What had looked like a formidable difficulty thus turns out to be a pertinent verification of the thesis we are endeavouring to support, and of the broad scheme of evolution proposed in the sumptuous volume before us.

Regarding the masses of stars with banded spectra we have no direct information. From various tokens, however, we can gather that they are mostly very great. Red suns must actually emit an enormous quantity of light; first, because their immobility proves them to be excessively remote; secondly, because their radiations are so extensively encroached upon by absorption that they seem far less intense than they really are. Yet, since they proceed from globes well advanced in condensation, the quantity of included matter must be relatively large. They are, however, not unfrequently accompanied by small Sirian stars, so that in their case, again, developement has obviously been quickened by the preponderance of gravity. Otherwise their connexion with objects in a primitive stage would be wholly inexplicable.

Surveying the situation, we may finally conclude helium stars to be the immediate progeny of *nebulae*. Their acquisition of a photosphere—the specialised organ of radiation—definitely marks the transition. How this is accomplished cannot easily be conjectured; enough that the possession of such a shining integument distinctively marks a sun. From helium stars, as we have seen, Sirians

insensibly develope; from Sirian stars, solar; from solar, Antarian luminaries. The links are never broken; the steps never omitted; no short ways are practicable. Solar stars cannot, apparently, spring straight from nebulae; Antarian are never derived from Sirian stars. The law of transformation is strict; grub, pupa, and imago succeed each other with scarcely more inevitableness than do the stellar varieties. An 'order of nature' has plainly in each case to be obeyed.

There are, it is true, outlying groups, the genetic relations of which remain obscure. But this is only what might have been expected. Sooner or later, Nature is sure to break through the trammels of routine. In all her operations a certain exuberance is visible. They cannot be regulated by the iron drill which our narrow conceptions would impose upon them. Freedom must be allowed for the unfolding of creative resources. Their affluence, indeed, is often such as to baffle speculation. The 'carbon-stars,' for instance, have not so far been satisfactorily adjusted to any evolutionary system. They originated probably under special conditions. Father Secchi's early observations of thin bright lines in their spectra have been lately confirmed by a striking set of photographs taken by Professor Hale with the Yerkes 40-inch refractor. No chemical interpretation has been found for these peculiar rays, and they seem independent of the absorption-bands, which emphatically assert the presence of carbon in some shape. Iron, calcium, sodium, and magnesium contribute besides to a spectrum of dusky lines, distinct from those of bands and bright lines, and perhaps, *regionally*, far apart from them. These stars, owing to the heavy toll levied on their blue light, are extremely red; some glow like carbuncles in the dark telescopic field. They are, moreover, eminently variable, both irregularly and periodically. Professor Vogel co-ordinates them with the Antarian class, throwing open for the descent of suns to 'cold obstruction' either of these alternative routes. Sir Norman Lockyer, on the contrary, places the two varieties as widely asunder as possible, the Antarians at the very outset, the carbon stars close by the terminus of stellar life. Sir William and Lady Huggins refrain, for the present, from expressing any opinion on the subject. To us, one thing seems clear. Banded spectra, in a broad sense, go together. They represent, to some extent, corresponding epochs of growth. If one kind of red stars are immature, the other kind are assuredly not decrepit.

Similarity in colour, in light-change, in generic spectral character, unite in testifying to their affinity. We cannot, then, but regard as entirely inadmissible the supposition that Antarian stars are the most diffuse, carbon stars the most condensed of sunlike bodies. They do not, indeed, merge together; they can scarcely be related by descent; they represent, in all likelihood, collateral branches of the sidereal family. Antarians, as we have seen, may be regarded as solar stars past their prime; but where are we to find the progenitors of carbon stars? No safe answer presents itself; for only by a hazardous conjecture can they be identified among the 'Wolf-Rayet' class.

Three small stars were noticed as spectroscopic curiosities by MM. Wolf and Rayet at the Paris Observatory in 1867. Their light, when dispersed by a prism, was perceived to consist in large measure of a blue and a yellow band; and the trio formed the nucleus of a battalion now raised to a strength of nearly one hundred. Limited to the Milky Way and the analogous formations known as the Magellanic Clouds, they tend to collect in groups, like clumps of flowers along the banks of a stream; as if special celestial soils or aspects were needed for their thriving. None vary sensibly in brightness; none are known to be double or multiple: and all emit fundamentally the same quality of light. Few are visible to the naked eye, and only one conspicuously so. This is the glorious γ Argûs, one of the notabilia of the southern hemisphere, its spectrum ablaze with azure and gold. Now, some of the Wolf-Rayet lines match in position those of the bright rays in carbon stars; and the connexion, although slight, may prove significant. It deserves, at any rate, careful investigation.

To planetary nebulæ, on the other hand, Wolf-Rayet stars are spectroscopically quite closely akin. Yet even here the part of Hamlet, so to speak, is omitted. There are no *nebulum*-rays in the stars; they are predominant in the nebulæ. Nor are the stars visibly nebulous. They come to a sharp focus on a clear sky-ground, although the spectroscope has shown one of them to be enwrapt in a vast hydrogen envelope.* A genetic bond may, nevertheless, subsist. For every 'planetary' includes a central star, destined to grow, presumably, by absorption of its misty surroundings. On the exhaustion of this pabulum should ensue the disappearance of its characteristic green rays,

* Detected in 1893 by Professor Campbell of the Lick Observatory.

while the surviving light would be purely stellar. It might very well be of the Wolf-Rayet quality; but there must be a suspension of judgement in the matter until spectrograms of nebular nuclei can be produced in evidence; and they are obtainable only with two or three of the largest telescopes in the world.

One feature of the Wolf-Rayet stars is too profoundly significant to be passed over in silence. Their spectra include a second series of hydrogen lines. These are unknown in the laboratory; the resources of chemical art are unavailing to educe them; they remain, so far, entirely exotic, and strange to terrestrial experience. Discovered by Professor Pickering in 1896, they may fitly be designated the 'Pickering Series,' to distinguish them from the 'Huggins Series,' first spectrographically observed in white stars. The common origin of the two sets is assured by the linked structure of the formulæ representing their 'wave numbers.' It is absolutely unmistakeable. Absorption by cosmic hydrogen shows, besides, in a few early Orion stars, either still nebulous, like the multiple object θ Orionis, at the core of the 'Fish-mouth' nebula (a fine spectrograph of which is included in the Tulse Hill Atlas), or open to vehement suspicion of nebular proclivities. The conditions implicated can only be guessed at; they may be chemical, thermal, electrical, or magnetic; no means are at hand by which to decide.

This is not the only recent discovery of interest in primitive celestial chemistry. The foundation of the Isaac Newton Studentship at Cambridge, and the donation of a splendid astro-photographic apparatus to the Royal Observatory at the Cape, attest Mr. Frank McClean's zeal for science less effectively than his own personal exertions. The unique distinction belongs to him of having spectrographically surveyed the entire heavens. He employed for the purpose the 'objective-prism method,' which economises light, and abolishes the 'slit' with its manipulative difficulties. There are, indeed, drawbacks to these advantages; but we cannot here stop to discuss them. Suffice it to say that, transporting his great prism to the Cape, and mounting it there in front of a refracting telescope equivalent to that in his observatory at Tunbridge Wells, he finished on a uniform plan the formidable task of recording single-handed the spectra of all the stars in the sky down to $3\frac{1}{2}$ magnitude. The ensuing publications, which include valuable sets of plates reproduced directly from his negatives, are named at

the head of this article; and their distinguished merit was last year recognised by the award of the Royal Astronomical Society's Gold Medal. Among the results may be specified as of leading importance: First, Mr. McClean's conclusion for an evolutionary stellar arrangement substantially identical with that expounded in the foregoing pages. Secondly, his demonstration of the strong sway exercised over the distribution of helium stars by the Milky Way, especially in the southern hemisphere. Thirdly, and chiefly, the detection of oxygen as an ingredient of stellar atmospheres.

Oxygen is pre-eminently the vital element. By its ceaseless activity the round of life is maintained. There is no breathing, there is no burning without it. The competitive affinities for it of other elements, their cravings for union with it, form the mainspring of organic chemistry. Its geological function is of no less moment. Almost half, by weight, of the earth's superficial crust consists of oxygen; eight-ninths of the ocean; two-sevenths of the atmosphere. Thus the original supply must have been enormous. Not only were the avid demands of an incalculable quantity of silicon, calcium, magnesium, carbon, and hydrogen satisfied from it, but there remained free a copious store as a reserve for special purposes. It is curious to reflect how completely they would have been frustrated had there been none to spare. If all the available oxygen had been burnt up with hydrogen, life as we know it could never have existed on our planet. The presence of a surplus was a condition *sine quâ non* of its possibility. The mere equivalence of the two gases must have hopelessly blighted the larger prospects of terrestrial vitality. These accordingly depended upon adjustments of a kind far from obviously necessary, which cannot, without extreme temerity, be asserted to have been brought about in other globes.

Until lately, cosmic oxygen eluded research. Fallacious identifications of its distinctive lines in the solar spectrum were, indeed, announced from time to time, and were successively consigned, as pseudo-discoveries, to the lumber-room of astronomical history. Finally, in 1896, MM. Runge and Paschen* found a genuine, although a barely noticeable coincidence. Far down in the red, three Fraunhofer lines, *not* of telluric production, precisely reverse an oxygen triplet. But this is a mere remnant of the oxygen inscriptions in certain stars. Mr. McClean first recognised them in his

* Astrophysical Journal, vol. iv. p. 317.

spectrographs of those of the helium class, notably of β Crucis; then, less easily, in γ Argûs, the Wolf-Rayet *lucida*. The discovery has been appropriately confirmed by Dr. Gill's initial experiments with the new McClean instrument;* and obtained an independent certificate in Sir William and Lady Huggins's spectrogram of β Lyræ† showing oxygen-lines more refrangible than any impressed on the McClean plates; while their further notice of absorbent action by nitrogen in the spectra of Rigel and Bellatrix (typical helium stars) extended almost to completeness the representation of our atmospheric gases in the suns of space. Nitrogen is not *visibly* a solar constituent;‡ and oxygen, as we have just intimated, can barely be reckoned as such. Both substances, in fact, like helium, and hydrogen in the 'cosmic' state, characterise the *youngest* stars. Stellar evidence of the association of argon with nitrogen, so curiously manifested terrestrially, may yet be forthcoming.

A group of unsurpassed interest remains to be noticed—that formed by the 'bright-line helium stars.' The shining of vivid rays in stellar spectra is the outcome of conditions probably by no means uniform. They are present normally in carbon stars; they emerge in connexion with the luminous surgings of 'Mira-variables;' they exist, sub-sensibly, in the sun itself; but reach their acme in nascent globes. Early bright-line stars, apart from those of the Wolf-Rayet variety, are essentially of the 'Orion' stamp. They display mixed spectra, due to absorption by hydrogen and helium, sometimes by oxygen and nitrogen as well, combined with emissions from hydrogen, helium, and even from glowing metallic vapours. That singular object β Lyræ, variable in thirteen days; 'P Cygni,' a star with an historical *Sturm und Drang* period; and γ Cassiopeiæ, a perfectly steady radiator, are fine specimens of the class. But it is exemplified in a still more extraordinary manner by such 'blaze stars' as Nova Aurigæ, shown by spectrographic surveys to be no uncommon apparitions among the lower stellar ranks. Among the Pleiades, Alcyone and Pleione give out hydrogen rays, possibly as a survival of a state of incandescence once prevalent throughout the cluster. Yet this is highly uncertain. The feature, although congenital and

* Astrophysical Journal, vol. x. p. 272.

† Astronomische Nachrichten, No. 3583.

- ‡ Negative spectroscopic evidence affords no ground for inferring the physical absence of the luminously inactive substance.

likely to be transient, developed, there is reason to think, only exceptionally. The circumstances attending its origin are very imperfectly understood, but form an inviting subject of research. Bright-line spectra contain a great variety of suggestive detail. The rays in them are often displaced, and not by radial motion; they are occasionally 'multiple' and manifold,' each a structure built of complex reversals, dark and bright alternately. The appearances might be explained by the perturbing action of a strong magnetic field; but the *rationale* awaits verification. The presence or absence of familiar and obvious polarisation-effects will serve to test its truth; and their detection would be of far-reaching import in the study of cosmical physics. That electricity plays a leading part in determining the varieties of sidereal genera no steady thinker can doubt; but the part cannot at present be defined. Knowledge is inadequate for the purpose. Hence it appears more philosophical to neglect its power than to anticipate its nature. No opportunity, however, for illuminating the obscurity of the subject should be missed; and one of considerable promise seems offered by experimental inquiries into the possible magnetic relations of bright-line stars.

'Atom-born' though he be, and ephemeral, man cannot refrain from the attempt to trace the dim procession of things across the stage of time. Remembering all that it may involve, the profusion of contrivance, the vital possibilities, the unimaginable destinies of rational creatures, even the mysterious prospect of what we may ourselves encounter when we have 'crossed the bar,' we cannot but regard the scene with awe. Have we perhaps presumed too much in evoking it? Surely not. We have, in truth, no choice. Our minds are so framed that we must confront the infinite, gazing, 'with a wild surmise,' from the brink of death out into eternity. The visible universe itself leaves us unsatisfied. The

'Ever-canopying dome
Of acts and ages yet to come'

contracts, in our final contemplation, to

'A globe of dew,
Filling in the morning new
Some ey'd flower.'

For what we can perceive to be limited seems small; what we can forecast the end of seems short.

- ART. IX.—1. *Declarations between the Governments of Great Britain and the German Empire relating to the Demarcation of the British and German Spheres of Influence in the Western Pacific, and to Reciprocal Freedom of Trade and Commerce in the British and German Possessions and Protectorates in these Regions.* Parliamentary Paper, Western Pacific, No. 1. London: 1886.
2. *Agreement between the British and French Governments relative to the New Hebrides, 1887 and 1888.* Parliamentary Paper, France, No. 1. London: 1888.
3. *Final Act of the Conference on the Affairs of Samoa.* Parliamentary Paper, Samoa, No. 2. London: 1890.
4. *Convention and Declaration between Great Britain and Germany of November 14, 1899, for the Settlement of the Samoan and other Questions.* Parliamentary Paper, Germany, No. 1. London: 1899.
5. *The Caroline Islands: Travel in the Sea of the Little Lands.* By F. W. CHRISTIAN, B.A., Balliol College, Oxford. London: 1899.
6. *Aux Antipodes. Enquêtes Coloniales (Nouvelle-Calédonie).* Par JEAN CAROL. 'Le Temps.' Paris: 1899–1900.

WHEN Vasco Nuñez first sighted, in 1513, the great Mar del Zur from the summit of the Darien isthmus, little did that early pioneer dream of the vastness or profundity of the immense oceanic area which must be traversed before the Asiatic Indies could be reached from the western shores of the new world. But, although Nuñez was the first European to construct and navigate small vessels on the waters of the newly discovered sea in 1516, it was reserved for Magellan, some five years later, to effect an entrance with his ships into what he christened 'El Mar 'Pacífico.' The tortuous strait which he penetrated still bears the name of that intrepid Portuguese navigator, who naturally supposed the inhospitable Tierra del Fuego, which is so narrowly separated from the then named 'Patagonum 'regio,' to form an outlying portion of the great southern continent—Terra Australis incognita—which, from the days of Marco Polo, was universally understood by geographers to extend into these latitudes from the neighbourhood of the Antarctic Circle.

It is remarkable that, during the whole of his passage across the Pacific, Magellan seems only to have sighted but

two solitary islands, at some distance apart—‘las islas ‘Desventuradas,’ which have not yet been satisfactorily identified—before reaching the Ladrões and the Philippines, where he met with his death at the hands of the Zebu natives in the island of Mactan after accomplishing the first circumnavigation of the world. The first adventurer to follow Magellan’s footsteps in the Pacific was Alfonso de Salazar, in 1525; and within the years 1528–29 Alvaro de Saavedra, sailing from Mexico, discovered the Uluthi group, Hogolu or Ruk, and Ualan or Kusaie, all in the Caroline archipelago, and reached the shores of New Guinea; while Diego Hurtado and Fernando de Grijalva, when searching for the illusive Terra Australis, found the island of St. Thomas in 20° south latitude. After him, Villalobos and Legaspi made fresh discoveries on their way to the Philippines from New Spain, in these waters, of which Yap was the most important.

In 1567 Mendaña, starting from Callao, discovered Ysabel and Guadalcanar, two of the present Solomon group, as well as the Isla grande de Santa Cruz; and next our great countryman, Drake, in his famous privateer, the ‘Pelican,’ entered the South Seas, more, perhaps, in pursuit of the Spanish galleons and plunder than from any particular love of geographical exploration.

Mendaña, on another voyage to colonise the Solomons, discovered the Marquesas group before losing his ship and his own life at Santa Cruz in 1595; and thus it came to pass that, by the end of the sixteenth century, not a tithe of the innumerable groups of islands and islets, with which we now know the western portion of the Pacific to be studded, was known to the map-makers of Europe. In 1595 Quiros also fell in with the Ngatik group, which he called Los Valientes, from the warlike character of the natives he found there.

At the commencement of the seventeenth century the passage of Torres through the strait now bearing his name proved the separation of New Guinea from Australia; and, in the same year (1606), Quiros added to his chart the Islas de Quiros, Taumaco, and some lands which he designated Terra Australis del Espiritu Santo, now recognised as the largest islands of the New Hebrides. After him, fresh discoveries were made in these seas by Lemaire and Schouten, among which was the group known to us as the Lord Howe Islands.

Abel Tasman, starting from Batavia in 1642, not only

discovered Van Diemen's Land, but steered an adventurous course into the Pacific, and first set foot in New Zealand, whose western shore he coasted to Cape Maria Van Diemen, sighted the Three Kings Islets, and then, proceeding in a north-easterly direction, passed within the tropic, where he found a number of small islands, *Plystaart*, *Amsterdam*, and *Rotterdam*, since known as the *Friendly* or *Tonga Islands*. Sailing thence more westerly he met with a fine group, the *Prinz Wilhelm's Isles*, more familiar to us as the *Fiji Islands*; and, on his homeward track, he sighted *Horn Island*, one of the *New Hebrides*, and passing the *Fifteen Islands of Schouten*, returned to *Batavia* by the northern coasts of *New Britain* and *New Ireland*. In 1686 a small island to the south of the *Mariannes* was found, and called *Carolina*, from which the name became applied to the whole archipelago. *Dampier's* explorations in 1688 did not extend eastwards beyond *New Britain*, which until his visit was supposed to be a portion of *New Guinea*.

Meantime, while these explorations were being pursued in the Pacific, various portions of *Australia* were being visited, mostly by Dutch voyagers. Among these may be mentioned the *Terra de Concorde* or *Endracht*, in 1616; *Arnhem*, so named by *Zeachen*, in 1618; *Leuwin*, by *Endels*, in 1618; *Nuitz*, by *Peter Nuitz* and *De Witt*, in 1627; and *Carpentaria*, by *Peter Carpenter*, in 1628. The whole of the above lands, together with *Van Diemen's Land*, were now regarded as forming one solid continent under the name of *New Holland*, with which *New Guinea* might or might not be connected; for the passage of *Torres* through the strait separating *Australia* from *New Guinea* was still unknown in Europe, his reports having remained buried in the archives at *Manila*. When writing in 1774 the geographer *De Fréville*, who had then learnt of *Cook's* passage through *Endeavour Strait* in 1770, did not know whether *Tasmania* was united to *New Holland*: 'On est aujourd'hui bien assuré qu'un détroit la sépare de la Nouvelle-Guinée, au Nord; mais il est encore douteux si, vers le Sud, elle se joint à la terre de Diemen.'

In 1721 *Admiral Roggewin* was despatched by the Dutch *East India Company* to search for land, said to have been discovered by *Captain Davis* in 1686, and he discovered a number of island groups on his way to *New Guinea*. We now enter upon the period of more scientific voyages undertaken by the governments of European nations for the systematic exploration of unknown waters. The first of

these was an English expedition under Commodore Byron, who, passing through the Strait of Magellan, in 1764, with the ships 'Dolphin' and 'Tamar,' discovered the islands named Disappointment, George, Prince of Wales, Danger, Duke of York, and Byron. The 'Dolphin' was again sent out under Captain Wallis, with the 'Swallow' under Captain Carteret. Wallis discovered, among many islands of lesser note, the since famous island of Tahiti, returning home in 1768. Carteret likewise made several new discoveries, sailed through the strait between New Britain and New Ireland, and reached England in 1769. Meantime, Bougainville had closely followed in the wake of Wallis with 'La Boudense' and 'L'Étoile,' and, after discovering the Low Islands, made some stay at Tahiti, visited the Navigator's Islands, and passed between the New Hebrides—'Les grandes Cyclades'—failed to penetrate Torres Strait, coasted by the Louisiades, and arrived in France in 1769.

Captain Cook's voyages, however, far surpassed in importance all previous explorations. His first expedition, in the 'Endeavour,' was undertaken for the purpose of observing the transit of Venus at Tahiti, which had just been discovered by Wallis. The transit was duly observed in April 1769, and then Cook proceeded on his celebrated voyage of exploration.

'He discovered the Society Islands, determined the insularity of New Zealand, discovered the straits which separate the two islands and are called after his name, and made a complete survey of both. He afterwards explored the eastern coast of New Holland, hitherto unknown, through an extent of twenty-seven degrees of latitude, or upwards of two thousand miles.'

Cook's second expedition left the Cape of Good Hope in 1772 in search of the southern continent. It consisted of the ships 'Resolution' and 'Adventure,' which again visited Tahiti and the Tonga Islands. After another search for Antarctic lands in high latitudes Cook again returned to the tropics, discovered, among others, Palmerston and Savage Islands, visited the New Hebrides, and, above all, discovered and partially explored the north-east coast of New Caledonia. The important additions Cook made to the charts of the Pacific have never been equalled in any single voyage. Cook's last and fatal voyage was devoted to the exploration of the North Pacific, with which we are not concerned at present.

The voyage of La Pérouse in the 'Astrolabe,' and Captain de Langle in 'La Boussole,' obtained unusual notoriety

from the mysterious disappearance of the ships. After leaving Sydney, New South Wales, in 1788, nothing was heard of their fate for many years. It was known that Captain de Langle, the naturalist, M. de Lamanon, and nine sailors had already been massacred at Tutuila, in the Samoan Islands, before reaching Sydney, but it was not until 1826 that Captain Dillon found the wreckage of the 'Astrolabe' and 'Boussole' at the island of Vanikoro, the southernmost of the Santa Cruz group. The 'Recherche' and 'Espérance,' under Admiral d'Entrecasteaux and Huon Kermadec, were sent from France to attempt to ascertain the fate of La Pérouse in 1791. They returned in 1794, after making valuable discoveries; but the voyage was disastrous, as both the commanders and half the original crews of the two vessels lost their lives. The next explorations of note in the Western Pacific are those of the Russian captains, Krusenstern and Lütke. The results of their labours were the firstfruits of the nineteenth century, and another Russian, Von Kotzebue, son of the well-known author, made successful discoveries with the 'Rurick,' in the Radack Channel, the Low Archipelago, and the Carolines in 1818. Kotzebue's explorations were continued in another voyage, 1823-1826, when important surveys were made of various groups, especially those of the Navigator Islands and the Ladrões, which had already been visited by the scientific expedition of Louis de Freycinet in 1819. Another famous expedition was that of Captain Dumont d'Urville, also in search of La Pérouse's ships, in which many important additions were made to the chart of the Western Pacific. On reaching Sydney Captain d'Urville heard of Dillon's discoveries at Vanikoro, whither he proceeded and rescued many relics of La Pérouse. The currents and magnetic variation of this portion of the Pacific were also examined and charted carefully by Captain Duperrey in 1822 to 1825, and a second expedition under Captain d'Urville, 1837 to 1840, added much to our knowledge of the hydrography of the same waters.

The voyages of H.M.S. 'Adventure' and H.M.S. 'Beagle,' under Commanders King and Stokes, from 1825 to 1830, accomplished a great work in South America, while the next expedition, under Captain Fitzroy, in H.M.S. 'Beagle,' to carry a chain of meridian distances round the world—1831 to 1836—has become more famous and popular on account of its record by Charles Darwin. Next followed in chronological order the voyage of the 'Venus,' under

Captain du Petit Thouars, undertaken for the encouragement of the French whale fishery, in 1837-1839, from which valuable results were obtained, and finally the great United States exploring expedition of 1838, under Lieutenant Wilkes, by which, besides other work, the Low Archipelago, the Society Islands, the Fijis, the Tonga and Phoenix groups, the Ellice and Gilbert Archipelagos, and other portions of the central Pacific were thoroughly surveyed.

It would be impossible here to enumerate the list of naval officers, in our own and other services, whose labours during the last sixty years have enabled European hydrographers to construct a series of detailed charts of the Pacific which serve as an efficient guide to the vessels of the mercantile marine through labyrinths of reefs and innumerable hidden dangers. To attempt to do so would be nearly equivalent to writing the history of our Hydrographical Department and of the marine surveys so admirably conducted under Admiral Wharton and his predecessors at the Admiralty.

Hitherto we have dealt with the Pacific as a whole. We now proceed to consider somewhat particularly that western portion of it which is especially interspersed with archipelagoes, and of considerable importance to our Australasian colonies, to which they are more nearly contiguous than the remoter regions of that Ocean. The present conventional expression 'Western Pacific' has been officially declared to comprehend, for international purposes, all that part of the Pacific Ocean, lying between the fifteenth parallel of north latitude and the thirtieth parallel of south latitude, which is included between the meridians respectively of 165° longitude west and 130° longitude east of Greenwich.

Within this area we find innumerable islands, scattered apparently in inextricable confusion; but, bearing in mind Darwin's observation that the arrangement of the atolls in single or double lines forms rude outline charts of the sunken islands over which they stand, and also that their lines generally extend parallel to the prevailing strike of the high islands and great coast lines of the ocean, it will not be difficult to arrange the majority of them into definite groups, and their arrangement will be all the more readily comprehended when the lines of deep-sea soundings are also considered, for then the contours of the submerged lands which they represent can be resuscitated without much effort of the imagination.

All these islands, then, have been separated by geographers into three main divisions, which, as it happens,

also accord fairly with the ethnological distribution of their populations—viz. Micronesia, Melanesia, and Polynesia.

Micronesia includes those numerous islands—none of large size—somewhat sparsely scattered—to the north of the equator, such as the Ladrões, the Pelew Islands, the Carolines, Marshall, and Gilbert Islands. These are mostly inhabited by a mixed Malayo-Polynesian race of men. Melanesia comprehends all the groups extending east and south-east of New Guinea within the tropic, south of the equator, and includes New Britain, New Ireland, the Solomons, Santa Cruz, New Hebrides, New Caledonia, and the Fijis. These archipelagoes are chiefly occupied by the black and woolly-haired Papuan race. Of Polynesia, which comprises a number of distinct archipelagoes over the whole of the Central Pacific, only the westernmost groups come within the limits assigned politically to the Western Pacific, with which we are now dealing; and these consist of the Phoenix, Ellice, Samoan, and Tongan Islands, inhabited by the Polynesian or Mahori race, with smooth and curly hair, totally different from the frizzled hair of the Melanesians. It must be understood that the above divisions, as regards their populations, are somewhat arbitrary, and the exceptions are numerous; for instance, some of the small islands, although close together, may be inhabited by quite a different race.

For many years after their discovery none of the islands of Australasia was regarded as of any value as a possession by European nations. The settlement of New South Wales, New Zealand, and Tasmania naturally attracted our own emigrants by their advantageous lands fit for agriculture and sheep and cattle pasturage outside the tropics under temperate skies. Little attention was paid to the archipelagoes of Oceania, except by the missionaries and the few traders for sandalwood, copra,* pearl-shell, and *bêche-de-mer*. The history of most of the islands, from their discovery to within the last thirty years, is to be found in the records of the various missionary societies, foremost among which has ever been the London Missionary Society, both as regards the priority and the extent of its operations in these regions, particularly in Polynesia. In Melanesia a comparatively new field was opened to civilisation by George Augustus Selwyn, the great Bishop of New Zealand; and

* Copra is the kernel of the cocoanut, chipped up, sun-dried, or artificially dried by fire, and put into sacks for export.

the work of the Melanesian Mission, which he established, has been well continued under his followers—Codrington, Patteson, and the late Bishop John Selwyn, the worthy son of a noble father.

With the establishment of plantations within the tropical settlements of Queensland and Fiji came the curse of the islanders, in the shape of the labour traffic. In the New Hebrides was found the most convenient recruiting-ground for this 'blackbirding;' and the fact that, as Mr. Wallace tells us, no interpreters in the many absolutely diverse languages spoken in these islands could be found is sufficient proof that the natives cajoled under various pretexts to work in Queensland could not possibly be made to understand where or for what they were going to be taken.

Two years after Great Britain had taken possession of New Zealand—that is in 1842—Queen Pomare, of Tahiti, was induced to place herself under the protection of France. Later the French admiral seized Mr. Pritchard, a missionary, who had been English Consul, and Sir Robert Peel demanded satisfaction from the French Government. Queen Pomare was nominally restored to power in 1844, but the French protection was equivalent to actual possession, which, however, was not formally recognised until 1880.

This was the commencement of European rivalry for possessions in the Pacific; and Fiji, the most important group in the Western Pacific, naturally attracted the attention of the greatest naval Power. The London Missionary Society had successfully worked from 1835 in these islands, where a number of ex-convicts and a small colony of Australians had at that time established themselves.

The opening of the Panama railway, and the impetus thus given to commerce with the Pacific in 1854-5, increased the importance of Fiji; and Consul Pritchard obtained an offer for the cession of the islands from the principal chief (Thakombau), in 1858, in return for a debt of 9,000*l.*, which he owed to the United States Government. On the return of H.M.S. 'Herald,' under Captain Denham, with Colonel Smythe, of the Royal Artillery, who had been sent to report on the proposed cession, the offer of Thakombau was rejected; but, Consul Pritchard having been appointed governor by the chief in 1860, Fijian affairs remained in an unsatisfactory state until 1868, when the debt to the States was paid by an Australian company in return for 200,000 acres of land in the island of Viti Levu, with an

allowance to the chief. A provisional government was then formed, which existed only, however, until the British Government resolved to annex the group, at the instance of Sir Hercules Robinson, Governor of New South Wales, who hoisted the British flag in September 1874. Sir Arthur Gordon, now Lord Stanmore, was appointed Governor, and landed at Levuka in June 1875, since which date the success of this possession, the first British colony in the Western Pacific, has been assured. Besides his duties as Governor of the colony, Sir Arthur Gordon had also entrusted to him a general supervision as High Commissioner over all the islands of the Western Pacific; and since that time various groups of the smaller islands have been annexed by the High Commissioner. In this manner Rotumah was annexed to the colony of Fiji, by request of its chiefs, in 1880; Cook's Islands—not strictly within the specified limits of the West Pacific—were annexed in 1888; the Gilberts or Kingmill and the Ellice Islands, which with the Phoenix and Union groups are popularly known by sailors as the 'Line Islands,' were also taken under the protection of our flag in 1892—thus establishing, as it were, a British preserve over all the scattered islands in the Western Pacific south of the equator, with but few exceptions.

Although that huge continental island, New Guinea, cannot be considered as properly belonging to the Western Pacific, yet it is necessary to advert to the partition of its eastern half, as more recent demarcations depend upon it.

The Dutch, as successors to the Sultan of Tidor, have long claimed the suzerainty over the western moiety of the island, although the eastern boundary line was not clearly defined until in 1883 the 141st meridian was agreed to by the Powers interested. In that year the Government of Queensland sent a commissioner to take possession of the south-eastern coast, but the act was repudiated by the home authorities, who, however, ordered Commodore Erskine to proclaim a British Protectorate at Port Moresby in 1884. In the following year the German New Guinea Company was officially authorised to establish its headquarters at Mioko, in the Duke of York group, between New Britain and New Ireland, where certain German traders had formed a factory as early as 1878; and in 1886 an agreement was arrived at with Great Britain by which the dividing line between British and German possessions in the eastern portion of New Guinea was amicably settled.*

* The east boundary of the German New Guinea Company was

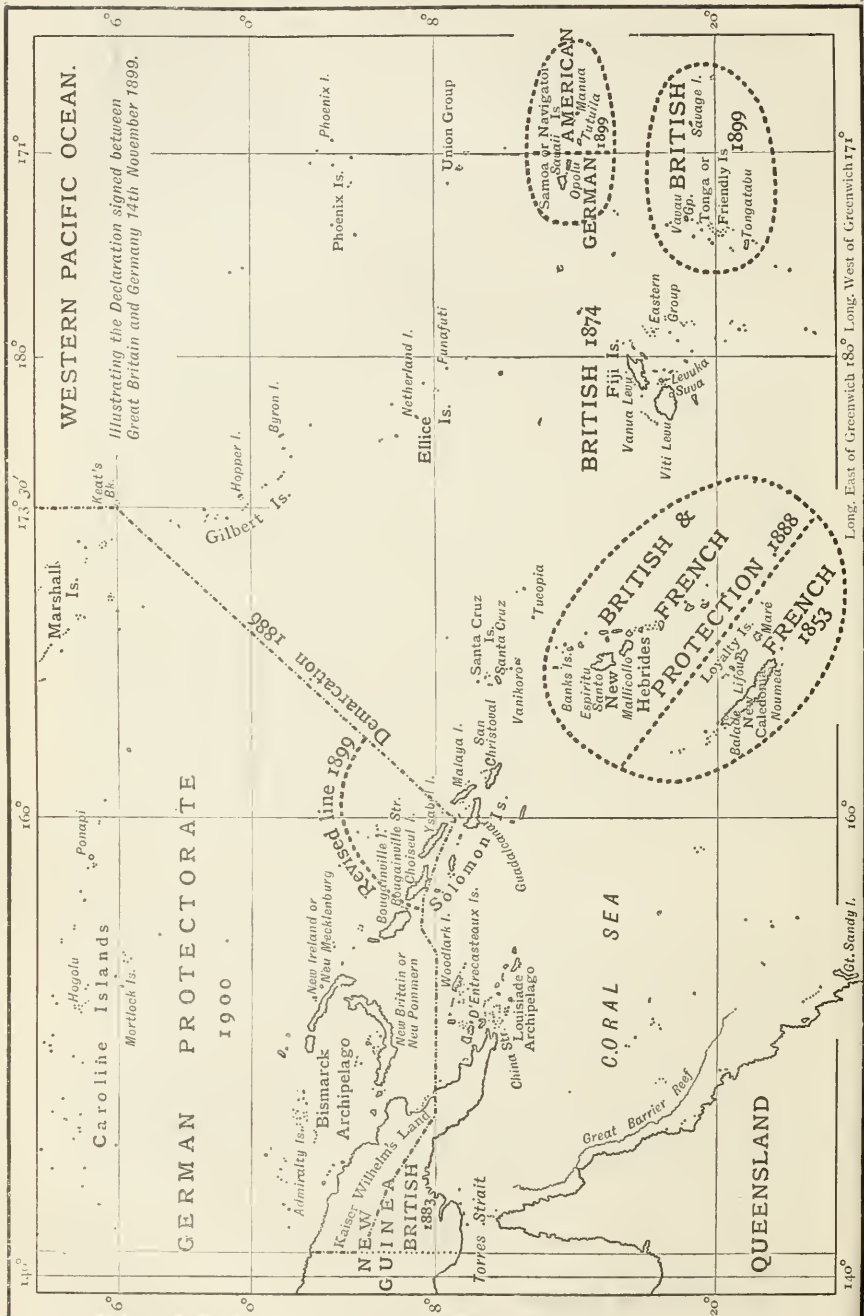
An understanding was likewise come to, at this time, with Germany, by which the British and German spheres of influence in the Western Pacific should be set apart; and a conventional line was fixed upon, commencing from a point on the north-east coast of New Guinea in 8° south latitude, following the parallel, south of the three largest islands of the Solomon group, and thence continuing in a north-easterly direction to a bank marking the extremity of the Marshall Islands, and then along the meridian of $173^{\circ} 30'$. Germany engaged not to make acquisitions of territory, accept protectorates, or interfere with the extension of British influence throughout that part of the Western Pacific lying to the east, south-east, or south of this line, while Great Britain made a similar engagement with regard to the islands lying to the west of this same line shown in the accompanying map. This declaration, however, was understood not to apply to the Samoan and Tongan groups, which, it was agreed, were to continue, as formerly, neutral groups; and of course it did not apply to New Caledonia, the Loyalty Isles, and the New Hebrides, over which France possessed sovereign and protectorate rights.

On the German portion of New Guinea the high-sounding designation of Kaiser Wilhelm Land was conferred, while New Britain, now New Pommern, New Ireland, or New Mecklenburg, with the Admiralty, Schouten, and other islands north-east of New Guinea, were christened the Bismarck Archipelago, after the great statesman who had incorporated them with the Empire. About the same period the boundary between the German possessions and the Spanish waters, including the Carolines, Pelew, and Mariannes, was marked by the equator.

As indication of the almost illimitable number of islets which are to be found around the coasts of Eastern New Guinea, we may quote the late Deputy Commissioner, Mr. Hugh Romilly, who states that 'it is, perhaps, not too much to say that there are probably some islands which have never even been sighted.'

By an arrangement with the Australian colonies, which guaranteed the cost of the administration, the British portion of New Guinea was formed into a colony from October 30, 1888, while a British Protectorate was also

fixed at the 154th meridian E. long., the west by the 141st meridian, and the northern limit at the equator, north of which were the Spanish waters.



proclaimed over the eastern and southern Solomon Islands in 1893, of which we shall make mention presently.

Extending northward, for a thousand miles from the shores of Kaiser Wilhelm Land, lies what was once Spanish, what is now German, Micronesia, between the equatorial line and the eleventh parallel of north latitude, and between 139° and 170° E. longitude. Within this wide stretch of ocean, over a thousand miles in breadth, are scattered 652 islands, forming the six-and-thirty minor groups which collectively form the Caroline archipelago, populated by some fifty thousand inhabitants of mixed Papuan, Polynesian, and Malayan races. Following Mr. Christian's account, the most recent and trustworthy of all authorities on these islands, we cannot do better than take a few notes from this author's historical sketch of the islands. After alluding to the early Spanish discoveries he tells us how the religious expeditions from Manila also failed disastrously, ending in the death of the missionaries. There is still a grim story of how ironclad men came up out of the sea and fought with the men of Kiti until overwhelmed with sling-stones and spear-thrusts.

Coming down to recent years it seems that a tentative effort was made by a German gunboat to raise the Imperial flag at Yap in 1885; but this was disavowed at the instance of the Pope, and the Spanish flag was raised in 1886 at Ponape, where the colony of Santiago was founded in Ascension Bay. The Methodist missionaries from Boston, who had been established at Kiti since 1850, speedily felt the antagonism of the Capuchin priests, through whose influence the head of the American mission was deported to Manila. In the same year a general rising of the natives took place, and massacres of the Spaniards were rapidly succeeded by punitive expeditions, with amnesty and peace until 1890, when another rising and massacre was followed by bombardment of the native villages and desultory fighting, during which operations the Spanish commander was killed. The same alternation of massacre, assassination, and retaliation has lasted throughout the Spanish occupation of the Carolines.

As for the wonders to be met with in these little-visited islands, their curious stone money—huge discs of arragonite quarried in the Pelew Islands—like grindstones, weighing sometimes three tons;—their ancient fortifications, prehistoric stone, breakwaters, harbours, and canal streets bordered with cyclopean monuments of bygone days, their

clubhouses of to-day—for a good account of all these tempting subjects our readers must be referred to Mr. Christian's admirable volume, which will certainly come as a revelation to many.

Mr. Christian had the good fortune to meet a German emissary of the great firm of Godeffroy Brothers, of Hamburg, by name Mr. Kubary, who had explored and planned, in 1872, the mysterious ruined island-city of Nan Matal on the east coast of Ponape, at the mouth of the port of Metalanim. He has well nigh conclusively proved that (1) the stone buildings of Nan Matal were erected by a race preceding the present inhabitants of Ponape; (2) the builders of Nan Matal belonged to the black race, and the Ponapeans are a mixed race; (3) the ruins of Ponape afford no proof of the sinking of the island—on the contrary, they unmistakeably show that they are the remains of a water-building; (4) the fourfold aspect deprives of all support the theory that the ruins are the remains of fortifications built by Spanish pirates.

The rapid collapse of the Spanish naval power gave the German Emperor the opportunity of extending the limits of his possessions north of New Guinea; and on June 2, 1899, Spain ceded, for a sum of 800,000*l.*, to Germany all the Caroline, Pelew, and Marianne or Ladrone Islands, which have been duly incorporated this year in the Protectorate of German New Guinea, which, therefore, now stretches north of the equator some 20°. By the recent agreement with Great Britain, the Marshall group, east of the Carolines, is also included within the sphere of German influence, and thus it may be said that the whole of Micronesia belongs to Germany. Whether the Micronesians will be the happier for this transfer is a question we can hardly ask. Our late Commissioner, Mr. Romilly, evidently had some doubts on the subject, as he thus writes of the Admiralty Islands:

‘Now that the Germans have hoisted their flag there, the Admiralty islanders will probably become more and more acquainted with the ways of white men. But as the population is small, it will probably, as has already been the case in the Hermits, disappear rapidly before those energetic colonists. If this should be so, it will be much to be regretted, for a more remarkable race does not exist in the Pacific.’*

And he goes on to tell us how ‘a short time afterwards two German warships went to the Hermits, and took such

* ‘The Western Pacific and New Guinea,’ by Hugh Hastings Romilly, 1886, p. 119.

‘revenge that the population now is, I believe, reduced to ‘about half what it used to be.’

On the other hand, Mr. Christian, writing, before the recent transfer of authority, in reference to the recent massacre of Don Miguel Velasco and his sailors at Roukiti, says :

‘Perhaps, if the Carolines are handed over to Germany, as Spain seems disposed to do, we shall hear less of this *odium theologicum*, which elsewhere has proved such a firebrand to the world, and here has brought about such lamentable waste of life and treasure and cruel humiliations to Spain.’

Small doubt but the American Methodist missionaries and their converts will fare better under the German than under the Spanish flag.

It will be noticed on the map that, by the demarcation line of 1886, four of the main islands forming the Solomon group were allotted to the British sphere of influence. These islands, Malaita, New Georgia, Guadalcanar, and San Christoval, were subsequently annexed, in 1893, by Great Britain.* By the last (1899) arrangement,† two of the larger and more northern of this group (Choiseul and Ysabel) have been ceded to us; thus leaving Bougainville, the largest of them, still in the hands of Germany. It certainly seems a pity that the continuity of this fine archipelago should thus have been broken up and placed under separate governments, especially as Bougainville Strait is a very narrow one; but doubtless large German commercial interests had been created in this island superior to ours, as the German traders have usually been beforehand in these waters within the last few years.

All the larger islands of the Solomon group are mountainous; indeed, some of the summits are lofty, as Mount Balbi, in Bougainville, over 10,000 feet; in Guadalcanar is another of 8,000, and in the other five islands are ranges of 4,000 feet altitude. Their formation seems largely volcanic, as at least two active volcanoes are known there; but the

* A British coal depôt has already been established on Gavutu. The residence of the Commissioner is fixed on the island of Tulagi.

† In Article II. paragraph 3, of the Declaration of November 14, 1899, ‘she (Germany)’ recognises as falling to Great Britain those of the Solomon Islands, at present belonging to Germany, which are situated to the east and south-east of the island of Bougainville, which latter shall continue to belong to Germany, together with the island of Buka, which forms part of it.’

geological structure of older rocks offers a promising field for mineral research, as soon as the interior of the islands can be safely penetrated. The Melanesian inhabitants are vigorous, bold, and warlike, and are reputed cannibals. Some of them, especially in Guadalcanar, are good bowmen, and they are expert in building and managing large canoes. The practice of head-hunting, so characteristic of the Papuans of New Guinea, is universal among them; nevertheless, when taken over to Queensland they make tractable labourers. Altogether these islands will become a valuable acquisition to our Australasian colonies; and some day, let us hope, they may be developed into British colonies themselves. We must not forget to add that Germany has stipulated that she retains her right to freely engage labourers in all the Solomon Islands.*

South-eastwards from the Solomons are the Santa Cruz Islands, which by the German agreement of 1886 have been acknowledged as British possessions, and lately brought under direct British administration. The Santa Cruz Islands were first properly charted by that admirable geographer, M. Beautemps-Beaupré, who accompanied Admiral d'Entrecasteaux in 1793. But they are peculiarly interesting to French seamen, in that they include that reef-bound island of Vanikoro on which the ships of La Pérouse, the 'Boussole' and the 'Astrolabe,' were wrecked in 1788. The fate of these vessels was not ascertained until Captain Peter Dillon discovered in 1827 their relics, more of which were recovered by Dumont d'Urville in 1828 and later in 1838. Nitendi, or Santa Cruz, is the largest of the islands, and notable as the scene of the treacherous attack on the boats of H.M.S. 'Pearl' on August 12, 1875, when Commodore Goodenough and two bluejackets were mortally wounded by arrows. Another neighbouring island, Nukapu, is likewise celebrated in the annals of the Melanesian Mission as the place where Bishop Patteson and his companions were slain in 1871 by the natives, in revenge, as it is supposed, for wrongs previously inflicted by a labour vessel.

Bishop John Selwyn afterwards in 1880 courageously landed from the mission yacht 'Southern Cross' and made

* Article IV., Declaration November 14, 1899: 'The arrangement at present existing between Germany and Great Britain, and concerning the right of Germany to freely engage labourers in the Solomon Islands belonging to Great Britain, shall be equally extended to those of the Solomon Islands mentioned in Article II. which fall to the share of Great Britain.'

friends with the natives at both these islands, and native missionaries are now established on them. The whole group is volcanic, and one of them an active volcano.

Twenty-two years ago the British and French Governments agreed that neither Power should annex the islands known as the New Hebrides. In 1886, however, two of the smaller southern islands of the New Hebrides were occupied by some French detachments of marine infantry, and a certain amount of apprehension was created among the colonists of Australia and New Zealand that the French Government intended to annex the whole archipelago. Communications between the two Governments elicited assurances that no project of annexation was contemplated, and a Convention was negotiated by which provision was made for the protection of life and property in these islands by means of a Joint Commission in 1887. A declaration was signed at Paris in the following year by which a Joint Naval Commission was constituted of British and French naval officers on the Pacific station, charged with the duty of maintaining order and of protecting the lives and property of British and French subjects in the New Hebrides.

This extensive archipelago stretches from Banks Islands, in latitude 14° S., to Aneiteum, in latitude 20° . The islands are actively volcanic, and the most powerful volcano of the group, Tauna, when discovered by Captain Cook, was in full eruption, forming a splendid natural lighthouse, 980 feet high, its noise and flames being visible forty miles around.

Although the inhabitants of the New Hebrides are mostly Melanesians—for Polynesians inhabit Cherry Island, Tucopia, and the Duff Islands—they are divided into as many independent and separate tribes as there are islands, and the islanders likewise differ greatly in physical qualities, speaking also a great variety of languages. The English Church Mission, having established itself in the northern islands, has adopted the language of Mota,* one of the Banks group, as their standard language at St. Barnabas School on Norfolk Island. The Presbyterian Mission occupies itself with those islands south of Ambrym, on one of which, Erromanga, the missionary John Williams was murdered.

* The island of Mota is one of the smallest of the Banks Islands; but it was in 1860 that openings occurred for mission work there, and Bishop Patteson took a party of sixteen to Lifu in the Loyalty Islands, where in 1863 some of the boys from Mota were christened; thus the Mota language became the one used by the mission.

Since, four other missionaries have there met with a similar fate.

In January 1895 a terrible eruption took place from the Crater Mountain, or Mount Marum, in Ambrym, by which half the island was devastated by the flow of lava and the fall of ashes, and a large number of the inhabitants lost their lives.

Espiritu Santo is the largest of the whole group, measuring sixty-five miles by thirty miles, with mountains four thousand feet high. There are here some remarkable ruins, which seem to resemble somewhat those of the Carolines. At Mallicollo, another good-sized island, fifty-four miles in length, Bishop George Augustus Selwyn nearly lost his life in 1851.

Great Britain having acquired Fiji, and France being already in possession of Tahiti, with the adjacent islands, it can be well understood that both for Germany and the United States it also became an object to establish a centre of trade and influence within the Western Pacific. The Samoan group, situated nearly midway between the French and British possessions, was therefore naturally regarded as a desirable strategic possession by both these Powers.

The largest of the Samoan or Navigator's Islands are Savaii, Upolu, Tutuila, and Manua. Upolu contains the principal harbours and the chief town, Apia, which has attained importance as the chief emporium of many of the other Pacific Islands, excepting Tahiti and Fiji. The Samoan group collectively contain an area of about 2,650 square miles, with a population of 56,600, of whom 14,850 had embraced Christianity, and 12,300 attended schools in 1840. The political history of these interesting islands, the headquarters, so to speak, of the Polynesian race, is most complicated, but we may try to sketch a general outline of the principal facts connected with it.

The Tongans, a superior race, appear to have invaded Upolu and Savaii some five hundred years ago, and to have effected their conquest by making a road along the central mountain ridge, and thence descending on the villages. Traces of these roads, called Ala-i-Tonga, can still be seen. The Samoans, however, revolted under their chief Malietoa, perhaps about three hundred years since, and expelled the Tonga dynasty. Between twenty and twenty-five generations of Malietoas have succeeded to the title of supreme chieftain of Samoa, so that the legitimacy of the claim of the modern family of Malietoa to the chieftainship is undeniable.

When John Williams, the pioneer of missionary work in

the Western Pacific, arrived in Samoa in 1830, he found the only European residents, ex-convicts, and other cosmopolitan rascals from Australia had been before him and greatly interfered with the success of his first efforts to introduce the blessings of Christianity and civilisation. At that time the chief Malietoa was king, his dynasty having ruled the Samoans for some generations back, although representatives of the original Tui Samoa, the more ancient Tupua dynasty, were still extant.

In 1840, however, civil war broke out on the death of the then reigning Malietoa, and since that date at irregular intervals there has been continual strife between the contending factions, but the Malietoa dynasty has generally held its own.

In 1857 the house of Godeffroy, of Hamburg, became firmly established in Apia, and rapidly absorbed a large proportion of the trade throughout the Western Pacific. To this firm the intertribal disputes for the sovereignty afforded an opportunity for disposing of arms manufactured at Liège to the combatants in exchange for land at two or three marks per acre. By this means Godeffroy's house obtained some thousands of acres, on which cotton plantations were formed, with cheap labour imported from other islands. A shipbuilding yard was constructed, and, altogether, the transactions of this firm were on an extensive scale, for there was no competition until the arrival of an American company in 1868—the Polynesian Lands and Commercial Company of San Francisco. This company arrived at an opportune moment for supplying arms to the Samoans; for a split in the Malietoa dynasty occurred on the death of the king in 1869, his two sons contesting the succession. The chiefs of Savaii elected the elder brother, while those of Manua elected the younger. The islands of Auna and Atua seem always to have remained faithful to the old Tupua family. The American company likewise were willing to take broad acres in exchange for their fire-arms, and soon became proprietors of large estates; and a *quasi*-official protectorate was exercised by the United States Consul. Affairs remained in an unsettled state, with varying success on either side, until 1873, when the Samoans apparently resolved to have a king of each dynasty to rule conjointly, and Pulepule ascended the throne, as a puppet, we may suppose, with Malietoa Laupepa as his executive coadjutor. This arrangement lasted until 1875, when Colonel Steinberger was sent by the United States Govern-

ment, in the 'Tuscarora' frigate, to report on Samoan affairs. He promptly put Malietoa on the throne, with himself as chief of the executive powers, and proceeded to fit out a schooner, in which he sailed to Tutuila under the American flag, in defiance of the American Consul, who caused him to be arrested, with the assistance of H.M.S. 'Barracouta.' Malietoa was carried off to Savaii, rescued by the 'Barra-couta,' and brought back to Upolu; but in the course of these operations several bluejackets and marines were killed and wounded. Again Malietoa Laupepa reigned, and more internecine war was carried on until he finally gained the upper hand, being acknowledged king by the foreign Powers, with General Bartlett, of the United States army, as his minister. Meantime, Godeffroy's firm having become bankrupt, its business and estates were undertaken by another German company—the Deutsche Handel- und Plantagen-Gesellschaft, of which Herr Brandeis, a German officer, was an active agent. Treaties were concluded in 1878-9 with the United States, Germany, and Great Britain, whereby the port of Pago-Pago was placed at the disposal of the United States, that of Saluafata given to the Germans for a naval station, while Great Britain was permitted to place coal depôts on the islands. This last treaty was carried out by Sir Arthur Gordon, who came over to Samoa from Fiji in 1879. On November 8, 1880, King Malietoa died, and the country was once more in a state of disturbance, the representatives of the three Powers being drawn into the strife by the antagonism of their mercantile houses.

Generally Herr Brandeis and the German Consul supported Tamasese, while the English and Americans were on the side of Malietoa Laupepa. To make a long story short, after a commission of inquiry had been held by the representatives of the interested nationalities, a conference was held in Washington to determine what steps should be taken to form an international administration in 1887. In the same year the German Government not only made a claim against Malietoa for compensation amounting to several thousand dollars, but sent a squadron to enforce payment; in default of which Malietoa's people were attacked, and that chief himself was carried off to Cameroons, Europe, and Jaluit (Marshall Islands), while the Tupuan chief, Tamasese, was set up in his place. Tamasese's powers did not last long, for a large body of the Samoans soon rebelled against an administration imposed upon them by the Germans, and they united under Tuiatua Mataafa, also

Tupuan. A fierce civil war ensued, in the course of which Tamasese was forced to leave Apia, while the Germans shelled several of Mataafa's villages. In December 1888 the Samoans offered resistance to a landing party on the beach at Fangalii, which was repulsed with severe loss, Lieutenant Siegir and fifty-four of his men being killed and wounded out of the hundred and forty who had landed. The survivors were only brought on board under the covering shell-fire from the 'Eber,' under Captain Wallis. Asi, Maunga, and Tuiletufunga were likewise deported to the Marshall Islands.

It was owing to these complications that three American men-of-war, the 'Trenton,' 'Vandalia,' and 'Nipsic,' three German ships, the 'Adler,' 'Olga,' and 'Eber,' with the British cruiser 'Calliope,' happened to be assembled in the small harbour of Apia, on the north side of Upolu, in March 1889, together with some dozen trading schooners, when the fierce cyclone occurred on the 15th and 16th of that month which wrought such havoc and destruction on these squadrons. Of the Americans the 'Vandalia' sank, the 'Trenton,' while drifting on the 'Vandalia,' ran aground, and the 'Nipsic' ran on to the beach. The German squadron fared even worse, for the gunboat 'Eber' was absolutely rolled over and smashed up on the reef; the 'Adler' was also overturned, and lay on her side on the reef; while the 'Olga' steamed on to the mud flats, from which she was subsequently hauled off. As for the British cruiser, 'Calliope,' Captain Kane alone succeeded in saving her by steaming right in the teeth of the hurricane out to sea through the entrance of the reef, saluted by the cheers of the 'Trenton,' then apparently drifting to destruction. The Samoans behaved gallantly in saving the lives of as many as they could—even of those who had so recently been bombarding their homes.*

The Conference at Berlin, whither it had been adjourned from Washington, had meantime decided that the Samoans were neutral, and free to elect their own king; upon which Malietoa was brought back from exile and recognised by the Great Powers.†

When Malietoa Laupepa was reinstated, his powerful and

* In all one hundred and forty-four lives were lost by the combined squadrons in this cyclone.

† Samoa, No. 2 (1890), Final Act of the Conference on the Affairs of Samoa, signed at Berlin, June 14, 1899. Ratifications deposited at Berlin April 12, 1890.

popular kinsman, Mataafa, whose titles, as Stevenson informs us, might be held equally good, and whose abilities were certainly greater, had expected to occupy a position of influence in the new government: finding himself ignored, he withdrew to Malie, outside Apia, where he lived in semi-royal state as a kind of passive rival to Malietoa, who resided at Mulinu. Meantime a Swedish Commissioner and a German President of Council, together with a British Chief Justice, were appointed to carry on the work of the government, according to the declaration of Berlin. When Malietoa Laupepa died, in August 1898, the Chief Justice had to decide in the election of his successor, pronouncing in favour of Malietoa Tanu, son of the late king; and thereupon another outbreak of civil war took place, during which, unfortunately, the lives of several bluejackets and marines, American as well as English, were sacrificed.

More commissioners and more reporting to the Powers at home in Europe, where another Conference was held, resulted in the recent Agreement of November 14, by Article 1 of which 'Great Britain renounced in favour of 'Germany all her rights over the islands of Upolu and 'Savaii, including the right of establishing a naval and 'coaling station there and her right of extra-territoriality 'in these islands.' By Article 2: 'Great Britain similarly 'renounced in favour of the United States of America all 'her rights over the island of Tutuila and the other islands 'of the Samoan group east of 171° longitude east [*sic*]* of 'Greenwich.'

We may refrain from discussing here the other clauses in the same convention regarding the partition of the neutral zone in West Africa, the reciprocal tariffs in Togo and the Gold Coast, and the renouncement of the German rights of extra-territoriality in Zanzibar—except briefly to express our disapproval of the present diplomatic methods of procedure whereby European interests in such opposite quarters of the world should be in any way made to depend upon one another.†

* Of course this should be longitude *west* of Greenwich. It is an example of the carelessness with which some of these important documents are compiled at the F.O.

† In the autumn of 1880 a Convention for a French Protectorate over the island of Raiatea (one of the islands to leeward of Tahiti) was made dependent upon the settlement of the disputed fishery questions in Newfoundland. So also the question of the French Protectorate in Madagascar was mixed up with the demarcation of Nigeria.

This break-up of the unworkable tridominium established by the Berlin Conference of 1889 has been satisfactory to all parties, excepting perhaps to the Samoans themselves, who probably would have preferred to be placed under British rule. A protest signed by some of the Samoan chiefs, however, has probably been withdrawn, and no doubt both the Germans and Americans will find their new subjects and fellow-citizens perfectly amenable to the newly constituted Imperial and Republican authorities respectively.

By the second Article of the recent Convention 'Germany renounces in favour of Great Britain all her rights over the Tonga Islands, including Vavau, and over Savage island, including the right of establishing a naval station and coaling-station, and the right of extra-territoriality in the said islands.' These rights, it appears, were obtained by the German Government, as long ago as 1876, by a treaty with Tuikanakubulu, otherwise King George of Tongatabu. This Tongan archipelago is composed of at least one hundred islands, in groups, of which the principal and southernmost is that of Tongatabu; which island is 20 miles in length, 8 in width, of an irregular crescent form, with its concavity facing north, forming a not too safe harbour, where Captain Cook, and subsequently d'Entrecasteaux, stayed for some time and erected observatories. Niukalofa, the principal town, lies at the head of the harbour—not to be compared, however, for convenience or security with that of Pango-pango or Apia. The only other islands of any size are Vavau and Eooa. Of the Hapai group, Lifuka is the most interesting, as it was that on which Mariner chiefly resided between 1806 and 1810. The London Missionary Society attempted the conversion of these islands as far back as 1797, but was compelled to withdraw; however, since 1826 the Wesleyans have established successful mission stations in Tongatabu, Vavau, and Lifuka, where all the inhabitants, about 30,000, have embraced Christianity, and of these some 1,200 are Roman Catholics. We should add that there are hundreds of horses in the archipelago, and the Tongans are fearless horsemen.

Of Savage Island, or Nieuve, where Captain Cook was attacked in 1774, little is known. The Nieuveans of the present day seem harmless, and their islet, but nine miles in length, possesses small attractions or value; but of course its position may possibly become of importance as an outpost, or for telegraphic communication in time of war.

Another little-known volcanic island, Niuafo, although

lying at a distance from the Tongan group proper, is inhabited by Tongans, and the description of it by Romilly is fascinating. It is inaccessible for boats, so there are no canoes; the islanders, however, are good swimmers, and can leap into the sea at any state of the tide, although they can only climb to land at high water. In the centre of the island is a mysterious crateral lake with mineral waters, from constantly bathing in which, the natives, by far the handsomest in the Pacific, have obtained skins like satin, while the figures of the men and women are as near perfection as possible. Its cocoa-nuts are the largest in the world, excepting the double cocos-de-mer from the Seychelles; and among its other wonders are the remarkable Megapode birds, whose numerous tunnels are dug round the margin of the romantic lake.

One characteristic trait of the Tongan islanders must not be omitted. They are first-rate cricketers, having been well coached in the game by the Rev. Mr. Moulton, of the Wesleyan Mission. Mr. Romilly writes:—

‘In Tongatabu, in which island the capital of Tonga is situated, you may see the natives playing cricket—and very well they play, too. I believe they have never sustained a defeat, though they play an eleven of every man-of-war that visits the place. They were first supplied with the necessary implements by the officers of H.M.S. “Emerald,” on board which ship I was a guest at the time. We came there professing to teach them the game, but I am afraid to say by how much we were defeated. In fact, it has become necessary to legislate on the subject of cricket, and to limit the number of days on which that game may be played to two per week. The Tongans, like some gentlemen in England and Australia, sacrificed all their time to it, and their families suffered in consequence.’

Nothing struck Admiral Cyprian Bridge during his long cruises in the Western Pacific more than ‘the great intelligence of the natives of Oceania in general, and of the Melanesians in particular. Within the limited sphere of their requirements, whatever they do, they do thoroughly. This will be generally admitted.’ One quality which his experience compels him to credit them with is, he says, more likely to be disputed; that is their truthfulness. Bishop John Selwyn confirms this opinion. Writing from Norfolk Island in 1874, he says:—

‘It is marvellous how like a boy, say, up to twelve or thirteen, from the Solomon Islands is to a boy from Belgravia. In point of adaptability to circumstances I should be inclined to give the palm to the former, but *qua* pickle and jokes, &c., &c., I don’t think there is a pin to choose. . . . I say it is all nonsense to say that these fellows

are not capable of higher training because they are dull at first, or to compare them with those who have had all the weight of thousands of years of at least partial civilisation to start with, and whose common everyday facts would be great discoveries to these fellows.'

On this subject we must again quote that high authority, Admiral Cyprian Bridge:—

'Several South Sea Island races are not now savage in any sense, except as to rarity of trowsers and absence of novels, and never deserved that epithet in its sense of ferocious. There is no finer people on earth than the Tongans and the closely related and but slightly less vigorous Samoans. The physical beauty of both sexes—which attains its highest development amongst the Samoan women—is paralleled by their intellectual endowment. The grace of manner and general dignity of bearing, habitual with members of chiefly families, could not be surpassed in the most polished of European courts. The contrast in these respects between the natives of high birth and the proselytising and trading white men who come to civilise them cannot escape the notice of the least observant.'

Of all the islands we have mentioned in the West Pacific New Caledonia has proved to be the richest as far as its mineral wealth is concerned, while its commanding situation to the east of Queensland adds greatly to its importance from a strategical point of view. Indeed, its position relative to Australia may be compared with that of Madagascar in relation to Africa. Discovered in 1774 by Captain Cook, it was not until d'Entrecasteaux had coasted along its western reefs in search of La Pérouse and completed what Cook had left undone, that the full extent and capacity of the future French colony was ascertained.* During the succeeding half-century the island was visited only by the South Sea traders in sandal wood, but in 1843 Monseigneur Douarre and four missionaries were landed at Balade and received hospitality by the native Kanakas. At a meeting of the islanders held in honour of the newly arrived Frenchmen, the Kanaka chief, as we are told by Father Rougeyron, declared that 'Tous les Français étaient de bons blancs et que tous les hommes d'Ohao (Nouvelle-Calédonie) devaient amour et respect aux étrangers qui allaient vivre parmi eux.' With regard to which M. Carol dryly remarks: 'Les Canaques ont eu à rabattre de cette opinion optimiste.' Indeed, the Marist brothers did not long remain at Balade, but were forced to take refuge on

* New Caledonia is 250 miles long, with an average breadth of 35 miles.

the Isle of Pines in 1847, and New Caledonia remained without a master for some years longer, although not a few Australian pioneers made their way over from Sydney prospecting for gold and introducing English manners and language among the native and sparse European inhabitants, mostly 'beachcombers,' who were settled at Nouméa.

The recognition of the island as a French possession by Great Britain was not obtained until the eve of the Crimean expedition, the flag being hoisted by Admiral Despointes in September 1853 at Nouméa, where Napoleon III. had decided to establish a prison for convicts. Within a few months the French Government issued regulations for the formation of penitentiary establishments, but ten more years rolled by before the first shipment of convicts reached the quarters prepared for them in 1864. The principles of the prison administration were benevolently supposed to be formulated by the three words, 'Réhabiliter,' 'Civiliser,' 'Produire.' But an experience of nearly forty years has, alas, but too well served to prove the fallacy of these Utopian visions. Of course the introduction of the criminal element into this magnificent island ruined its prospects as a colony, while as a place of punishment it has been manifestly a failure. M. Carol, who has recently been examining the island, its capabilities and resources, in one place speaks of New Caledonia as an 'oasis pénitentiaire, un chef-d'œuvre de philanthropie à rebours,' and in another he speaks of 'ce paradis des forçats, où la transportation et la relégation calédoniennes constituent, comme des initiés l'affirment, une véritable prime à la scélératesse.'

The criminals imported since the initiation of the special New Caledonian administration have never afforded any examples of amelioration; nor has any enterprise conducted by the convict authorities ever been productive of any profit to the establishment, which, as it was supposed, ought to have become entirely self-supporting. On the contrary, it has always remained a constant charge on the mother country.

The most varied systems have been experimented on by different governors, but none seems ever to have been persevered in sufficiently to command success. M. Carol exclaims vigorously against this constant change of policy:

'Plus qu'ailleurs, l'on a eu à souffrir, en Nouvelle-Calédonie, du régime des décrets, qui n'offre aucune garantie aux affaires de longue haleine, et de la fréquence des changements dans le personnel administratif, source d'intrigues ou d'alarmes pour les intérêts en suspens.'

L'histoire de cette petite colonie jette un jour déplorable sur notre manque de direction et d'esprit de suite. Elle compte dans ses fastes 30 gouvernements, dont 13 intérimaires, trois ou quatre systèmes de colonisation agricole, plusieurs programmes de travaux publics commencés puis abandonnés, un essai de phalanstère, deux insurrections sanglantes. Le régime douanier de 1892, avec ses exigences, ses tracasseries, son déni du droit de réciprocité, avec sa tutelle égoïste et sa conception mesquine du patriotisme, est venu couronner dignement cet édifice de fautes et de maladresses.'

A few of these schemes for colonisation may be briefly glanced at. Thus a Société phalanstérienne of twenty immigrants was started under Governor Guillain in 1864 on the banks of the river Yaté, whose work was intended to be carried out in community, but the result proved deplorable and the society speedily became bankrupt. An experiment of garden culture was next initiated at Bourail in 1870, intended for the benefit of the convicts, among whom were to be found a few skilled gardeners; and two years afterwards small grants of land were awarded to military officers and soldiers who elected to take their discharge in the colony; but few were able to do anything; the majority sold their land, and but two or three succeeded in maintaining themselves on their properties. It was at this period that numbers of prisoners, condemned to deportation after the suppression of the Communist insurrection in 1871, were brought to New Caledonia, and the rules for their management formed the subject of grave debates in the National Assembly with the object of facilitating their settlement as colonists, for not more than one third of their number belonged properly to the criminal classes, and great pains were taken to keep the political exiles apart from the transported convicts. With some of these exiles and a few Alsatians, Governor de la Richerie formed in 1873 a centre of 'petite culture familiale' at Moindou; but after the amnesty most of the politicals returned to France, and but a very few have remained satisfied with their position.

In 1873-74 an unsuccessful attempt was made by some colonists from Réunion to start a sugar plantation by the river Foa, worked by some sixty Malabars, but both machinery and capital were insufficient and the enterprise proved an utter failure. Governor Olry also formed another centre of colonisation at Koné in 1878-79 under better auspices; but, as at Moindou, the concessionnaires were colonists without a sou. They were maintained by Government for six months, at the end of which time these amateur agriculturists took

themselves elsewhere, so that by 1884 but seven remained. Between 1884 and 1888 thirty new colonists were introduced into the centre of Koné. The Government insisted on these last doing a certain amount of clearing the land, and now some fifteen out of the original number remain—an experiment which may be regarded as a success. Another batch of colonists without capital has arrived since 1888 to take the places left vacant and to complete this centre. Of these last about half have declared that their land will produce nothing, but the remaining planters at Koné seem to be fairly satisfied. Yet another experiment. The local administration, having acquired some extensive properties, had them cleared of forest, ploughed, dug up, planted, and fenced with palisades, with roads constructed, as well as houses built, all at the expense of the State. A thousand acres thus prepared were given to a Society of Colonisation, who in 1889 installed therein fifteen families, forming an effective total of 53 individuals, supplied with provisions for six months, tools, and other advantages.

In return each family was supposed to make annual repayments, but not a centime of this debt was ever received by the State. Of the fifteen families thus established there remain but four who have made a little profit by other means than agriculture. Nevertheless some increase to the population of the colony resulted, for M. Carol tells us that in New Caledonia four families at the end of ten years have given more births than eight families in France at the end of fifteen years.

Another centre was formed at Voh in 1892, where some excellent land was divided into twenty-seven properties. Here but ten families have made their living by agriculture, the others living from hand to mouth, and, contracting debts, have set up shops and cabarets of which they are themselves the chief frequenters.

Admiral Guillain, while Governor from 1862 to 1870, encouraged some old soldiers to go and live among the Kanakas, and it would seem that these have succeeded best of all. Another project of 'ce brave Amiral Guillain' is also recorded by M. Carol:—

‘C'est à lui que l'on doit l'immigration d'un certain nombre d'orphelins envoyées par l'Assistance publique. La population se composant alors presque exclusivement de célibataires des deux sexes difficiles à conjoindre, il voulait favoriser le mariage, fonder de vrais foyers. Dans quelle mesure il y réussit, c'est ce qu'il serait délicat de préciser. _ Mais à

l'arrivée de la frégate qui portait les jeunes pupilles de l'Etat, officiers et fonctionnaires poussèrent des cris d'allégresse. On chanta :

Voici des femmes, enfin !

Merci, cher monsieur Guillain.

Et l'amiral, pendant quelques jours, fut populaire !'

In fact without its mines New Caledonia would have been a profitless colony to France, useful only as a penitential dépôt, and not too successful in this respect. The discovery of the inexhaustible stores of mineral wealth which lay hidden beneath the mountain sides of the island is due to a certain M. Jules Garnier, who, while searching for coal on Mont d'Or, within sight of Nouméa, in 1875, first found traces of nickel in a green mineral ore, which has been named 'garnierite,' peculiar to New Caledonia. The conversion of this mineral was first treated by M. Caulry, who soon discovered, however, that this green ore was not nearly so rich in metal as a certain brown-coloured grit, now vulgarly termed 'chocolat,' which had hitherto been thrown aside as valueless. The importance of the New-Caledonian nickel thus obtained in the markets of the world dates from this discovery, which, however, was first practically exploited by Mr. John Higginson, who soon became the principal owner of the richest mines, which he opened after prospecting throughout the recesses of the island. Since 1875 the properties of nickel as an alloy in the manufacture of steel and other compounds of copper and zinc, as well as for nickel plating, have become widely recognised, and the consequent demand for this mineral, which, in the year of its discovery in New Caledonia, called for a yearly consumption of four hundred tons, now requires from eight to nine thousand tons in the year, and this consumption is constantly increasing. The American and Canadian nickel ore at one time held the European markets, but the New-Caledonian ore is so much more pure, and can be produced at a much cheaper rate, so that the American products have been driven off the field of competition. The principal mines, situated in the districts of Muéo and Koné, near Muéo Bay, where there is a fine harbour, are all now in the hands of a British company—the Nickel Corporation.

So, also, the copper mines in the Diahot district, on either side of the river of that name, at the mouth of the island, are owned by another British company. We believe that silver, lead, and gold mines are also worked. Not only nickel and copper, but deposits of cobalt and chrome, are

found in the same neighbourhood, deposits of decomposed serpentine rock between Mount d'Or and Unia, in the islets of Belep and Yandé, in Oland Bay and elsewhere. But we have no space to devote to the mineral riches of New Caledonia. What we have already said about them is sufficient to indicate their great value and importance, besides the fact that they are mostly owned, not by French but by German and British capitalists. We trust that our experiences of the uitlander troubles at Johannesburg may not find a repetition in this Antipodean French territory. *Absit omen.*

Admiral Cyprian Bridge's forecast of the future development of the Western Pacific is, we venture to think, too pessimistic. It does not seem to him that the Pacific islands are likely for generations yet to come to be of any use to mankind at large. To be of any profitable use for Europeans is, perhaps, what he meant to say, for he added: 'Fertile as they may be, they can only be made productive with labour of which no man can say where it is to be obtained.' Whether it may be the best for the natives themselves that their lands should be exploited for the profit of the European race is a question of ethics which we would rather not answer too plainly. The senior foreign secretary of the London Missionary Society has put the question lately as to how far it is justifiable for any one Power to hand over to any other Power sovereign rights in islands over which it has not itself exercised any sovereignty in the past, and to deal with the people as if they were part and parcel of the soil, without any personal right to express their preference. Such was the case with Madagascar, it may be remembered, in 1890, when the Hovas, who had been christianised by the London Missionary Society, were handed over by us to a French protectorate, wholly against their will, an act which led to disastrous wars and calamity, whose effects are even now not wholly assuaged. In like manner we have now handed over to the mercies of the Germans, together with the islands of Samoa, some thirty-five thousand Samoan Christians, of whom at least thirty thousand have been, and are, under the direct care and instruction of our Congregational and Wesleyan missionaries, who have been careful, as we are told, not to anglicise their pupils. This is the acme of political morality at which we have arrived on the close of the nineteenth century. Indeed, trade interests would appear to be everything nowadays, when even the Union

Jack has come to be looked upon as a 'commercial asset.'

The French missionaries, on the other hand, regard with complacency the appropriation of native lands and the disposal of the natives themselves, but only when they are savages, and we know that the Samoans cannot be regarded as barbarians. Hear what Monseigneur Vitte, Vicaire apostolique of New Caledonia, has to say on this subject:—

'C'est un principe admis chez les nations civilisées, que les peuplades sauvages ne forment pas un peuple proprement dit; qu'elles ne possèdent pas ce pouvoir social nommé par nous l'État, ni tous les droits qui lui appartiennent. Naturellement incapables de triompher par elles-mêmes d'une barbarie qui les rend dangereuses, elles peuvent être *conquises légitimement*, par toute nation civilisée et soumises à ses lois. Or, une de ces lois est que toute terre non occupée est du domaine de l'État, et que celui-ci a le droit d'en disposer pour le bien public.'

To which M. Carol adds:—

'Quand, sans provocation, nous dépossédons de son patrimoine (la chose s'est vue) un peuple organisé, autonome, régi par des lois fixes, avide de progrès social, déjà fort avancé en civilisation, mais ayant ce grand tort de n'avoir pas la peau de la même couleur que la nôtre, nous commettons, vis-à-vis de ce peuple-là, une violation du droit des gens.'

The present administration in New Caledonia certainly seems to be acting fairly towards the Kanakas; and our rule in New Guinea is apparently proceeding on right methods. Some writers have supposed that the gradual depopulation of the Pacific islands has been going on for years, even before the appearance of white men on the scene, and that the Polynesians are fated to disappear before long. But in some of the islands—such as Tonga and Savage Islands—there seems to be a renewal of the lease of propagation; while in the Gilbert or Kingsmill Islands we are told:—

'The overflowing swarms of population are a continual source of surprise. Some of the islands seem to form one great village. The very smallest of these atolls, only two miles across, has a population of from 1,500 to 2,000, while Taputeuea has from 7,000 to 8,000. The population of the whole group is estimated at over 40,000, while the area of dry land is not more than 170 square miles, giving more than 230 persons per square mile, while in some of the islands it is said to reach 400 per square mile—a density of population certainly unequalled in the world in any area where the people depend for food solely on their own exertions.

So—without calling in Chinese immigration, which our Australasian colonies would not tolerate, or even without negro or that Indian coolie labour by which the Mauritius sugar plantations were rendered so profitable not many years since—we may be able to find a hardy, prolific, mixed race of labourers, said to be of an energetic temperament within our British possessions, capable of making the fertile soil of the West Pacific islands productive of sugar, cotton, and other crops, which have formerly made fortunes for our planters in the West Indies and elsewhere. Some of the islands, such as Espiritu Santo, are much larger than Mauritius, where crops of cane producing 130,000 tons of sugar for exportation have been obtained. But although our class of traders in the Western Pacific has improved very much in the last few years, the Germans are still ahead of us in this respect, for they send out clerks better educated than ours, capable of speaking French and English besides their own language, while our young Englishmen can seldom speak any language except their own. Fortunately, the natives of Polynesia learn English with more ease than German; and even in New Caledonia the Kanakas acquire English in the neighbourhood of the mines where our Cornish miners are at work.

Certainly for some years to come our object should not be to extract all the profit possible out of our new possessions in the Western Pacific. Our first duty is towards the native inhabitants, and our chief endeavours should be directed towards saving them from parting with their patrimony to all those grasping syndicates and monopolising companies which spread their financial trail over whole archipelagoes. Should a generous policy be carried out, more for the benefit of the native populations than for the exhibition of a prosperous budget, we may look forward to a sure recompense in the loyalty of the inhabitants, and therefore an inexpensive administration over them. Romilly tells us how when he arrived out in Fiji in 1879—a friend of Sir Arthur Gordon, without employment—he was sent off in command of a party to make the natives of a neighbouring island, Kandavu, pick cotton to pay their taxes. This is decidedly unpleasant reading. But that is too often the first object of a civilian official despatched by the Colonial Office to take charge of a newly acquired possession—to make it pay, to show a surplus.* Admiral Cyprian

* We must point to Mr. Woodford's modest budget for the Solomon

Bridge indicates the right path to be pursued when he writes :—

‘ As we have chosen to go to New Guinea uninvited, we are bound in honour to do all the good we can to the races who have not resented our intrusion, but have received us as friends. If we do not take the proper steps, we shall soon find that we have a wolf by the ears. We have a noble chance—we are not likely to have another—of showing that Englishmen can rule barbarians without exterminating them or dispossessing them of their lands. I believe it possible to make New Guinea happy, prosperous, and civilised ; I also believe that it may, and in no long time, be made self-supporting. But the right method must be adopted, and a system to suit politicians here and in Australia may be utterly unsuited to the conditions of the country. If the latter be adopted, the natives will deserve all the pity we can give them.’

If our foreign and colonial officials in Whitehall would take into more consideration the honour of the flag which our naval and military officers have ever in mind, we might have fewer of these diplomatic games of chance and skill in which the weal of fellow creatures is passed from hand to hand like the counters of Napoleon :—

‘ Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones,
Whose table earth—whose dice were human bones.’

Islands as a promising indication of a more righteous and humane policy.

ART. X.—*Henry Hart Milman, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's.*

A biographical sketch by his son ARTHUR MILMAN, M.A., LL.D. London: 1900.

THE great prominence which the High Church movement has assumed in the ecclesiastical history of England during the second and third quarters of the nineteenth century, and the extraordinary success with which it has permeated the Established Church by its influence, have led some writers to exaggerate not a little the place which it occupied in the general intellectual developement of the time. In the universities, it is true, it long exercised an extraordinary influence, and Mr. Gladstone, who was by far the most remarkable layman whom it profoundly influenced, was accustomed to say that for at least a generation almost the whole of the best intellect of Oxford was controlled by it. It possessed in Newman a writer of most striking and undoubted genius. In an age remarkable for brilliancy of style he was one of the greatest masters of English prose. His power of drawing subtle distinctions and pursuing long trains of subtle reasoning made him one of the most skilful of controversialists, and he had a great insight into spiritual cravings and an admirable gift of interpreting and appealing to many forms of religious emotion. But though he was a man of rare, delicate, and most seductive genius, we have sometimes doubted whether any of his books are destined to take a permanent and considerable place in English literature. He was not a great scholar, or an original and independent thinker. Dealing with questions inseparably connected with historical evidence, he had neither the judicial spirit nor the firm grasp of a real historian, and he had very little skill in measuring probabilities and degrees of evidence. He had a manifest incapacity, which was quite as much moral as intellectual, for looking facts in the face and pursuing trains of thought to unwelcome conclusions. He often took refuge from them in clouds of casuistry. The scepticism which was a marked feature of his intellect allied itself closely with credulity, for it was directed against reason itself; and though he has expressed in admirable language many true and beautiful thoughts, the glamour of his style too often concealed much weakness and uncertainty of judgement and much sophistry in argument.

Many of those who co-operated with him were men of

great learning and distinguished ability. No one will question the patristic knowledge of Pusey, the metaphysical acumen of Ward, the genuine vein of religious poetry in Keble and Faber, the wide accomplishments and scholarly criticism of Church. But on the whole the broad stream of English thought has gone in other directions. In politics the Oxford movement had brilliant representatives in Gladstone and Selborne, but the ideal of the relations of Church and State, and the ideal of education to which the Oxford school aspired, have been absolutely discarded. The universities have been secularised. The Irish Established Church, which it was one of the first objects of the party to defend, has been abolished by Gladstone himself, and although the English Established Church retains its hold on the affections of the nation, it is defended by its most skilful supporters on very different grounds and by very different arguments from those which were put forward by the Oxford divines. Among the foremost names in lay literature during the fifty years we are considering, it is curious to observe how few were even touched by the movement. Froude is an exception, but he speedily repudiated it. The mediæval sympathies that were sometimes shown by Ruskin sprang from a wholly different source. Macaulay, Carlyle, Hallam, Grote, Mill, Buckle, Tennyson, Browning, and the great novelists, from Dickens to George Eliot, all wrote very much as they might have written if the movement had never existed. An unusual proportion of the best intellect of England passed into the fields of physical science, and the methods of reasoning and habits of thought which they inculcated were wholly out of harmony with the school of Newman, while both geology and Darwinism have made serious incursions into long-cherished beliefs. Even in the Church itself, though the High Church movement was stronger than any other, great deductions have to be made. The school of independent biblical criticism, which in various degrees has come to be generally accepted, certainly owed nothing to it, and several of the most illustrious Churchmen of this period were wholly alien to it. Thirlwall and Merivale were conspicuous examples, but they devoted themselves chiefly to great works of secular history. Arnold—who was one of the strongest personal influences of his age, and whose influence was both perpetuated and widened by Dean Stanley—and Whately, who was one of the most independent and original thinkers of the nineteenth century, were strongly antagonistic. In the field of ecclesiastical history

it might have been expected that a school which was at once so scholarly and so wedded to tradition would have been pre-eminent, but no ecclesiastical histories which England has produced can, on the whole, be placed on as high a level as those which were written by the great Broad Church divine whose name stands at the head of this article.

Milman was, indeed, a man well deserving of commemoration on account of the works which he produced, yet it is perhaps not too much to say that to those among whom he lived the man seemed even greater than his works. For many years he was a central and most popular figure in the best English literary society, and he reckoned most of the leading intellects of his day among his friends. He was in an extraordinary degree many-sided both in his knowledge and his sympathies. He was an admirable critic, and the eminent sanity of his judgement, as well as the eminent kindness of his nature, combined with a great charm both of manner and of conversation. Few men of his time had more friends, and were more admired, consulted, and loved.

Mr. Arthur Milman has sketched his father's life in one short volume, written in excellent English and with uniformly good taste. We have read it with much interest, yet in laying it down it is impossible not to be sensible how much of the personal charm which was so conspicuous in its subject has passed beyond recovery. More than thirty years have gone by since the old Dean was laid in his grave, and but few of those who knew him intimately survive. He appears to have kept no journal. He wrote nothing autobiographical, and he had a strong sense of the chasm that should separate private from public life. It was wholly contrary to his unegotistical nature to make the great public the confidant of his domestic affairs or of his inner feelings, and he was deeply sensible of the injustice which is so often done by biographers in printing unguarded, unqualified opinions and judgements, expressed in the freedom of private correspondence. He acted sternly on this view. Many of the foremost men in England were among his correspondents, but he deliberately burnt their letters. 'I could never bear,' we have heard him say, 'that what was written to me by dear friends in the most unreserved and absolute confidence should, through my fault, be one day dragged before the public.' This reticence and this strong feeling of the sanctity of friendship and private correspondence, which is now becoming very rare, was one of his most characteristic traits, but it

has necessarily deprived his biography of many elements of interest.

He was the youngest son of Sir Francis Milman, the well-known physician of George III. He was born in 1791, and educated at Eton and Oxford, where he soon distinguished himself as one of the most brilliant of students. He won the Newdigate in 1812, the Chancellor's prize for Latin verse in 1813, the prize for English and Latin essays in 1816. He obtained a first class in classics, and in 1815 he was elected a Fellow of his college. He was ordained in the following year, and a year later Lord Eldon, who was then Chancellor of the university, nominated him to the vicarage of St. Mary at Reading, where he spent eighteen happy and fruitful years. Like most young and brilliant men, he first turned to verse, and for several years he poured out in rapid succession a number of dramas and poems which have been collected in three substantial volumes. The tragedy of 'Fazio' was written when he was still at Oxford, and it was speedily followed by a long and ambitious epic poem called 'Samor, Lord of the Bright City;' by three elaborate sacred dramas, the 'Fall of Jerusalem,' the 'Martyr of Antioch,' and 'Belshazzar;' and by an historical tragedy on 'Anne Boleyn,' as well as by a few minor poems.

Some of these works had considerable popularity. 'Fazio' for many years held its place on the stage. Byron, in one of his letters to Rogers, speaks of its 'great and 'deserved success' when it was brought out at Covent Garden. Its heroine was a favourite part of Miss O'Neil and of Fanny Kemble. It was translated into Italian by Del Ongaro for Ristori, who acted it with admirable power, and there was also a French translation or adaptation in which Mademoiselle Mars took part. The 'Fall of Jerusalem' was never intended for the stage, but it had a great literary success. Murray, who had given only a hundred and fifty guineas for 'Fazio,' gave five hundred for the 'Fall of Jerusalem,' and he gave the same sum both for the 'Martyr of Antioch' and for 'Belshazzar,' which succeeded it. Neither of these, however, proved as popular as the 'Fall of Jerusalem,' but the 'Martyr of Antioch' contains that noble funeral ode beginning 'Brother, thou art gone before us, and thy saintly soul is flown,' which is familiar to numbers who are probably not aware of its authorship. It is worthy of notice that as recently as 1880 Sir Arthur Sullivan set the 'Martyr of Antioch' to music

and brought it out at the Leeds Festival, where it achieved an immediate and brilliant success, and was frequently performed.* On the other hand, 'Samor' and 'Anne Boleyn' were almost absolute failures, and, on the whole, the longer poems of Milman have not retained their popularity, and probably now rarely find a reader.

Those who turn to them will certainly be struck by the command of language and metre they display. It was shown both in rhyme and in blank verse. Many fine odes are scattered through them, and in the octosyllabic verse Milman always appears to us peculiarly happy. But his poetry, like most of the poetry that was written under the Byronic influence, was rather the poetry of rhetoric than of imagination, and it wanted both the intensity and the concentration of the great master. Stately, sonorous, fluent, unfailingly lucid, it was too lengthy and too artificial, and Lockhart was not wholly wrong in pronouncing that it showed 'fine talents but no genius,' and in urging that prose rather than poetry was the vehicle in which its author was destined to succeed. In addition, however, to the funeral ode to which we have referred, Milman has written many hymns, and some of these are of singular beauty. They appeared originally in the collection of that other great hymn-writer, Bishop Heber, who was one of his dearest friends, and one of the men to whose memory he looked back with the fondest affection. The Good Friday hymn, 'Bound upon th' accursèd tree,' the Palm Sunday hymn, 'Ride on, ride on in majesty,' and perhaps still more that exquisitely pathetic hymn (so often misprinted in modern hymn-books) beginning

'When our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,'

have long since taken their permanent place in devotional literature.

In another and very different field of poetry also he greatly excelled. He was an admirable example of that highly finished and fastidious classical scholarship which is, or was, the pride of our great public schools, and he took great pleasure in translations from the classics. He translated into verse the 'Agamemnon' of Æschylus, and the 'Bacchanals' of Euripides, and also a great number of small and much less known poems. He held the professorship of poetry at Oxford from 1821 to 1831, and as

* Laurence's 'Life of Sir A. Sullivan,' p. 310.

his lectures, according to the custom which then prevailed, were delivered in Latin, he had the happy thought of diversifying them by English metrical translations of the different poems he treated. They range over a wide field of obscure Greek poets, as well as of epitaphs, votive inscriptions, and inscriptions relating to the fine arts, and in addition to these there are translations from Sanscrit poetry—a branch of knowledge which was then very little cultivated, and to which Milman was greatly attracted. These poems the author published in 1865, but the lectures in which they were produced he committed to the flames. They had, in his opinion, lost their value through the subsequent publication of the works on the history of Greek literature by Bode, Ulrici, Otfried Müller, and Mure.

In prose his pen was exceedingly active. In 1820 he began his long connexion with the ‘Quarterly Review,’ which continued, with occasional intervals, through more than forty years. His articles extended over a great variety of subjects, but most of them were essentially reviews and essentially critical. The fact that he was both a poet and an accomplished critic of verse caused some persons to ascribe to him the authorship of two articles which had an unhappy reputation—the criticism which was falsely supposed to have hastened the death of Keats, and the attack upon the ‘Alastor’ of Shelley, a poet for whom Milman had a special admiration. It is now well known that neither of these articles was by him, but it is characteristic of his loyalty to his colleagues that he never disclaimed the authorship. This loyalty was indeed not less conspicuous in his nature than the singular kindness of disposition with which he ever shrank from giving pain. After his death a few of his many essays in the ‘Quarterly’ were collected in one volume. Among them there is an admirable account of Erasmus, with whom in mental characteristics he had considerable affinity.

In 1829 appeared his first historical work, the ‘History of the Jews,’ a work which excited a violent storm of theological indignation. The crime of Milman was that he applied to Jewish history the usual canons of historical criticism—sifting evidence, discriminating between documents, pointing out the parallelisms between Jewish conditions and those of other Oriental nations, and attempting to separate in the sacred writings the parts which were essential and revealed from those which were merely human and fallible. In a remarkable preface to a revised and

enlarged edition of this work, which was published thirty years later, he laid down very clearly the principles that had guided him. The Jewish writers, in his opinion, were

'men of their age and country who, as they spoke the language, so they thought the thoughts of their nation and their time. . . . They had no special knowledge on any subject but moral and religious truth to distinguish them from other men, and were as fallible as others on all questions of science, and even of history, extraneous to their religious teaching. . . . Their one paramount object being instruction and enlightenment in religion, they left their hearers uninstructed and unenlightened as before in other things. . . . In all other respects society, civilisation, developed itself according to its usual laws. The Hebrew in the wilderness, excepting as far as the Law modified his manners and habits, was an Arab of the desert. Abraham, except in his worship and intercourse with the One True God, was a nomad Sheik. . . . The moral and religious truth, and this alone, I apprehend, is "the Word of God" contained in the sacred writings.'

It must also, he contended, be always remembered that the Semitic records are of an 'essentially Oriental, figurative, 'poetical cast,' and that it is therefore wholly erroneous to suppose that every word can be construed with the precision of an Act of Parliament or of a simple modern historical narrative.

His attitude towards the miraculous was carefully defined. He observed the absolute impossibility of evading the conclusion that the Jewish writers, whether eye-witnesses or not, implicitly believed in 'the supernaturalism, the divine 'or miraculous agency almost throughout the older history 'of the Jews,' and that it is 'an integral, inseparable part 'of the narrative.' Sometimes it is possible 'with more or 'less probability to detect the naked fact which may lie 'beneath the imaginative or marvellous language in which 'it is recorded; but even in these cases the solution can 'be hardly more than conjectural.' In other cases 'the 'supernatural so entirely predominates and is so of the 'intimate essence of the transaction that the facts and 'the interpretation must be accepted together or rejected 'together.' In such cases it is the duty of the historian simply 'to relate the facts as recorded, to adduce his 'authorities, and to abstain from all explanation for which 'he has no ground.'

The distinction between the providential and the strictly miraculous appears to him impossible to draw. 'Belief in 'Divine Providence, in the agency of God as the Prime 'Mover in the Natural world as in the mind of Man, is an

‘inseparable part of religion. There can be no religion ‘without it.’ But in numerous cases, to distinguish between the simply providential and the strictly miraculous implies a knowledge of the working of natural causes greater than we possess; and in certain stages of civilisation, and very eminently in the Jewish mind, there is a marked tendency to suppress secondary causes, and to attribute not only the more extraordinary but also the common events of life to direct divine agency. The possibility and the reality of the miraculous he emphatically asserts.

‘The palmary miracle of all, the Resurrection, stands entirely by itself. Every attempt to resolve it into a natural event, a delusion or hallucination in the minds of the disciples, the eye-witnesses and death-defying witnesses to its truth, or to treat it as an allegory or figure of speech, is to me a signal failure. It must be accepted as the keystone—for such it is—and seal to the great Christian doctrine of a future life, as a historical fact, or rejected as a baseless fable.’

But great numbers of what were deemed miracles may be explained by natural causes, by figurative modes of expression which were common in Oriental nations, by the tendency of the human mind to embellish or exaggerate surprising facts, or invent supernatural causes for what it is unable to explain, by the retrospective imagination which seeks to dignify the distant past with a supernatural halo. The early annals of all nations are strewn with pretended miracles which no one will now maintain, and Milman shows in a powerful passage how the idea of the miraculous has been steadily contracting and receding; how dangerous it is to base the defence of Christianity on the evidence of miracles rather than on appeals to the conscience, the moral sense, the innate religiousness, the deep spiritual cravings of human nature.

Such views, though now sufficiently commonplace, seemed very novel in England when Milman wrote. Dean Stanley described his work as ‘the first decisive inroad of German ‘theology into England; the first palpable indication that ‘the Bible could be studied like another book; that the ‘characters and events of sacred history could be treated ‘at once critically and reverently.’ But though Milman was very well acquainted with German theology, he resented the notion that he was its interpreter or representative. He contended that in restricting the province of inspiration to the direct inculcation of religious truth he was following a sound Anglican tradition. He quoted the authority of Paley and Warburton, of Tillotson and Secker. In such

principles of interpretation he said he had found 'a safeguard during a long and not unreflective life against the difficulties arising out of the philosophical and historical researches of his time.' They had enabled him 'to follow out all the marvellous discoveries of science, and all those hardly less marvellous, if less certain, conclusions of historical, ethnological, linguistic criticism, in the serene confidence that they are utterly irrelevant to the truth of Christianity.' 'If on such subjects,' he concluded, 'some solid ground be not found on which highly educated, reflective, reading, reasoning men may find firm footing, I can foresee nothing but a wide, a widening—I fear, an irreparable—breach between the thought and the religion of England. A comprehensive, all-embracing, truly Catholic Christianity which knows what is essential to religion, what is temporary and extraneous to it, may defy the world.'

These words are taken from the later preface to which we have referred. In the same preface, and also in his 'History of Christianity,' may be found some interesting remarks on the German school of Biblical criticism, the greater portion of which has arisen since the original publication of the 'History of the Jews.' In many of its conclusions he had anticipated it, and he was quite as sensible as the German writers of the hopelessness of seeking scientific revelations in the Biblical narrative; of the worthlessness of most of the common schemes for reconciling science and theology; of the untrustworthy character of Jewish chronology and Jewish figures; of the grave doubts that hang over the authorship and the date of some of the books; of the necessity of making full allowance when reading them for human fallibility and inaccuracy. At the same time his admiration for the German critics was by no means unqualified. While fully admitting their extraordinary learning, industry, and ingenuity, he complained that their too common infirmity was 'a passion for making history without historical materials,' basing the most dogmatic and positive statements upon faint indications, or upon ingenious conjectures that could not legitimately go beyond a very low degree of probability. The assurance with which these writers undertook by internal evidence to decompose ancient documents, assigning each paragraph to an independent source; the decisive weight they were accustomed to give to slight improbabilities or coincidences, and to small variations of style and phraseology; the con-

fidence with which they put forward solutions or conjectures which, however ingenious or plausible, were based on no external evidence as if they were proved facts, appeared to him profoundly unhistorical.

It must have been somewhat irritating to one who clung so closely to University life, and who had been justly regarded as one of the most brilliant of Oxford scholars, to find that his own University was prominent in the condemnation of the 'History of the Jews.' Only two years before he had preached with general approbation the Bampton Lectures in defence of Christianity. His new work was again and again condemned from the University pulpits, and among others by the Margaret Professor of Divinity, and by the Hulsean lecturer for 1832. The clamour was naturally taken up in many other quarters, and especially by the religious newspapers. It was noticed that 'Milman's History' appeared in the window of Carlisle, the infidel bookseller.

'I only wish,' wrote Milman, when the fact was brought to his notice, 'all Carlisle's customers would read it. A noble lord once wrote to the bishop of a certain diocese to complain that a baronet who lived in the same parish brought his mistress to church, which sorely shocked his regular family. The bishop gravely assured him that he was very glad to hear that Sir —— brought his naughty lady to church, and hoped that she would profit by what she heard there and amend her ways. So say I of Carlisle's customers.'*

The Jews themselves were much pleased and flattered by the book, and subscribed a piece of plate as a testimonial to the author.

The opinions expressed in this, as in his later works, no doubt in some degree obstructed the promotion of Milman in the Church, but he had no reason to regret it. Of all men, he once said, he thought he owed most to Bishop Blomfield, for there was once a question of offering him a bishopric, and it was a remonstrance of the Bishop of London that prevented it. 'I am afraid,' he said, 'that if it had been offered me I should have accepted it, and I should then never have written my "Latin Christianity."' But, though he escaped the fate which has cut short the best work of more than one distinguished historian, his conspicuous position among the scholars and writers in the Church was widely recognised, and he was soon transferred from a provincial town to a central position in the Metropolis.

* Smith's 'Memoirs of J. Murray,' ii. p. 300.

In 1835 Sir Robert Peel made him Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and Prebendary in the Abbey. Though continuing without intermission his historical work, he appears to have discharged with exemplary vigour the duties of a large and poor parish until 1849, when Lord John Russell appointed him Dean of St. Paul's. The position was exactly suited to him. It was one of much dignity, but also of much leisure, and it gave him ample opportunities of pursuing the studies which were the true work of his life.

The great subject of the history of Christianity was, indeed, continually before him. Among other things, he studied minutely both the text and the authorities of Gibbon, for whom he had a deep and growing admiration. An excellent edition of Gibbon was one of the first results. Milman's notes have been included in Smith's later edition, and, though a large proportion of them were naturally somewhat controversial, being devoted to refuting some of the conclusions of the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters, it is impossible to read them without recognising the candour as well as the learning and the acumen of the critic. Few things that Milman has written are finer than the preface in which, in ten or twelve masterly pages, he sums up his estimate of his great predecessor.

The three volumes of the 'History of Christianity,' dealing with its early history up to the period of the abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire, appeared in 1840, and they were followed by the six large volumes of the 'History of Latin Christianity,' carrying the history of the Western Church to the end of the Pontificate of Nicholas V. in 1455. This great work was published in two instalments—the first three volumes in 1854, and the remaining three in the following year—and it gave its author indisputably the first place among the ecclesiastical historians of England and a high place among the historians of the nineteenth century. He possessed, indeed, in an eminent degree some of the qualities that are most rare, and at the same time most valuable, in ecclesiastical history. A large proportion of the most learned ecclesiastical historians have been men who have devoted their whole lives to this single department of knowledge, who derived from it all their measures of probability and canons of criticism, and who, treating it as an isolated and mainly supernatural thing, have taken very little account of the intellectual and political secular influences that have largely shaped its course. Most of them also have been men who undertook their task with convic-

tions and habits of thought that were absolutely incompatible with real independence and impartiality of judgement in estimating either the events or the characters they described. Milman was wholly free from these defects. His wide knowledge, his cool, critical, admirably trained judgement, were never better shown than in the many pages in which he has pointed out the analogies or resemblances between Jewish and other Oriental beliefs; the manner in which national characteristics or secular intellectual tendencies affected theological types; the countless modifications in belief or practice which grew up, as the Church accommodated itself to the conditions of successive ages and entered into alliance or conflict with different political systems; the many indirect, subtle, far-reaching ways in which the world and the Church interacted upon each other in all the great departments of speculation, art, industry, social and political life. A certain aloofness and coldness of judgement in dealing with sacred subjects was the reproach which was most frequently brought against him. As he himself said, he wrote rather as an historian than a religious instructor, and he dealt with his subject chiefly in its temporal, social, and political aspects. Justice and impartiality of judgement to friend and foe he deemed one of the first moral duties of an historian, and Dean Church was not wrong in ascribing to him a quite 'unusual combination of the strongest feeling about right and wrong with the largest equity.' 'What a delightful book, so tolerant of the intolerant!' was his characteristic eulogy of the work of another writer, and it truly reflects the turn of his own mind. Provost Hawtrey, who was no mean judge of men, said, after an intimacy of nearly fifty years, that he had never known a man who possessed in a greater degree than Milman the virtue of Christian charity in its highest and rarest form. It was a gift which stood him in good stead in dealing with the very blended characters, the tangled politics, the often misguided enthusiasms of ecclesiastical history. While he was constitutionally extremely averse to the moral casuistry which confuses the boundaries of right and wrong, he had too sound a grasp of the evolution of history to fall into the common error of judging the acts of one age by the moral standards of another. His history was eminently a history of large lines and broad tendencies. The growth, influence, and decline of the Papacy—the distinctive characteristics of Latin and Teutonic Christianity; the effect of Christianity on jurisprudence; the monastic system in its various phases;

the rise and conquests of Mohammedanism; the severance of Greek from Latin Christianity; Charlemagne, Hildebrand, the Crusades, the Templars, the Great Councils; the decay of Latin and the rise of modern languages; the influence of the Church on literature, painting, sculpture, and architecture—are but a few of the great subjects he has treated, always with knowledge and intelligence, often with conspicuous brilliancy.

In so vast a field there were, no doubt, many subjects which have been treated with a greater fulness and completeness by other writers. There are some in which subsequent research has gone far to supersede what Milman has written, and inaccuracies of detail not unfrequently crept into his work; but in the truthfulness of its broad lines, in the sagacity of its estimates both of men and events, it holds a high place among the histories of the world. Very few historians have combined in a larger measure the three great requisites of knowledge, soundness of judgement, and inexorable love of truth. The growth and modifications of doctrines and the minutiae of religious controversies were, however, subjects in which he took little interest, and though they could not be excluded from an ecclesiastical history, they are dealt with only in a slight and cursory manner. Those who desire to study in detail this side of ecclesiastical history will find other histories much more useful. Critics of different religious schools have complained that his mind was essentially secular; that he had a low sense of the certainty and the importance of dogma; that there were some classes of ecclesiastical writers who have been deeply revered in the Church with whom he had no real sympathy; that the spirit of criticism was stronger in his book than the spirit of reverence; that he did not do full justice to the spiritual and inner side of the religion he described. He looked upon it, they said, too externally. He valued it as a moral revolution, the introduction of new principles of virtue and new rules for individual and social happiness. Much of this criticism would probably have been accepted with but little qualification by Milman himself. He would have said that what these writers complained of was in the main inseparable from an historical as distinguished from a devotional treatment of his subject. He would have added that no form of human history reveals so clearly as ecclesiastical history the fallibility, the credulity, the intolerance of the human mind, or requires more imperatively the constant exercise of independent judgement

and of fearless and unsparing criticism, and that, if the history of the Church is ever to be written with profit, it must be written in such a spirit. Of his own deeper convictions he seldom spoke; but in the concluding page of his 'Latin Christianity' there is a passage of profound interest. Leaving it, as he says, to the future historian of religion to say what part of the ancient dogmatic system may be allowed to fall silently into disuse, and what transformations the interpretation of the Sacred Writings may still undergo, he adds these significant words:—

'As it is my own confident belief that the words of Christ, and His words alone (the primal indefeasible truths of Christianity), shall not pass away, so I cannot presume to say that men may not attain to a clearer, at the same time more full, comprehensive, and balanced sense of those words, than has as yet been generally received in the Christian world. As all else is transient and mutable, these only eternal and universal, assuredly whatever light may be thrown on the mental constitution of man, even on the constitution of nature and the laws which govern the world, will be concentrated so as to give a more penetrating vision of those undying truths. . . . Christianity may yet have to exercise a far wider, even if more silent and untraceable influence, through its primary, all-pervading principles, on the civilisation of mankind.'

Macaulay, speaking of the 'History of Latin Christianity' in his Journal, says, 'I was more impressed than ever by the contrast between the substance and the style: the substance is excellent; the style very much otherwise.' Looking at it from a purely literary point of view, it had undoubtedly great merits. Milman had an admirable sense of proportion—a rare quality in history. He was invariably lucid, and it is easy to cull from his history many characters excellently drawn, many pages of vivid narrative, or terse and weighty criticism. Still, on the whole his historic style is on a much lower level than that of Macaulay, Buckle, and Froude, though it will compare, we think, not unfavourably with that of Hallam and Grote. The points of controversy are usually relegated to his notes, which contain a great mass of curious learning and excellent criticism. The reader who turns to them from works of the German School will be struck by his strong English common sense and grasp of facts, and his dislike of subtle far-fetched ingenuities of explanation. He has the crowning merit of being always readable, and his strong sane moral sense never left him. He was probably at his best in the later volumes, when he could treat his subject like secular history and was

free from the embarrassing theological difficulties of the earlier portion, and he is especially admirable in those chapters which give scope to his wide literary and artistic sympathies. He was an excellent Italian scholar and keenly sensible of the beauties of Italian literature, and his love of the ancient classics never left him. There was something at once characteristic and amusing in the delight which he again and again expressed, after the termination of his *History*, at being able to return to them after spending so many years in reading bad Latin and Greek. In taste and character he was indeed pre-eminently a man of letters, and as such he ranks in the first line among his contemporaries.

The outburst of indignation that in some quarters had greeted the first appearance of the '*History of the Jews*' was not repeated when that work was republished in an enlarged form. Nor does it appear to have arisen on the appearance of the two later histories. Newman reviewed the '*History of Early Christianity*' at great length, speaking with much personal respect of the writer, though he was naturally extremely hostile to its spirit. The difference between the High Church sentiment and the mind of Milman was indeed organic. Milman's own type of thought was formed before the Tractarian movement had begun; the sacerdotal spirit was thoroughly alien to him, and his profound study of ecclesiastical history had certainly not tended to attract him to it. He fully recognised both the abilities and the piety of Newman, and he described his secession as perhaps the greatest loss the Church of England had experienced since the Reformation; but he disliked his opinions, he profoundly distrusted the whole character of his mind and reasonings, and he early foresaw that he could never find a permanent resting-place in the English Church. In the posthumous volume of *Essays* there will be found a full and most searching examination of Newman's '*Essay on Development*,' in which these points of difference are clearly shown. For Keble, Milman entertained warmer feelings. They were contemporaries, and at one time most intimate friends. In the field of sacred poetry they had been fellow labourers. Keble had succeeded Milman as professor of poetry, and Milman had been one of the few persons who had read the '*Christian Year*' in manuscript. When, after Keble's death, a committee was appointed to erect a memorial to his memory, Milman was much hurt at finding that it was determined to give it a distinctly Trac-

tarian character, and that his own name was deliberately excluded. In Milman's last years the Oxford movement had begun to assume its ritualistic form, and questions of vestments and ceremonies and candles came to the forefront. With all this Milman had no sympathy. 'After the drama,' he said of it, 'the melo-drama!'

It was a remarkable coincidence that for some years the two deaneries of London were both held by brilliant men of letters and by men with the strongest theological sympathy. A feeling of warm personal affection united Milman and Stanley, and there was something peculiarly touching in the almost filial attitude which Stanley assumed towards his older colleague. In one point, however, they differed greatly. Stanley was a keen fighter. He threw himself into the forefront of ecclesiastical controversies, and was never seen to greater advantage than when leading a small minority, defying inveterate prejudice, defending an unpopular cause. Milman could seldom be tempted to follow his example. He pleaded old age and declining strength, but, in truth, though he never flinched from the avowal of his own opinions, he had a deep and increasing distaste for religious controversies and Church politics. He was rarely seen in Convocation, and he always regarded its revival as a misfortune. He proposed, however, in it a petition for the discontinuance of the use of the State services commemorating the martyrdom of Charles I., the restoration of Charles II., the discovery of the gunpowder plot, and the Revolution of 1688; and Parliament soon after adopted his view. He also sat on the Royal Commission in 1864 for considering the subject of clerical subscription. He took on this occasion a characteristic line, advocating a complete abolition of the subscription of the Articles, and desiring that the sole test of membership of the Church should be the acceptance of the Liturgy and the Creeds. In 1865 he received an invitation, which greatly gratified him, to preach before the University of Oxford the annual sermon on Hebrew prophecy. The sermon was delivered in the pulpit of St. Mary's, where many years before he had been so vehemently condemned for views on the same subject, no one of which, as he truly said, he had either recanted or modified. His sermon was afterwards printed, and would form a worthy chapter of his 'History of the Jews.' In the Colenso controversy he had no great sympathy with either side. Many of Bishop Colenso's arguments appeared to him crude or exaggerated, and he dissented from many of

his conclusions, but he considered that he had been treated with gross injustice and intolerance, and he accordingly subscribed to his defence fund. For the rest, he confined his ecclesiastical life as much as possible to his own cathedral, where he presided over the State funeral of the Duke of Wellington, and where he introduced the custom of throwing open the nave to evening services. His last and unfinished work was his '*Annals of St. Paul*,' investigating its history and portraying with his old learning and with much of his old felicity the lives of his predecessors.

It was however in secular literary society that he was most fitted to shine, and there he passed many of his happiest hours. The usual honours of a distinguished man of letters clustered thickly around him. He was a trustee of the British Museum; an honorary member of the Royal Academy; a correspondent of the Institut of France. He was also a member of '*The Club*'—the small dining club which was founded in 1764 by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Johnson, and which since then has included in its fortnightly dinners the great majority of those Englishmen who in many walks of life have been most distinguished by their genius or their accomplishments. He was elected to it in 1836, three years before Macaulay, and he became one of its most constant attendants. In 1841 '*The Club*' made him its treasurer, and he held that position for twenty-three years, and presided over the centenary dinner in 1864. He was also an original member of the Philobiblon Society, which has brought together many curious and hitherto unknown documents, and he wrote for it a short paper on Michael Scott the Wizard, who, as he showed, had been once offered the Archbishopric of Cashel. He was never a keen politician, but he was intimate with a long succession of leading statesmen, and he contributed to Sir Cornwall Lewis's '*Administrations of Great Britain*' a full and valuable letter on the relations of Pitt and Addington, which was largely based on his own recollections of the latter statesman.

London society in the middle of the century was much smaller and less mixed than at present, and there was then a distinctively literary or at least intellectual society which can now hardly be said to exist. The most eminent men of letters came more frequently together. Criticism was in fewer and perhaps stronger hands, and was to a larger extent representative of the opinions expressed in such social gatherings. In this kind of society Milman was long

a foremost figure. He had all the gifts that fit men for it—not only brilliancy, knowledge, and versatility, but also unfailing tact, a rare charm of courtesy, a singularly wide tolerance. He was quick and generous in recognising rising talent, and he had that sympathetic touch which seldom failed to elicit what was best in those with whom he came in contact. Few men possessed more eminently the genius of friendship—the power of attaching others—the power of attaching himself to others. In the long list of his intimate friends Macaulay, Sir Charles Lyell, and Sir George Cornewall Lewis were, we believe, conspicuous. Like most men of this type, he found the multiplying gaps around him the chief trial of old age. Not long before he died, there was an exhibition of contemporary portraits, but though Milman went to it he could not go through it. ‘When I found ‘myself,’ he said, ‘surrounded by the likenesses—often the ‘miserable likenesses—of so many I had known and loved, it ‘was more than I could bear.’

An admirable portrait by Watts which is reproduced in this volume will recall to those who knew him his appearance in old age—his strong masculine features beaming with intelligence, his grand shaggy brows, his bright and penetrating eyes. An illness affecting the spine had bowed him nearly double, and there are still those who will remember how his bent figure seemed projected, almost like a bird in its flight, across the dinner table, while his eager brilliant talk delighted and fascinated his hearers. In his last years increasing deafness obliged him to narrow the circle of his social life, but he retained to the end all the vividness of his mind and sympathies, and when at length death came in his seventy-eighth year, it found him in the midst of unfinished work. His life was not of a kind to win wide popularity and to give him a conspicuous place among the great masses of his nation, but few English clergymen of his generation made so deep an impression on those who came in contact with them or have left works of such enduring value behind them.

ART. XI.—1. *The Queen's Speech on the Opening of Parliament, January 30, 1900.*

2. *Correspondence with the Presidents of the South African Republic and the Orange Free State respecting the War. Presented to Parliament March 1900.*

IN the time of the Crimean War the late Prince Consort stirred in no small degree the public mind by declaring that 'constitutional government was under a heavy trial,' and could only successfully pass through it if the country would grant a patriotic, indulgent, and self-denying confidence to Her Majesty's Government.* Nearly half a century later the Prime Minister, from his place in the House of Lords, questions the efficacy of the British Constitution as 'an instrument of war,' and mournfully suggests that with such a handicap the British nation can hardly expect that the beginnings, at least, of its military operations should be crowned with success.† Yet a survey of the history of Europe might well make us doubt whether Continental systems of government have in truth proved themselves much more efficient than our own even in the conduct of war, while *we* are saved from those civil and domestic dangers which in some countries attend almost as a matter of course upon reverses in the field.

In our recent difficulties that condition of success, so rightly postulated by the Prince Consort, has fortunately existed. The British people have been practically united in the desire to support the Government of the day in achieving complete and rapid victory over the forces of the two South African Republics. They grudge no sacrifices of men or money which may be necessary for this purpose. They ask only to be led to victory, and to be shown how best to place the whole Empire in a position of impregnable defence. So strong, indeed, has run the popular feeling of the moment in the direction of strengthening Her Majesty's Government that there has been some danger lest the voice of criticism and free comment, which it is never wise or safe to dispense with, should be altogether silenced.

The situation in which the country has found itself has been a grave one. Our arms had received the most

* Speech at the Trinity House, June 1855.

† Speech of Lord Salisbury in the Debate on the Address in the House of Lords, January 30, 1900.

unexpected checks, and the public mind has been filled with anxiety. Under these circumstances the country and the Houses of Parliament have rallied in a fashion rarely before seen in support of the Government of the day. We rejoice at it, without however at all sharing what is apparently the view of a large portion of the public represented by articles and letters in newspapers, and by the thoughtless talk of 'the man in the street,' that free political discussion and debate from various standpoints, which is, of course, the very life and soul of our parliamentary system, need be or ought to be suspended. It is against the conduct of the House of Commons especially, that during the stress of war, and in the excitement of the public mind necessarily accompanying it, these censors of the Constitution have directed their indignant remonstrances. To take some of these critics literally, and to follow out their reasoning logically, would lead us at once to the appointment of a Dictator. Political criticism, if it is to be permitted at all, is in their view to be reserved for anonymous writers in the press. It is, it seems, the privilege of the newspapers in a country happy in a 'free press' to discuss great questions of policy, other debate being superfluous—to decide, for instance, upon peace or war. It is the humbler, but necessary, function of the House of Commons to provide, either in silence or amidst an unbroken chorus of praise of the Administration, sufficient supplies to carry out the policy thus decreed!

In sober truth the House of Commons and Parliament have upon their shoulders little or no responsibility for the policy of the war, good or bad, in South Africa. Indeed, it is believed by some very competent judges of parliamentary opinion that had the session of 1899 continued without interruption throughout the months of August and September no war would have taken place. However this may be, there can be no doubt that during July the prevailing sentiment among responsible members of Parliament on both sides of the House was that a prudent statesmanship and a conciliatory diplomacy would succeed in maintaining peace—that war would not, and ought not, to come about. The grievances of the Outlanders were great and undeniable, though they had been enormously exaggerated by the friends of the Chartered Company. They were productive of the greatest irritation, a feeling which was utilised by the extremists of both factions—Outlander and Boer—in South Africa, who wanted war, or

at least what was attainable only by war; and it was eminently desirable, in the interest of peace, that these grievances should be removed. Still, in July last, men seriously asked themselves whether war against the South African Republic was the wisest method of redressing those grievances, and of bringing about an improved state of things in South Africa generally. It seemed at that time that it was wise to consider not only the weight of the grievances, but the cost of the remedy. In short, the question then was, or seemed to be, whether war with the Republic would produce over and above its necessary cost in blood and money a great balance of profit, in an improved system of government in the Transvaal, in better relations between English and Dutch throughout South Africa, and in an increase of strength to the Empire.

We dealt six months ago with the diplomatic controversy which, while it lasted, exacerbated rather than allayed the irritation between the two Governments and nations, and finally broke down in war. Yet there is the greatest reason for doubting whether Messrs. Kruger and Joubert were in truth much more desirous of war than Lord Salisbury's Cabinet. That the invasion of Natal and Cape Colony was but part of a great Dutch conspiracy running through the whole of South Africa to drive the British into the sea has been alleged, but no evidence worthy of the name has been adduced in support of this portentous theory of the origin of the war, and it is not now generally credited. On the other hand it is clear that Kruger wished to make of the Transvaal an entirely free and independent sovereign state. That the Boers had been arming for years in view of a possible conflict with Great Britain had of course been long known to our Government and to all who had taken any interest in South African affairs. Captain Younghusband, in his excellent and impartial book,* has described how, on revisiting the Transvaal after the Raid, he found the Boers determined never again to be 'caught napping;' and it was in the years following the Raid that in the main the military preparations of the Boers were made. They believed, we imagine, that it was the deliberate policy of Mr. Rhodes to paint the whole of South Africa red, and that it was only by their own force of arms that this could be resisted. Our diplomacy unfortunately never succeeded in dispelling from

* 'South Africa of To-day,' by Captain Francis Younghusband, C.I.E. Second edition, London, 1899.

the suspicious Boer mind the belief that the treacherous schemes laid against their independence by the promoters of the Raid were secretly favoured by the Imperial Government, who would, they thought, have heartily welcomed its success. Popular feeling had, in truth, before the diplomatic controversy ended, become bitterly excited both in South Africa and at home, and it would have required very strong as well as peace-loving statesmen here and in the Transvaal to exercise the virtue of patience, to control the impetuosity of their countrymen, and to withstand the passion of the hour. Our own Government, indeed, up to the very last believed that President Kruger would yield to pressure and the fear of war. They were curiously ill-informed of the spirit which animated the Government and people of the Transvaal. To many of the English of Johannesburg that Government seemed nothing but a corrupt ring of adventurers, and the Boers a few thousand lazy loafers, whose heads had been turned by the much-magnified triumph won over a few English companies at Majuba Hill, and who would never stand up against a well-led division of the British army. There were Englishmen who knew the Transvaal and its inhabitants better than this, but they had not, like the voice of Johannesburg, the ear of the British people. These men at least were not surprised when, at the calling out of the reserves for service in South Africa, President Kruger, instead of being frightened into surrender, replied by his famous ultimatum, and crossed the frontier of Natal; and so it came about that Parliament, prorogued in August in the sanguine belief in the continuance of peace, met again in October to vote supplies in a war already begun by the actual invasion of the dominions of the Queen.

From that time to the present the only questions in which the country has taken the slightest interest are the progress of the war and the military situation of Great Britain and the Empire. It has been, since October last, perfectly clear to British common sense that however much beforehand war was to be deprecated, however much it had been the duty of statesmanship to do its very utmost, consistent with honour, to avoid it, the struggle having once begun, it has become essential to our own continuance in South Africa as a Power at all that the overwhelming might of the Empire should be established by force of arms beyond all manner of doubt or question. It is true that there had been grievous misunderstandings and ill-founded suspicions on both sides, and that

the Boer people believed, with an intensity of conviction to which their resistance has been a witness, that recourse to arms was the only method by which they could preserve their much-prized national independence. Nevertheless, the question once put to the test of war, and in the last resort so put by the Boers themselves—Who is the stronger, Boer or Briton?—there can, it is clear, be no possibility of stable equilibrium in South Africa (we say nothing of the stability of the British Empire) till that question has been answered unmistakably and once for all.

It is only fair to the Government to recollect when their unpreparedness for war is alleged against them that in October last their preparations were on such a scale as to surpass the expectations not only of the general public but also of those who were supposed to have special information on all South African questions—their military advisers, Mr. Rhodes, indeed all men. The Cape and Natal Governments realised perhaps more accurately than other people, what a terrible thing war would be for all concerned. In England the general belief was that our forces had been provided on such a very large scale in order to make a rapid end of all resistance, and so lessen the effusion of blood! Why was it that we all of us held so cheap the martial strength of the Boer nation? The Boers, it was said, and with truth, had no regular army, while the whole Dutch population of the Transvaal, with women and children, was estimated at about 150,000 at the outside—less, therefore, than that of many medium-sized English towns such as Portsmouth or Cardiff. How could the farmers of the veldt and the shopmen of Pretoria and Johannesburg possibly resist for many weeks together the army of 75,000 highly disciplined and splendidly armed troops which before the end of November had arrived in Cape Colony and Natal from England and India, under the command of the ablest generals it was in the power of the Government to select? So far as has been yet ascertained, the information supplied to the Government by the Intelligence Department was substantially accurate as to the material strength, i.e. as to the numbers of men the two republics could put in the field against us, and the character and quantity of their equipment. In 1898 that Department had printed for private circulation a book (of which a fresh edition was printed only last June) in which the number of men in the Transvaal liable for service was reckoned at 31,000, including the police, and in the Orange Free State at 20,000, or 51,000 in all, and 4,000 were estimated as the sort of number

who might come to the aid of the Boers from across the British frontier and from foreign countries. They carried the Mauser rifle, but were unprovided with bayonets or other arms for hand-to-hand fighting. As to ordnance, in 1898 our Government was informed that the Transvaal possessed sixteen Creusot 15 c. guns, and in June last twenty-one 37 millimètre automatic guns, and nine 75 millimètre guns, all ranking as field guns, and four howitzer 4·7 guns, and that in September last eleven more 75 millimètre guns were introduced, while the Orange Free State had two batteries, or twelve 75 millimètre guns, or 73 guns in all, and there were besides some dozen and a half of old guns of various patterns in the country before 1891.*

According to the military authorities consulted by the Government—including, it need scarcely be said, every eminent soldier acquainted with South Africa—the measures taken in the first instance were amply sufficient, first to protect Natal and ultimately to defeat any armies the Republics could put into the field. Yet when Parliament met at the end of January, nearly four months after the issue of President Kruger's ultimatum, the Boer forces were not only unvanquished but were still in the occupation of wide districts of British territory, they had captured nineteen British guns, and had caused a loss to our forces in killed, wounded, and missing of about 10,000 men. In February, when Mr. George Wyndham made his statement in the House of Commons on the military situation, the British army in South Africa, with the South African levies and the Colonial contingents, numbered nearly 200,000 men; yet Ladysmith, and the large force which held it, remained closely invested after several vigorous but vain attempts by Sir Redvers Buller to relieve it, and the fate of Kimberley and Mafeking seemed hardly more hopeful. This assuredly was war of a very different kind and on a very different scale from what had been contemplated by the Government and their advisers, civil and military, in South Africa and at home. The public in each country had naturally gone far beyond the Government in the lightness of heart with which it welcomed the prospect of war. Neither among the British nor the Boers, by the end of September last, had counsels of patience or of peace much chance of obtaining a hearing. War had, indeed, then become inevitable, not

* See Speech of Mr. Wyndham in the debate on the Address in the House of Commons, February 1, 1900.

because the conditions of the controversy made conciliation or compromise impossible or very difficult, but because of the heated passions of the hour. In different ways, but to each contending nation, has the war proved a very different matter from what was anticipated. For us ultimate victory was always certain. But we had not counted the cost of winning it, nor weighed beforehand its probable value when won. The ignorance of the vast majority of the Boers misled them both as to the cause of the war and its inevitable issue.

It was natural enough that the British public, listening only to what it wished to hear, should have heartily despised the apparently puny strength of the enemy and have looked forward to a rapid and victorious march to Pretoria. The Orange Free State having joined the Transvaal was a circumstance which would greatly facilitate this march—so it was said in the confident humour of last October. But how comes it that the Government and the military experts, accurately informed, as we have seen, of the strength in men and matériel of the enemy, should have miscalculated so completely his power of resistance? Seldom indeed have the resources of an enemy been better known to his opponent before the outbreak of war than (thanks to Sir John Ardagh and the Intelligence Department) were those of the Boers to British statesmen and soldiers. Why, then, this misreckoning as to the use our enemy would make of his comparatively limited resources? It is said with truth that the country round Ladysmith, and the country through which our troops under Lord Methuen fought their way almost to Kimberley, were eminently suited for defence by such forces as the Boers possessed; but the country was well known to us beforehand, and many of our soldiers had had practical experience of campaigning in Natal. What was under-estimated in all forecasts was the fighting capacity of the Boer himself. We knew all about his arms, and his armament, and his country, and our country; but after all, in spite of all the changes introduced into modern warfare, national strength depends upon the character and quality of the men who wield the arms and the spirit that moves them, and in the Boers we have found an enemy, not indeed forming a drilled and highly disciplined army, but which is a veritable nation in arms, animated with the passionate belief that it is fighting for its national existence and independence. A large and difficult country, inhabited by men such as these, all history tells us, is not easily conquered.

Englishmen have been somewhat misled by hearing the Boer Government continually talked of as a mere 'oligarchy' of self-interested individuals who wished to keep all power to themselves. If that were all, the opposition of the Transvaal would very soon have crumpled into nothing. The South African Republic is, however, based on the most democratic and popular lines; and though during the last few years the gold mines have drawn into one district a very large and preponderating number of foreigners, and the Boers have become a minority, that has not extinguished the national sentiment or the democratic character that belongs to the older inhabitants of the country. In all probability there was much corruption in Pretoria in high place; but our mistake has been in not recognising that we had opposed to us something more formidable than the selfish interests of a corrupt gang of politicians, viz. the spirit of independence of a nation.

Strife between Great Britain and the South African Republic, after what had happened in the past, whatever the present cause of quarrel, and however just it might be, would necessarily become nothing less than a war for *the conquest of the Transvaal*. Now the attempt to subject by force of arms a people of European blood to British rule is an unpleasant as well as novel task upon which to expend the energies of Englishmen. This was no doubt one of many good reasons why coolheaded as well as patriotic Englishmen strove even to the date of the Boer ultimatum to avoid a war which they foresaw was clearly destined to bring many calamities to ourselves as well as to others in its train. Since war has come, it is now the duty of Englishmen first of all to make it completely successful, and secondly to draw from it the great object which the British nation have sought by it, viz. the establishment of wise, just, and equal government among the European inhabitants of South Africa. So far the first duty has absorbed all our thoughts and energies; but the second is now rising above the horizon, and it will be found in the long run to be the more difficult of accomplishment.

Nothing could have been better than the way in which the British nation took the great disappointments of the early months of the war. It could not but be that here and there unjust censure and ignorant criticism made themselves heard, and that the desire for a scapegoat took possession of the more feather-headed part of the community. One, two, or three ministers must be at once dismissed. Private

favour had caused the appointment of unfit commanders. Nay, one British general had, on the very eve of war, been actually intriguing with the enemy, or at least had purposely left British territory unprotected! But this excited and foolish language found no favour with the general public, and parliamentary debate in a very few days cleared the air, and brought to men's minds a far juster appreciation of the work that had been done by the Government and the War Department to meet the great and unexpected difficulties of the situation. Mere party criticism found hardly any place in public or parliamentary discussion. With the exception of the Irish Nationalist members the House of Commons was practically at one as to providing all the means asked for by the Government to bring the war to a victorious and rapid conclusion. The Opposition by way of protest brought forward and pressed to a division an amendment to the address condemning the Government for want of foresight and for mismanagement of the negotiations preceding the war, and then, having placed their view on record, proceeded to crowd into the Government lobbies in support of the very large votes for men and money which were asked for. Surely men must have little knowledge of English history who find in the events of the present Session an example of parliamentary factiousness, and must set but little value on the British Constitution if they find no place in it for criticism by a House of Commons Opposition!

It is quite certain that no Government carrying on unsuccessful war for any length of time can long remain in office. It must win or go. The want of success may not be attributable to any faults of the Government of the day; but assuredly it would be held responsible all the same for any prolonged failure of British arms. It is, for instance, clear enough that the three great reverses of the second week of December at Stormberg, Magersfontein, and Colenso were due to events on the field with which neither Government nor War Department had anything whatever to do. It has been the duty of the Government to repair our misfortunes, to call out and organise the power of the nation, and to restore as quickly as possible the shaken prestige of our arms. The House of Commons and the country were told by Mr. Wyndham in the debate on the address what measures had been taken, and were being taken, with this object; or rather with the double object, first of all of bringing the South African war to a satisfactory conclusion, and, secondly, of strengthening for the future the military

position of the Empire. Into the details of these proposals we do not intend on the present occasion to enter. We prefer to call the attention of our readers to some of the main lessons of the war, in their bearing on the general position and interests of the nation.

For four months it is hardly too much to say that our arms met with uniform want of success in the field. If the word 'defeat' ought not to be used of several severe actions in which we were engaged, it is certain that the objects for which those engagements were fought were not attained. Indeed, had the Boers possessed that mobility which it has been the fashion to attribute to them, had they shown as much capacity for pushing home their successes as in repelling the attacks of their enemy, our difficulties would have become veritable disasters. For certain purposes the Boers constitute in all probability as effective a fighting force as any army in the world. But they have the defects of their qualities; and on more than one occasion it was fortunate for the British generals in the field that they were not opposed by Frenchmen or Germans. Yet there is no reason for supposing that French or German troops, had they had *our* work to do, would have been one whit more successful than we were in the early months of the campaign; while it is quite certain that the transport of so great an army to so great a distance in so short a time was entirely beyond the power of any other nation. That an army of 180,000 men should have been landed in South Africa, without the loss of a single man, and that ammunition and stores and transport for so great a force should have been despatched, with only insignificant losses, from home and from distant lands, are great facts which loom large, we may feel confident, in the keen eyes of continental critics. To a nation not possessed of naval supremacy such things would be impossible. In our case they are an extraordinary demonstration of power and of organisation. We have been hitherto accustomed to regard ourselves as a nation powerful, perhaps all-powerful, in defence; supreme at sea, capable of reinforcing our troops, if need be, in India and elsewhere, and of sending an expeditionary force of a few thousand men to carry on those 'little wars' against African or Oriental nations in which we are so constantly involved; but we did not consider ourselves a great military power in the continental sense at all. Till the last few months we believed that our colonies stood in no need of the presence of Imperial troops. Why, then, should we require to have ready for service

across the seas so huge an army? The quarrel with President Kruger is bringing about consequences quite unconnected with South Africa. In result it may go far to alter the standpoint from which Englishmen regard the military problem of the Empire.

On the Continent an almost universally hostile press has been gloating over greatly exaggerated accounts of the checks and reverses to our arms, while it has pretended to believe that the military strength of the British Empire is a sham and a delusion, and that it had been reserved for what it describes as that brave little nation, the Boers, to 'prick the bladder'! No doubt owing to recent British victories, the continental press has somewhat changed its note. But, in all soberness, let us ask, has this war betrayed our weakness or revealed our strength? On the whole, in spite of many disappointments, of some mismanagement, of local and temporary failures due to an utter misreckoning of the difficulties to be encountered, a satisfactory answer can safely be given to the question. It may be that our policy has been to blame for generations past in limiting the scale of our military preparations, and in refusing to contemplate as a probability to be provided against the despatch over sea of a British army of 150,000 men. We do not say this is so, though it is clear that our present Government is to blame, along with its civil and military advisers in South Africa and at home, for not more correctly estimating the severity of the struggle on which the country was entering. The nation, in truth, was taken by surprise, when it should have been forewarned. But has the surprise found us lamentably deficient in military strength, and in means to repair an unhappy situation which should hardly have occurred? In our last number we referred to the military exigencies arising from the 'entanglements' of Ladysmith and Kimberley. The reverses of the middle of December served to put the nation on its mettle, and in a very few weeks, thanks to the patriotism of the people and the energy of the Government, the strength of the army in South Africa was more than doubled, and Lord Roberts began a campaign under infinitely more favourable circumstances than his predecessors. Nothing short of a surprise of this kind would have tested some parts of our system. There have been military critics in recent years who have treated even our 80,000 reservists as little better than a paper force! But that militia, volunteers, and yeomanry should come forward in tens of thousands for service with

the regular army in a far distant land, and should at once prove themselves capable and efficient soldiers, has been little less than a revelation. With an army of conscripts it is no easy task for a Continental nation to despatch troops to the remoter regions of the earth. With a military system based upon volunteering everybody wants to go!

When we endeavour to weigh the results of experience hitherto gained by the struggle in South Africa, we find little to justify the belief that changes in modern warfare are likely to tell against the security of the Empire. Not soon again, let us hope, shall we find ourselves engaged in the work of conquest with men of European blood for our foes. Our wars will probably be defensive wars, whether waged in Europe or elsewhere. The efficiency of irregular troops with modern weapons in defensive positions has been demonstrated. The Boer successes have been won by the rifle—it is hardly too much to say by the rifle alone—aided only by the spade. We have been taught by sharp experience how large must be an invading army which is to defeat even very limited numbers of irregular riflemen who know how to use their weapons and avail themselves of natural or hastily constructed defences. Do these lessons make us feel less competent to defeat an invading army at home or in India?

It is natural that uneasiness should be felt at the isolated position in which the country stands. Of the ill-will of every great continental nation, with the exception of Italy, it is unhappily hardly possible to doubt. True, the interest of every one of them lies in maintaining peace with Great Britain, and this is probably well understood by their rulers and statesmen. Unfortunately the history of the origins of war shows that enlightened self-interest has far less part in causing national strife than the jealousies, suspicions, and angry temper that take possession of men's souls. Peace, for instance, throughout South Africa was demonstrably the first interest of the British colonies and of the two republics, and was at least among the first interests of the British Empire. Yet a devastating war has been raging where all wise men saw the necessity of patience and the advantages of peace! So, perhaps, it may be in Europe, and it has been manifestly the duty of our Government to spare no expense and to strain every effort to bring this war rapidly to a satisfactory conclusion, lest the prolongation of British difficulties in South Africa should seem to offer to rival nations an opportunity of indulging their ill-will in some

more serious fashion than the vapourings of their daily papers.

During the first weeks of war we heard much of the terms which we should be ready to grant to our vanquished foes ; but as the war went on, and as the severity of the struggle was better realised, men felt it was both more prudent and more dignified to achieve the victory before planning the disposal of its fruits. Lord Salisbury at the Guildhall on Lord Mayor's Day had said everything that needed saying in the early stages of the war. We were fighting, not to win for ourselves territory or gold, but to establish equal and just government among the Europeans of South Africa. We had to re-establish peace after victory, and to take security against its future disturbance. How this could best be done it would have been unwise and impolitic to discuss in detail in advance ; for it is clear that the measures to be taken must necessarily depend on the circumstances and conditions found to exist when the pacification takes place. A condition precedent to the spread of free and constitutional government throughout South Africa is the destruction of the military power of the two republics.

There never was any sense in the notion that when once the enemy had been driven out of British territory the war would change its character, and would henceforth become a war of sheer aggression on our part. On this misapprehension of the problem which war, if it is to do any good at all, must solve, is founded the policy of offering terms of peace to the two republics, on the basis of their independence, as soon as their troops have been expelled from British territory. Upon which side of the frontier the conflict is waged for the time being is in truth merely a matter of military exigency, and by itself has little bearing on British or Boer rights or upon the terms of pacification which it will be politic eventually to ask. The republics must abandon for the future and once for all the theory that they form separate nations, with the rights and powers necessarily belonging to nationhood, such as the possession and control of military forces, arsenals, and forts. So much is clear. The Orange Free State and the South African Republic must be brought within the Empire. But here the difficulty begins. Most thoughtful Englishmen would be glad to give the Dutch States, for our sakes as well as for theirs, the largest possible amount of local autonomy consistent with the peace and quiet of South Africa ; and will rejoice when it becomes possible for the Imperial factor

to have as little to say to the internal government of South Africa, as it now has to that of Canada or Australia. But that time has not come, and it will be the duty of the Imperial Power as soon as peace is established to start the new system under which the Dutch States are to be governed. The problem we have to solve is different in kind from anything we have yet attempted in our colonial empire. The Dutch States are accustomed to popular self-government based upon the most democratic lines. To govern such people on the system of a Crown colony could, of course, only be a temporary expedient till some form of local government based upon the instincts of the people should be established. To form them at once into self-governing colonies of the ordinary type would be to give them the very powers which all are agreed it would be dangerous to the general peace for them to enjoy. An Australian colony not only makes its own laws, but provides itself with what troops and what armaments it desires, and there is no difficulty in the case. But in the two Dutch States we make acquaintance with a new class of citizen—viz. with men of European blood who are British subjects *against their will*, and this necessarily introduces extreme difficulty into the working of popular government. Yet it is largely out of respect for the fundamental principle of democracy, equality of political privilege between man and man, that the British people has felt justified in the policy of war. Nevertheless it is impossible at once to apply to a conquered State, in its entirety and with success, a system of government which almost of necessity presupposes a free people.

The difficulties that have to be faced in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State are not the only ones that have to be faced in South Africa. It is useless to shut our eyes to facts, and the fact is that the war with the Republics has been largely regarded throughout the whole of South Africa as a civil war. How could it be otherwise, when father was ranged against son, and brother against brother? It is vain to suppose that the sympathies due to common race can be extinguished among the citizens of Cape Colony and Natal, or that with the bitter feelings left behind by the war between men of English and men of Dutch blood, free constitutional government will work altogether smoothly. Dutchmen are in a majority in Cape Colony. Under these circumstances, a peaceful and steady developement of local popular institutions into a great and loyal self-governing

South African Federation, under the British flag, though much to be desired, can hardly come about very rapidly.

The great successes in the field of the past six weeks have brought much nearer to our minds the immediate difficulties which will follow the re-establishment of peace. The great and rapid increase of our army, the brilliant strategy of Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, and the never-failing valour of our troops have very quickly sufficed completely to turn the tables against the Boer forces. The relief of Kimberley, the capture of Kronje and his little army of 4,000 men, Sir Redvers Buller's entry into Ladysmith, and the capture of the Free State capital have of course convinced the whole world and our enemies themselves of the utter hopelessness of the Boer cause. It is now seriously questioned whether the two Republics have at any time had more than fifty thousand men under arms, and these constitute almost the whole manhood of the race; for among the Boer prisoners, and among the killed and wounded, there have been found numbers of old men and boys of fourteen and even less, whom excess or deficiency of years would have disqualified from service in any of the regular armies of Europe. Our enemy, let us frankly acknowledge it, has shown splendid courage, and has made an extraordinary resistance to our arms; but there could not from the beginning be a doubt in the minds of Englishmen as to the ultimate victory in a war between the two Dutch Republics of South Africa and the British Empire. How complete has been our military triumph may be judged from the fact that something like a quarter of the whole fighting strength of the nations opposed to us has been placed *hors de combat*; while the British troops in South Africa probably now number at least five times what remain of our foes. Under these circumstances, it seems improbable that our troops should have to encounter very much more continuous heavy fighting, though it is possible, if not very likely, that irregular and scattered resistance may be prolonged for a considerable period. Thus there is every reason to hope that peace is not far distant, that the work of our generals and our soldiers is almost done, and that the work of our statesmen will soon be resumed.

With whom then is peace to be made? Are its terms to be agreed upon by the representatives of both belligerents, so as to bind them both, after the usual fashion in which peace is re-established after war between civilised nations? or are the terms simply to be

dictated, and then enforced, by the conqueror? Hitherto the bounds of the Empire have often enough, after successful war, been enlarged by cession; and sometimes in this way a foreign population of European blood has become, against its will, subject to Great Britain; but in these cases the defeated sovereign has handed over to the victorious sovereign the allegiance and territory of his former subjects, and the settlement is thus in some sort regularised. Thus Canada was ceded to England, Alsace and Lorraine to Germany. In the case of the Orange Free State there has of course been no question of 'suzerainty,' and even as regards the Transvaal the 'suzerainty,' or at least the meaning of that term, has since 1884 been highly disputable. The citizens of the two States assuredly owed no allegiance to the Queen, and they cannot therefore be regarded in any legal or constitutional sense as 'rebels;' and we shall gain nothing by any attempt to pretend to ourselves that our rights henceforth over the Republics spring from anything but conquest pure and simple. Thus Lord Roberts, as Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, was able to declare Mr. Steyn no longer President of the Free State. That conquest must be the inevitable end of the war, should have made Presidents Kruger and Steyn accept almost any terms rather than embark on it; and, on the other hand, it was the perception of this necessary result of war that made so many Englishmen, who realised the difficulties which conquest would bring to South Africa and the Empire, ready to offer or accept almost any conciliation or compromise with President Kruger which would have promised an honourable peace. The war is not now in question; nor is the conquest. They are great and terrible facts of which account has to be taken. It is impossible to treat seriously the letters of the two Presidents asking that the independence of the two Republican States should now be recognised. The *status quo ante* has disappeared for ever, and the task imposed upon British statesmanship is how to make the conquest of the two Dutch Republics a success.

Never was statesmanship put to a severer trial; all the more severe in that the general public seems hardly able yet to grasp the difficulties that have to be surmounted. It is perfectly clear that henceforth the two Republics must be part of the Empire, and that citizens of these States must enjoy their rights, and liberties, and privileges, not by virtue of international agreement, but under the law and constitution of the Empire. Of this there must and can be no question.

The Republics have fought for their independence, and have fought well for it, but they have lost; and any attempt to set them up again as quasi-independent nations bound only by international conventions is out of the question. War, with all its horrors, has one merit. It makes an end, at least for a time, of many disputed theories and open questions. It shows unmistakably to all concerned where power lies, and this being once established it is possible to build on a sure foundation. Throughout the British Empire the almost universal feeling prevails—and we think, having regard to facts, that the sentiment is a right and just one—that South Africa, where it is not Portuguese or German, must be British. Subject to this, the more of autonomy that can be granted to the inhabitants of the newly acquired regions the better, for our sakes not less than for theirs.

It is after British supremacy has been settled that the real difficulties begin; and they will not be solved by mere appeals to anti-Boer or anti-Dutch feeling. This may do for English electioneering; but the British Cabinet has much more important work before it, and upon how they do it will depend their own credit for statesmanship and the future of South Africa. The British colonists of South Africa have deserved well of the Empire, and their interests must be duly safeguarded, but without establishing racial privilege. The problem before us is how to reconcile two jarring races inhabiting not the Transvaal and Orange Free State only, but the British Colonies as well. That the Imperial authority should make itself even in appearance the mere agent of anti-Dutch feeling in South Africa would be simply disastrous. It is sometimes inevitable, but it is always unfortunate when Imperial authority becomes tainted with the suspicion of being influenced by local faction; and the position becomes an almost impossible one where the constituted authorities of the colony and the majority of the local Parliament are in opposition to the representative of the Crown or the Colonial Office. It is but natural, and it is only to be expected, that a party in a minority should try to make the 'Imperial Factor' subserve its own ends; but were such an attempt to succeed, the knell of constitutional government would have rung. A parliamentary Government cannot even with extraneous support govern long against the will of Parliament; and unless British statesmen and the British people have unlearned all the lessons of their past history, they will hardly be induced by appeals to narrow racial feeling to enter upon the hope-

less task of governing South Africa from Downing Street in opposition to the sentiments of South African statesmen supported by the wishes and votes of the majority of their fellow-citizens.

As to the two Republics, it is clear that for a limited period after the conclusion of the war the country will have to be administered under military authority. In this way only will it be possible for a firm and just rule to prevail. Any attempt to convert the hitherto purely Dutch rule into an exclusively Uitlander rule would only serve to aggravate the bitter feelings which the war must inevitably leave behind it; and it would certainly be productive of the greatest injustice towards the vanquished people. The Boers of the Transvaal have not, from their experience of Mr. Rhodes and his friends, or their knowledge of Johannesburg, acquired an exalted notion of the aims and methods of British South African politicians. Their view may have been an unenlightened and mistaken one, but they have undoubtedly believed all along that for them British supremacy meant the rule of the gold speculator, the fastening upon them the domination of Mr. Rhodes. It will be our first duty to prove to our new subjects that they are regarded as fellow-citizens with ourselves within the British Empire, and are to enjoy at the earliest possible moment all the privileges of British citizenship. To this end it is essential that the first representatives of Imperial authority in the two States should be well chosen; and more, probably, will depend upon the personality of the first administrator of the annexed territories than upon the details of the system to be administered.

With the peace a new era will begin for South Africa, and to give a new system a fair chance we shall have to start it with new men. It could not but be that the most bitter memories of the war would attach to those responsible for it, whose duty it has been to carry it through. It must be remembered that the war, or rather the policy which they believed would make war inevitable, was strongly disapproved by the colonial ministries, the authorised advisers of the Crown in South Africa. Colonial feeling has since run so strong, that to be conscientiously opposed to the policy of the war has there been accounted disloyalty. Even in England, with less excuse, there has been a sentiment of the same kind. With peace let there be an end to this nonsense! It would have been strange—we go further and say it would have been unnatural—had there not been among

large numbers of British subjects of Dutch blood a feeling of some sympathy with their kinsmen in their death struggle for independence; for it was for independence that the Boers *believed* themselves to be fighting. The trial to the loyalty of our Dutch fellow-subjects has been a very severe one, and on the whole the vast majority of them have stood the trial well. Now we have to show that the British Colonies are not to be 'run' in the interest of a single race. We have before us the precedent of the French Canadians, a population far less fitted to blend into common nationhood with Scotchmen and Englishmen than are the Dutchmen of South Africa. In North America the situation has often required, and still requires, tactful and considerate management. There the Prime Minister of the Dominion is of French blood, a circumstance that gives the best possible proof that racial ascendancy has no foothold in Canada, and that has on more than one occasion proved highly beneficial to the interests of the Empire. A real equality of citizenship—an equality that is felt, not merely proclaimed—and the founding of party divisions on other than racial grounds can only come about with time and patience. Is it too much to expect mutual forbearance on the part of South African party leaders, whether representative of the South African League or the Africander Bond? Of one thing we are certain, that it would be an evil day for the connexion of South Africa with the Empire, were Imperial authority to enter into the strife of local parties, and to lend an ear to counsels which might even *seem* to threaten the independence of colonial parliamentary government. When passions run high, as they must do in South Africa after the conclusion of such a war, violence is not unlikely to be represented as patriotism, of which anti-Dutch sentiment is to be the test. From these excesses statesmen have to keep the 'Imperial Factor' free. It will be for them to guard the independence under the Crown of colonial self-government.

The policy of equal treatment of British subjects, irrespective of race, has been amply vindicated in the history of recent troubles. Had the administration of government in the Cape Colony and Natal been in the hands of an 'English oligarchy,' which would have united against it every freedom-loving citizen of Dutch race, the course of events would have been very different. We do not wish, and it is not in our power, permanently to keep any of our great self-governing colonies within the Empire by military

force. The largest empire the world has ever seen is held together upon very different principles, principles from which English statesmen would not dream of departing. The only risk, such as it is, to the ultimate retention of South Africa within the Empire, lies in the permanent alienation of British citizens, whether of Dutch, foreign, or British blood, from the Imperial connexion. This is the danger which it is the great duty of our statesmen at home, and of their representatives in the various colonies, to reduce to a minimum. Patience and prudence and a good deal of moral courage will be required; but without these qualities our great Colonial Empire would not have been built up, and without them it will not be retained.

Though every week that passes, evidently brings peace on our own terms nearer and nearer, little advantage is to be gained by the propounding of specific schemes for the government of the new provinces. There must be a limited period devoted to the work of restoring a sense of security and order before any permanent system can possibly be got to work. During this period the Government will have time to study the reports and hear the views of men directly acquainted with these countries, and with a real knowledge of their inhabitants. It is all-important that Imperial authority should then be represented by some one who understands, and is understood by, the people whom we have to rule—unfortunately, for the time being, against their will—a man of firmness and of tact combined, in whose sense of justice the conquered may have as much confidence as the conquerors, and whose ambition it will be to make men forgive and ultimately to forget (if that be possible) the injuries and the memories of so terrible a war. People speak as if the adoption of some specific ‘settlement’ will at once make an end of South African troubles! A settled state of things can only come about by the reconciliation of jarring races, and complete reconciliation can only be the work of years, perhaps of generations. What is infinitely more important at present than the details of any plan of settlement is the spirit in which we set about our task. Our statesmen have declared again and again that ‘their hands have been set to the plough,’ and that they would not rest from their labour till their work had been accomplished. It would be a poor compliment to British statesmanship to suppose that its work was complete with the mere triumph of British arms. No! the end it has in view is the building up in South Africa

of a great, free, self-governing dominion under the British flag, worthy to take its place side by side with the other great colonies of the Empire. When peace comes let us hear no more of 'pro-Boer' or 'anti-Dutch;' and let us remember that it was for equal privileges of citizenship among the European races in South Africa that the war was in great measure fought. Great difficulties have to be surmounted before the end is attained, but that end is a noble one, and worth fighting for; and for our part we refuse to believe that it will not, with firmness and patience on the part of our statesmen, at last be won. To feel otherwise would be to think that all the bloodshed and misery of the war, so far at least as South Africa is concerned, have been in vain.

The war is, however, producing consequences of much importance outside South Africa. It has stirred to the very heart the whole Empire, which for the first time has proved its sense of its own unity, and its common allegiance to the throne and flag, by taking its share in bearing the burdens and winning the laurels of war.

‘What do they know of England
Who only England know?’

asked Mr. Rudyard Kipling, full of the sense of pride that cannot but fill the heart of every British traveller who visits his countrymen beyond the seas. Even home-keeping Englishmen now realise the Empire as they have never done before. The Empire has shown itself *one*, not only in sentiment, but in deed—a great fact in the present and future of the world! In Great and in Greater Britain the sinking of all differences between men of every class and creed and political opinion in the sole desire and determination to make the country win at any cost of life or money, in the face of unexpected difficulties, has been the most striking event in the politics of recent years, and has been full of instruction for others as well as for ourselves. The Queen, as usual in the fullest sympathy with her subjects, has represented this sentiment of unity and patriotism to men of every race who own her sovereignty. So far at least the spirit of ‘Imperialism’ is surely good.

So deep and so strong a wave of feeling cannot have passed over the country without leaving permanent effects behind it. For the time being ‘party’ has been annihilated, but *that* condition of public opinion will not last. When again party spirit revives it will largely have shaken itself

free from old trammels, and new questions derived from more recent emotions will take the place of the decaying 'platforms' of the past. Even before the war Home Rule was dead. It has been difficult for some time for the one party to flog the dead horse, and, to tell the truth, not very easy for the other party to fight him. Leading statesmen recognise the new position of affairs, and Lord Rosebery proposes to construct out of the ruins of Gladstonianism a 'Liberal Imperialism,' of which the distinctive marks have not yet been divulged to the public. Mr. Gladstone, it will be observed, not less than Home Rule, is dead and buried.

The merit of 'Imperialism' clearly depends upon what is meant by it and what is done with it. Our national safety lies in our strength and in the knowledge of the whole world that we can defend ourselves. So far we are all 'Imperialists.' But we want the whole world to recognise also that we are not actuated by unjust or aggressive aims; that we love peace, that the interest of the British Empire lies in peace, and that we have no intention of abandoning the counsels of three generations of statesmen in order to enter upon a rivalry of military ambition with the great powers of the world. We do not wish to rest our peaceful relations with the rest of Europe *merely* upon the fear of our power. Our statesmen have to see that our national character and good name are also held in respect.

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